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The broken Beaux Bow!

THE LIFE

OF

GEORGE BRUMMELL, ESQ.,

COMMONLY CALLED

BEAU BRUMMELL.

B 2426

BY

CAPTAIN JESSE,

UNATTACHED,

AUTHOR OF "NOTES OF A HALF-PAY IN SEARCH OF HEALTH," ETC.

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Page 42, *line* 5, *for* le, *read* la.
51, 24, *dele* it.
119, 10, "struck on the 2nd December, 1832."
138, 21, "be for once forsworn," see p. 267, vol. I.
160, 13, *for* Trenk, *read* Trenck.
220, 11, *for* winnow, *read* window.
241, *for* à Mademoiselle, *read* à Madame.
283, *for* G. B., *read* yours devoutly, G. B.
345, 15, *for* déshabiller, *read* déshabille.

CHAPTER I.

Death of the Duchess of York—The petition of a Newfoundland dog, addressed to her Royal Highness—Brummell's memorandum on the back of it—George the Fourth arrives at Calais—The dinner at Dessin's—The Mayor unfortunately without a snuff-box—The King's remark on leaving the town—The Beau's increasing embarrassments—The tobacconist's opinion of him—The English *tullistes*—Their odd assault on one of Brummell's friends.

In the August of 1820, Brummell lost one of his best benefactors. The Duchess of York died on the 6th of that month. Deeply, and let us hope feelingly, did her pensioner deplore that event; for, by the demise of that amiable woman, he was deprived of one of his firmest friends, and much valuable assistance and sympathy, arising from her keen sense of the change in his position, and the generous impulses of a kind heart.

"Few characters," says Mr. Raikes, "in any situation of life, could be placed in competition with the late Duchess of York; she was not only a *très-grande dame*, in the highest acceptation of the term, but a woman of the most sound sense and accurate judgment, with a heart full of kindness, beneficence, and charity. The former was amply

proved, by the adroitness and tact with which she so successfully avoided all collision with the cabals and *tracasseries*, which for so many years unfortunately ruled in various branches of the royal family; and the latter was attested by the constant attachment of her friends and dependants; the gratitude of her poor neighbours during her life, and the undisguised grief of all at her death. Whatever clouds (if indeed they ever existed) obscured the earlier part of her marriage, were in later times completely dispersed; and nothing could equal the respect and attention with which she was always treated by the Duke, who rarely failed to consult her opinion, on most questions of real importance to his own interests. To the distinguished manners belonging to her rank, and a proper sense of the dignity befitting her exalted position in the country, she added a simplicity of character, and a general affability, which placed every one at their ease, and gave a peculiar charm to her society. Endowed by nature with a very superior mind, which had been highly cultivated and improved by books, she was at all times able to take the lead on any subject; her conversation was full of point, blended with great *naïveté*, and devoid of all sarcastic allusions; she had a very refined taste, and a great knowledge of the world; but, contrary to

all received opinions, her study of mankind had never operated to check that feeling of general benevolence which formed the brightest gem in her character."

The extraordinary passion that her Royal Highness had for dogs, has been already mentioned; it was probably generally known, and accounts for the following curious petition having been sent to her, in the name of a fine Newfoundland, by some person who was desirous of having him well taken care of.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF YORK,

The humble Petition of Neptune

SHEWETH;

That your Royal Highness's Petitioner, at an age so early that no trace of the circumstance is recorded in his memory, was torn from his fond mother and native mountains of Newfoundland, by an officer of the British navy, who during his life was a kind master to him; that, at his ever to be lamented death, your Royal Highness's Petitioner encountered many hardships of cold, hunger, and neglect; that he was rescued from this unhappy situation by an officer of militia, and by him sent as an offering of friendship to his present protector, who has ever

treated him with kindness and humanity! but alas! your Royal Highness's humble Petitioner is fated again to experience "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," unless your Royal Highness, with that benevolence which marks every action of your life, will stretch out your humane hand to save him. The gentleman with whom he now resides, is under the necessity of leaving England, and, finding it inconvenient to make your Petitioner the companion of his travels, intends to part with him, when he may become the slave of some unfeeling master, who may, in addition to the sufferings he has already endured, deprive him of that liberty he loves, the only blessing of which fate has never yet bereft him.

Humbly then does your Royal Highness's Petitioner implore your Royal Highness to take him into your service, and every moment of his life, (if permitted,) shall be passed at your Royal feet, and his faithful mind be filled with fidelity, gratitude, and attachment towards his Royal Benefactress: on the earth, or in the water, he will be a zealously-devoted attendant and humble friend, who will fawn, without meaning to flatter, and would endanger his own life to defend that of his generous Mistress, most happy to follow her Royal footsteps through the sequestered glades of Oat-

lands, pursue her carriage, panting with dutiful devotion, or swim round her barge as it glides on the silver Thames.

Without vanity, your Royal Highness's Petitioner may boast of being, in strength, beauty, and fidelity, equal to any dog his frozen clime ever produced; and, happiest of the canine race will he be, if permitted the transcendent felicity of dedicating the remainder of his life to your Royal Highness's service. Oh! most amiable Duchess, grant this, your Petitioner's humble prayer, and he, with all the fervour his heart and language are capable of, will ever, ever pray.

NEPTUNE.

P.S. A line, by command of your Royal Highness, addressed under cover to Mr. ——, —— street, Westminster, if your Royal Highness deigns to accept his services, will bring your Petitioner, with awful respect, to your gate.

This petition was forwarded to the Duchess of York in September, 1815, and, on the back of a copy of it presented by Brummell to a friend of the author's, was the following note, which, from the appearance of the ink, had evidently been written by him a short time after her Royal

Highness's demise—probably when looking over his portfolio of recollective relics.

"The Duchess of York immediately sent for this amiable dog: his previous master would never reveal his name to her Royal Highness. Five years after, her Royal Highness, to the deep regret of all the world, died, and this poor animal walked in procession at her funeral. It is no romance, but the dog lingered in evident affliction, and died ten months after! The Duchess gave me this petition. "GEORGE BRUMMELL."

In the September of the following year, 1821, the greatest event of his Calais life took place; the royal personage at whose festive board he had in former days been so frequent a guest, arrived in that town. George the Fourth was on his way to visit his Hanoverian subjects, and the place was not a little shaken from its monotonous routine by that occurrence. Fishing boats were laid up, and the fishwomen set "all alive O"—the authorities furbished up their old uniforms, and the Duke d'Angoulême, who had been deputed by Louis the Eighteenth to congratulate his Majesty on his arrival in the French dominions, received him at Dessin's Hotel, and there they put up their horses together. When the King landed, the pier

was crowded with spectators, and as he stepped on shore from his barge, his hat fell from his hand: this accident a quick-witted urchin immediately took advantage of, and rushing forward, restored it to his Majesty, who put his hand into his pocket, and drew forth enough of the precious metals to provide his impromptu page with peg-tops and *brioches*, for years to come.

But where was the Beau all this time? according to one rumour, he accompanied the Mayor to the landing-place, ready to profit by any opportunity that might occur of placing himself in the King's way. But this is an error; Brummell had gone out to take his accustomed walk in an opposite direction, and was returning to his lodgings at the very moment that his former patron, accompanied by the French ambassador, was proceeding in a close carriage to the Hotel. "I was standing at my shop door;" said Mr. Leleux, "and saw Mr. Brummell trying to make his way across the street to my house, but the crowd was so great that he could not succeed, and he was therefore obliged to remain on the opposite side. Of course, all hats were taken off as the carriage approached, and when it was close to the door, I heard the King say in a loud voice, 'Good God! Brummell!' the latter, who was uncovered at the time,

now crossed over, as pale as death, entered the house by the private door, and retired to his room, without addressing me."

A sumptuous dinner was given in the evening at Dessin's, and Sélègue, Brummell's valet, who was a *chef* in his way, attended to make the punch; he took with him, also, by his master's orders, some excellent maraschino, a liqueur to which he remembered the King was extremely partial, though *cannelle* was, I believe, his favourite dram. In the afternoon it was observed, his Majesty was not in his usual spirits; was this occasioned by his recognition of the morning, and to the uncertainty whether Brummell would make his appearance, or not? *Chi lo sa?* he never came—the maraschino at dinner diminished any unpleasant feeling (if it ever did exist) that the dread of such a *contretemps* might have created, and the evening passed off admirably. The Mayor, and several of the civil functionaries were invited and came to this fête; and after dinner, the King requested the former to lend him his snuff-box, but he replied, he did not take snuff, and had no box. The *commissaire de police,* being a sharp specimen of that branch of the Government, immediately presented his; his Majesty accepted it, took a pinch, which, in all probability, he allowed to fall on the floor, and

the next morning sent him a gold box. It was on occasions like these that George the Fourth displayed his tact in bestowing favours, and Monsieur le Maire is said to have felt at that moment not a little annoyed that he did not carry a box. This gentleman was a wine-merchant, and a friend of Brummell's; he recommended him to several of his friends, and his wine being very bad, I believe that most of them found it difficult to forget and forgive the introduction.

The morning after the King's arrival, every one of his suite, with the exception of Sir —— ——, now Lord ——, called on him. His visitors remained some time, and before they took their leave, endeavoured to persuade him to request an interview with the King, as he returned to England; Brummell had written his name in the book at Dessin's, but abstained from presenting himself, as he probably felt that a refusal to see him would be an indignity to which he did not choose to be exposed: though his finances at this time were any thing but flourishing, and an official appointment of some kind would have been a most desirable thing for him, he felt, even in his difficulties, most unwilling to cringe to the only man who could grant him the favour he so much needed. It has been stated, that, during the King's stay at Calais,

Brummell sent him a box of snuff, and that his Majesty, having previously heard that he was in distress, said, "I understand what it means," placed a hundred pound note in it, and returned it by one of his suite, desiring him at the same time to say that he could not see him.

The English papers gave out, that he stood in a conspicuous position in the lobby of the theatre, when the King went to his box, with the view of bringing their former intimacy to his remembrance, and profiting thereby; and that His Majesty bowed to him, and sent him a present during the evening. Another edition of the story was, that the Beau's present of snuff was accompanied by two or three yards of sausages, that he had selected and purchased himself at some *charcutier's* in the town, who was famous for these delicacies; but *sausages and Beau Brummell* do not read consistently together. According to Mr. Leleux, the real version of the snuff-box story was this:—the Consul came to Brummell late one evening, and intimated that the King was out of snuff, saying, as he took up one of the boxes that were lying on the Beau's table, "Give me one of yours." "With all my heart," replied Brummell, "but not that box, for if the King saw it I should never have it again:" implying thereby that there was some history

attached to it in which His Majesty was concerned. On reaching the theatre, the Consul presented the snuff, when an exclamation followed the first pinch, and the King turning round said, "Why, Sir, where did you get your snuff? there is only one person that I know who can mix snuff in this way." "It is some of Mr. Brummell's, your Majesty," replied the Consul, and the conversation here closed.

The next day the King left for Cassel; and, as he seated himself in the carriage, he said to Sir Arthur Paget, who commanded the yacht that brought him over, "I leave Calais, and have not seen Brummell." This remark was heard by several persons who were assembled in the yard of Dessin's hotel, and leads to the conclusion that Brummell never received either money or message, and that the whole story was a fabrication. Mr. Leleux said, that had he been the King's debtor on this occasion, he must have known it, for that Brummell was at this time in great want of money, and remained so; besides, directly he had any funds, he always paid a portion of his bills, which was not the case at this period.

The King's visit, on which he had probably rested some hopes, produced no amelioration in the Beau's now reduced circumstances, and was only a source of annoyance to him. But the remark made by His

Majesty to Sir Arthur Paget, implying that he had in some degree expected Brummell to make his appearance at the public *levee* held at the hotel, possibly diminished the fear he felt of receiving a rebuff. This, combined with the previous persuasions of those who wished him to do the best for himself, determined him to make some approach to a meeting with His Majesty on his return, though he could not bring himself to call, without receiving some official intimation that such was the King's pleasure: by inscribing his name in the book at Dessin's, he had fulfilled the *étiquette* due to his Sovereign, and no one could presume to do more without receiving the Royal commands. The authorities expected that on his way back to England, the King would visit the Town Hall, and Brummell thought he should have been able to accomplish his purpose on this occasion; but the Royal visitor was much pressed for time, and hurried on board immediately after his arrival. Whether this circumstance was, or was not, unfortunate for Brummell, no one can tell now: His Majesty might perhaps have intended to bestow some mark of his favour upon him; and if that was really the case, it was an adverse turn of fortune for Brummell. On the other hand, it is so easy for royalty to make a mere signal, in obeying which no one can feel

that he is acting a servile part, that it is not unreasonable to conclude, that if George the Fourth had been generously disposed towards his impudent but luckless favourite, he would never have left him to endure the mortification that he must have felt, when he found his Majesty's recognition of him in the street was not followed by some message of a kind and gracious character.

Brummell's affairs now became more and more embarrassed; the last years of his residence in Calais were passed in frequent applications for money to his relatives and friends, and, thanks to their kindness and the advances that were made from time to time by his banker, he was always able to show a good front to the world. It is rather singular, but no Englishman amongst this assemblage of debtors was more prompt in discharging the debts he owed to his different tradesmen than Brummell, when fortune provided him with the means of doing so. During my stay at Calais, I was enabled to form an opinion of the estimation in which he was held by this class of people, and was glad to find it favourable. A female tobacconist, whose shop I entered with a friend, especially drew my attention to the fact —and this, without the possibility of her knowing that I was interested in his history. I was

remarking, that the hotels were fallen off since I was last in Calais, and, in defending her native town from the aspersion thus thrown upon it, she replied, "Go and see Dessin's before you condemn them; your King slept there once, (like many of her class in Calais, she spoke a little English;) and do you know, a friend of his lived here many years—we used to call him le Roi de Calais, he lodged at that house;" pointing to M. Leleux's, which was nearly opposite to hers. "Ah! c'était un bien brave homme, très-élégant, et avec beaucoup de moyens—he always paid his bills, Sir, and was very good to the poor; and every one was very sorry when he left. I wonder," continued the bourgeoise, "le Roi George did not take bettare care of his frandes." That part of her gossip relating to Brummell's charitable donations is perfectly in character with the anecdote of his reply to the beggar who petitioned him for alms, even if it was only a halfpenny: "Poor fellow," said the Beau, in a tone of good-nature, "I have heard of such a coin, but I never possessed one; there 's a shilling for you!"

With Brummell's early history, every one in Calais was acquainted, and he was sometimes the subject of conversation, even amongst the English workmen of the *tulle* factories in the town. A

friend of his who was not unlike him in his general appearance, was one day overtaken in his walk to the Citadel by two of them, and, as they passed, he overheard one of them say to the other, "Now I'll bet you a pot, that's him." The gentleman did not hear the reply, but they had scarcely gone twenty yards further, when they turned suddenly round, and retracing their steps, one of them came straight up to him, and said, "Beg pardon, Sir, hope no offence, but we two has got a bet—now ain't you 'George, ring the bell?'" The gentleman thus addressed, assured them that he was not Mr. Brummell, and the two *tullistes* having again made their rough apologies, departed to drink their pot at the next *cabaret*. What a pity it did not happen to be the Beau himself; what would have been his astonishment and reply to such an assault!

CHAPTER II.

The Beau in love—A visit from a friend of the lady's—Brummell's reply to his accusations—Extract from the "Letters of a German Prince"—This traveller at Constantinople—His black *compagnon de voyage*—Brummell endeavours to obtain an appointment—Is at length successful, and made Consul at Caen—Difficulty of leaving Calais—His liabilities—The sale of his buhl—Erection of the British Episcopal chapel—Brummell puts his name to the subscription-list—Is invited to meet the Bishop—Leaves Calais—The courier's account of their journey to Paris.

DURING the latter part of his stay at Calais, the occupation of completing his screen being thrown aside, he found time so heavy on his hands, that he actually contrived to fancy himself in love with a young lady in her teens, and Rumour with her hundred tongues not only accused her of returning his passion, but insinuated that he had concocted a deep laid plan of abduction! in this state of affairs, it was thought right to send a person to Brummell to demand an explanation—a very unnecessary measure, for there was not a word of truth in that part of the report. A gallant officer, full of years and commissariat glories, who once had a *shoeing* establishment in London that did not answer, was deputed to see Brummell on the

occasion; the ambassador was well chosen, for he was both charitable and conscientious. He accordingly waited on him, and after explaining his business, expatiated most fully and eloquently on the heinous nature of the supposed offence; in fact, said everything that would have been right and proper if the story had been really true. "Why *Vulcan*," said the gay Lothario, "what a precious old humbug you must be, to come and lecture me on such a subject! you who were for two years at hide-and-seek to save yourself from being shot by Sir T. S——, for running off with one of his daughters." "Dear me, dear me," said the astonished mediator, little dreaming that his youthful follies were known to any one at Calais, "you have touched a painful chord. It is true: I was once indiscreet myself; I will have nothing more to do with the business,"—nor was there any necessity, for the affair died a natural death.

Amongst those who dropped in upon Brummell about this time, January, 1829, was that amusing and veracious traveller, and profound judge of English society, the author of the Letters of a German Prince; and from this work I extract the portion which describes his visit, as it finishes with a speech perfectly characteristic of the Beau. "Every bird of passage from the fashionable world

dutifully pays the former patriarch the tribute of a visit, or of an invitation to dinner. This I did also, though under my assumed name. Unfortunately, in the matter of dinner I had been forestalled by another stranger; and I cannot therefore judge how a coat really ought to look; or whether his long residence in Calais, added to increasing years, have rendered the dress of the former King of Fashion less classical, for I found him at his second toilette, in a flowered chintz dressing-gown, velvet night-cap with gold tassel, and Turkish slippers, shaving, and rubbing the remains of his teeth with his favourite red root. The furniture of his rooms was elegant enough, part of it might even be called rich, though faded; and I cannot deny that the whole man seemed to me to correspond with it. Though depressed by his present situation, he exhibited a considerable fund of good humour, and good nature. His air was that of good society, simple and natural, and marked by more urbanity than the dandies of the present race are capable of. With a smile he showed me his Paris peruke, which he extolled at the cost of the English ones, and called himself, 'le ci-devant jeune homme qui passe sa vie entre Paris et Londres.' He appeared somewhat curious about me, asked me questions concerning people and things in London,

without belying his good breeding, by any kind of intrusiveness; and then took occasion to convince me that he was still perfectly well informed as to all that was passing in the English world of fashion, as well as of politics. 'Je suis au fait de tout,' exclaimed he, 'mais à quoi cela me sert-il? on me laisse mourir de faim ici. J'espère pourtant que mon ancien ami le Duc de W—— enverra un beau jour le consul d'ici à la Chine, et qu'ensuite qu'il me nommera à sa place. Alors je suis sauvé.' * * * * And surely the English nation ought in justice to do something for the man who invented starched cravats! How many did I see in London, in the enjoyment of large sinecures, who had done far less for their country. As I took my leave, and was going down stairs, he opened the door, and called after me, 'J'espère que vous trouverez votre chemin; mon Suisse n'est pas là, je crains.' 'Hélas!' thought I, 'point d'argent point de Suisse.'"

It is a thousand pities that this German Prince did not remain another day at Calais, and give Brummell a dinner at Dessin's, as he proposed; for he would have gained some information on the subject of "how a coat really ought to look," which, judging from the one I saw him in ten years after, at Constantinople, he stood lamentably in need of,

—so abundantly was it befrogged and bebraided. He was remarkable, too, in another respect, for he carried an eye-glass on the top of his cane, which being constantly in proximity to his nose, had a most comical effect. But, stranger still, he was that morning, and I understood usually, accompanied by a young Nubian girl, whose face was as black as his own boots, and much better polished, and who frolicked about him like a juvenile spaniel of King Charles's breed. This curious appendage was dressed in man's clothes, and she looked pretty, in spite of her ebony hue and crimson trowsers. I did not learn her exact history, which must have been a curious one. It was whispered (no doubt the scandal of some white woman) that her lover had rescued her from the jaws of a crocodile on the banks of the Nile!

After the King's visit to Hanover, Brummell, at various intervals, tried to induce some of his powerful friends to interest themselves in obtaining an appointment for him, and at length the Duke of York undertook to advocate his cause with Mr. Canning, and endeavour to prevail upon him to give effect to his wishes. The minister replied, that if his Royal Highness insisted on it he would do so, but that he could not recommend Mr. Brummell's name to his Majesty on his own responsibility; and

this attempt failed. At a later period Lord A——, knowing the distressed state that he was in, applied to the Duke of Wellington, who was then in power, and who good-naturedly undertook to mention the subject to William the Fourth. A paper of the day stated, that when the Whigs came into office, Brummell wrote to Lord Grey, and to several of his other friends of that party, imploring them to do something for him, and that he owed his situation to that nobleman. But the Whigs did not assume the reins till 1831; and Brummell himself always said, that he owed his appointment entirely to the "favourable consideration of the Commander-in-chief." The result was, that, on the 10th of September, 1830, he was entrusted with the extensive commercial interests of the British nation, in the capital of Lower Normandy. The remainder of his days were to be devoted to the inspection of persons with *fronts écrasés*, *cheveux roux*, *sourcils idem*, *yeux grisâtres*, *nez retroussés*, and *visages bourgeonnés*; and his *lecture* to the verification of passports, bills of lading, invoices, and mercantile papers of all kinds.

His very success in obtaining this consulate was however the source of fresh difficulties to him, for he could not leave the town till all his debts were paid, and they then amounted to a very large sum. His creditors were far from being urgent in their

demands, as long as it was likely that he would remain amongst them, but they were not at all inclined to part with him without a settlement of their accounts. To meet their demands he had a sale of his buhl furniture, which sold for a considerable sum. His Sèvres china had been bought some time before by Mr. Crockford, junior, then an auctioneer; who, according to his own statement, went over to Calais solely for the purpose of making this purchase. Mr. Crockford described this china as "the finest and purest ever imported into England." George the Fourth gave two hundred guineas for one tea-set, and a pair of the vases was sold for three hundred pounds. Some of these rare specimens of porcelain are now in the possession of the Duke of Buccleugh. But the money raised by the sale of his buhl was insufficient to satisfy half the claims against him, his banker's account alone being at this time twelve thousand francs on the wrong side.

It may appear strange that this gentleman should have advanced so large an amount on mere personal security, but it must be borne in mind that during Brummell's residence at Calais, particularly in the early part of it, large sums were lodged in Mr. Leveux's hands by him; his prepossessing manner also, (for Mr. Leveux, like Mr. Leleux, said that "on ne pourrait rien lui refuser,") was another inducement, as well as the circumstance of his being

always seen in the company of every man of rank who came into the town. Many of them cashed their bills by Brummell's introduction at his bank, and it was perhaps this which induced Mr. Leveux to accommodate him. A running account was therefore established between them, which, agreeably to the advice given to his friend from the window, was always in advance, and amounted by degrees to the sum already mentioned. His other liabilities were as follows:

	Francs.
To his valet, François Sélègue, for house expenses and et ceteras	6162
Bill at Dessin's for dinners	3488
Lefèvre, hatter	54
Lamotte, Pion, } tailors	373
Baudron, Samson, } chemists	176
Lafond Bressell, Bonvarlet, Lemoine, } upholsterers	75
Parqué Waillier, draper	309
Ducastel, decorator of ceilings	24
Desjardins, Boissard, } jewellers	35
Fasquel, bootmaker	150
Piedfort, perruquier	8
Washerwoman	100
Fille de chambre	50
Isaac Pecquet, banker	500
Cr. 0	Dr. 11504

The two tailors, Pion and Lamotte, were tyros in the art, and were only entrusted with repairs. His principal *artiste* in the way of clothes was a man of the name of Gaussin, who had been a prisoner in England, and returned to Calais after the peace in a very miserable condition. Finding that he had talent, Brummell patronized him; this led others to do so, and the *pauvre prisonnier* was enabled, shortly after the Beau's departure, to retire to his "otium" and cabbages in the country. In fact, most of those who had any pecuniary transactions with Brummell were well paid; and when, like Gaussin, they were the objects of his patronage, made their fortunes. Two chemists' bills also swell the list of small creditors; but the reader need not fancy that he went to them for tonics, the barrel of Dorchester ale supplied the place of their villanous drugs: his sympathy on the score of health is not required just yet: their bills were simply for *huile antique* and cold cream. Three upholsterers look very like the departure of the buhl furniture and the ladies of his harem; and the last item shows that in every possible instance he kept all his bankers in advance. The consumption of one hundred and seventy-six francs' worth of oils and cold cream, offers a pretty example of the extravagant character of his ordinary habits in dress.

Admiration of the hydropathic cure is now the

fashionable medical epidemic; and though prodigality is not separately named in the long list of maladies which Mr. Claridge has assured us may be cured at Graffenberg, there can be but little doubt that, as this disease is a mere species of madness, it might be successfully treated there. Two or three months of the doctor's mild but invigorating system of, sitz baths, douche baths, curds and whey, wet sheets, sour krout, and hewing wood, would have been of infinite service to the Beau; and, cured, like a Westphalian ham, he would have arrived at Caen a perfect specimen of prudence and economy; unfortunately, however, the planet Priessnitz had not then risen to us.

But Brummell was not only prodigal of his cold cream, but of his promises, and when his cash was low, no one in Calais was more prompt to make them, or to attach his signature to a list of subscribers for any purpose than he was. In 1829, when a collection was made for the erection of an Episcopal chapel in that town, the person appointed to go round did not omit to pay him a visit and request his support. "Really, Mr. F.," said Brummell, "I am very sorry you did not call last week, for it was only yesterday that I became a Catholic;—but, never mind, put my name down for a hundred francs." So very handsome a subscrip-

tion had its effect, and some time after this, he received an invitation from the Consul to dine with Dr. Luscombe, the Paris diocesan, and those entrusted with the erection of the edifice; which, however, he declined as follows:—

My dear Marshall,

You must excuse me not having the pleasure to dine with you and the Trustees of the Church establishment this day. I do not feel myself sufficiently prepared in spirit to meet a bishop, or in pocket, to encounter the plate after dinner; moreover, I should be a fish out of water in such a convocation.

Truly yours,

George Brummell.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that the church was not built with his money.

To decline an invitation of this nature was, however, with him a circumstance of rare occurrence, more particularly when it came from Mr. Marshall; yet it is said to have been at a dinner-party at this gentleman's house; that he gave the following perfect specimen of his prodigious impudence:—on the occasion in question, he was as usual accompanied by one of his canine favourites, who

crouched at his feet during the repast, and, as will be seen also, partook of the feast. Amongst the delicacies handed round was a roasted capon, stuffed with truffles, from which Brummell very considerately helped himself to a wing: this, on tasting, he fancied was tough, and taking it up in his napkin, he forthwith called his dog, and addressing him, said aloud before the astounded guests and his horrified host, "Here, *Atous!* try if you can get your teeth through this, for I'll be d—d if I can!"

For a while it was doubtful whether Brummell would be able to enter upon his consulate, and two or three weeks elapsed before he could induce Mr. Leveux to advance twelve thousand francs, the sum necessary to remove the impediments to his departure. To secure the repayment of this, in addition to the twelve thousand already overdrawn, he, according to the due forms of law, made over to that gentleman, by a letter of assignment to Mr. Hertslett, of the Foreign Office, three hundred and twenty pounds per annum, being all but eighty, of his salary as consul. These were hard terms to subscribe to, for they completely crippled his finances: he could look forward to little else than an uninterrupted series of difficulties for the rest of his life, and such was the result; but the case was imperative. Towards the end of September,

1830, he was permitted to leave the town in which he had vegetated for fourteen years, and we may imagine he was not in very high spirits. Through the kindness of his friend the consul, he was, however, enabled to reach Paris with a king's messenger, and of course free of expense.

This silver greyhound was a very aristocratic Mercury, and duly appreciated the honour of travelling with so celebrated a character as Beau Brummell. On his return to Calais, Mr. Marshall was curious to know how they had fraternized on the road, and asked him what kind of a travelling companion he found Mr. Brummell? expatiating at the same time on his powers of conversation, his fame, and amusing qualities:—"Oh, a very pleasant one, indeed, Sir, very pleasant," replied the messenger. "Yes, but what did he say?" said Mr. Marshall. "Say, Sir, why nothing; he slept the whole way." "Slept the whole way!" replied Mr. M., "do you call that being pleasant? perhaps he snored." The bearer of despatches acknowledged that he did so; but immediately, and as if fearful of casting an improper reflection upon so great a personage, he added, with great gravity, "yet I can assure you, Sir, Mr. Brummell snored very much like a gentleman."

CHAPTER III.

Brummell at Paris—Passes a week there—Orders a snuff-box at Dabert's—Arrives at Caen—Takes up his abode at Madame de St. Ursain's—His old valet leaves him—A French café—Brummell's letter to Mr. Marshall, describing his reception at Caen—Talleyrand—Monsieur Target—Colonel de la Pommeraye—Monsieur de Montrond—Sketch of his character.

THE streets of Paris were graced by the Beau's presence for a whole week, and during this time he was the frequent guest of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, and several members of the *haute volée* of the French capital. After having been fourteen years in a dirty fishing-town, he must have enjoyed himself most uncommonly; but I shall say nothing of his friends, as he records their hospitality with his own pen. Dreadful repletion, however, must necessarily have ensued from dining at such tables as those of the Prince of Benevento, Lord Stuart de Rothesay, and Madame de Bagration; but though bad nights, and splitting head-aches, were in all probability the consequence, he contrived to rise sufficiently early to pass in review all the snuff-boxes in the Palais-Royal and the Rue de la Paix, but not one could he find worthy of his selection,

and he therefore left an order at Dabert's for an enamelled gold one, which when made was to cost the trifling sum of two thousand five hundred francs,—more than his year's income.

On the 5th of October, the Beau arrived in Caen, having travelled post from Paris in a carriage hired for the occasion, and with his valet Sélègue in the rumble, four horses and two postilions, he drove up amidst a *feu d'artifice* from their whips to the Hôtel de la Victoire; the *porte-cochère* was thrown open, and in rolled his Britannic Majesty's representative, George Brummell. Higgling for francs, would have been unworthy of a man loaded with all the honours of a consulate, and therefore, stepping from his carriage, he ordered the cook (who he mistook for the landlord, and into whose greasy arms he nearly fell) to let him have "the best rooms, the best dinner, and the best Laffitte."

A week after, he was located in the Rue des Carmes, at the house of Madame Guernon de Saint Ursain, and his old valet having remained a few days to initiate his successor into his duties, he made his bow and departed. This man, who figures for so large a sum in the list of Calais creditors, certainly did not lose by attending him in that capacity for thirteen years: after his return

to that town, he removed to Boulogne, and, with the money that he had saved in the Beau's service, set up the Café Sélègue in the Grande Rue.

But the retired valet's ambition did not centre itself in coffee and coffee-pots only; not content with his café, he speculated and took an hotel. All went on well for some years, but the jealousies of rival landlords, the invasion of Louis-Napoleon, and the Thiers war-cry, laid his hopes prostrate; the hotel proved a losing concern, and he was at last obliged to confine himself to the business of simple *cafetier*. His café is one of the best in Boulogne; and the fact of his having been chamberlain to such a distinguished character as Beau Brummell, may possibly induce the juvenile exquisite, as he passes through the town, to turn in there (if it still exists) for an ice; for, as white neck-cloths are coming in again, he may like to ascertain, with precision, how the Beau's were folded, and to what degree they were starched. But a café in a French provincial town, is not exactly the place to which those should resort whose ideas of cleanliness are of the same stamp as Brummell's, who, I can assure the reader, was never, during his fourteen years' residence at Calais, guilty of entering one. It would indeed, have been surprising

had he done so, for it is scarcely possible to conceive any thing farther removed from that virtue than one of these receptacles for sulky husbands, swell shop-boys, and dirty and idle politicians—to say nothing of the delight of sitting in a concentrated essence of bad smells, animal and vegetable, and in the midst of a shower of refreshing expectorations.

But, to return to the Beau: he had scarcely taken possession of his lodgings at Caen, when he found his table covered with the cards of the best French families in the town. With a gossiping dowager for a landlady, and eight or ten of the same species in the same street, his former history was soon the topic of general conversation, and his society was at once courted and desired; but, of his proceedings during the first three weeks after his arrival, his own humorous letter to the consul at Calais gives the best account.

October 25th, 1830.

My dear Marshall,

You would certainly before this have heard *de mes nouvelles*, had I not been occupied and put out of my usual passive way of existence by endeavouring to settle myself in this place. After passing a week in Paris *en route*, (I wish, by the bye, I had

never seen it, for Stuart* and several of my friends have spoilt me for at least a year to come,) I arrived at my destination, and underwent all the horrors, and all the more horrible cheating, of one of the worst hotels, I am confident, in Europe; though they tell me it is the best here. During seven days I gnawed bones upon unwashed dowlas in this charnel-house—what a difference, after Stuart, Talleyrand,† Madame de Bagration,‡ and Montrond! and during seven nights I thought it necessary to scratch myself without sleeping, though I must, in justice, say, I believe there was no occasion for such penance. Good fortune at length led my steps to an admirable lodging, half a house, the property of a most *cleanly*, devout old lady, (the cousin of Guer-

* Lord Stuart de Rothesay, our ambassador at the French Court, and always a very kind friend of Brummell's.

† Charles Maurice Talleyrand de Perigord valued an *entrée* much more highly than he did an oath, and, indeed, was a far better judge of one, though he swallowed nearly as many of the latter as he did of the former—his very name puts one in mind of a delicacy. His *cuisine* was perfect, and he is said to have been kept alive by his cook rather than his physician; for his digestive powers were exceedingly impaired, and required the most delicate management. Monsieur de Talleyrand was born at Paris on the 7th of March, 1754, and died there on the 17th of May, 1838.

‡ *The* Princesse de Bagration!!

non de Ranville,* one of the condemned ministers), excellently furnished, with a delightful garden, two Angola cats, and a parrot that I have already thrown into apoplectic fits with sugar. From the letter which I brought with me from Paris to the Préfet,† the General, and three or four other big-wigs, given to me by no less personages than Molé‡ and Sebastiani,§ you must know, that, without a sixpence in my pocket, I am become a great man here. They dine me and fête me most liberally; and I have

* Monsieur de Ranville, who now lives at Ranville, a village about six miles from Caen, was incarcerated for several years in the Castle of Ham with Polignac and his colleagues, and this "cleanly and devout old lady" often contributed by her presence to soften the rigours and enliven the weary hours of his imprisonment.

† Monsieur Target. This functionary was the son of the notorious *avocat* of that name who refused the benefit of his legal acquirements to Louis the Sixteenth, when called upon to defend that unfortunate monarch; and it was, therefore, sufficiently discreditable to the Government of Louis Philippe to have thus advanced him to the honourable position of préfet; immediately, too, after the revolution of July had placed this sovereign on the throne from which his own relative, though, possibly, with justice, had just been hurled! Monsieur Target died at Caen in the spring of 1843.

‡ Monsieur Molé, the minister.

§ Marshal Sebastiani, afterwards ambassador to our court: he married one of the daughters of the Duke de Grammont, a sister of the present Countess of Tankerville.

already been elected a member of their Société or club, a sort of Brookes's, but in a much more magnificent house, *without ballot*, an *honour* not before accorded to any Englishman. All the newspapers and latest periodical productions are there taken in profusion, and as much franc whist, écarté, and billiards as you please, till eleven o'clock at night. All well-educated, well-mannered, and well-conditioned people; no industrious master of arts, like * * *; no superannuated imbecile clodhoppers, like * * * * * *. To-morrow I dine at a grand to-do given by the Préfet and Monsieur de la Pommeraye,* the député; and I am preparing a *neat little extempore*, which I shall let off upon success to the commerce of the two countries being toasted. The English residents here are very respectable persons; they keep large and hospitable mansions, and derive the best advan-

* Colonel de la Pommeraye, a gentleman of good Norman family, and an ardent admirer of Napoleon. He served under him, and commanded a regiment of heavy cavalry at Waterloo, where he was severely injured by his horse falling upon his chest while addressing his men previously to a charge. In 1830 Colonel de la Pommeraye was deputed by the Chamber of Deputies to escort Charles the Tenth to Cherbourg, a duty which he performed to the satisfaction of his own party, and, at the same time, with respect and deference towards the misguided and injudicious, but unfortunate, King. Monsieur de la Pommeraye died three or four years subsequently to the date of this letter.

tage that families can do—the best possible education in every branch, both male and female, that the whole of France can produce. The two leading *Amphitryons de nos compatriotes* established in Caen are Messrs. Villiers and Burton, two very good men of independent fortune, with numerous families. Their houses, and, without exaggerating, they are like Devonshire House, or the Embassy at Paris, are generally open at half-past five to a well-provided dinner, and, Heaven knows, I have as yet profited most abundantly by their kindness, and always *portes ouvertes* in the evening. The French of the best class mingle much in this society, and there is always a fiddle for the amusement of the young ladies. I am doing all that I can to make all parties satisfied with me. I condole with the outs, and agree with the ins: as to my own nation, I have called upon all who are worthy of such a compliment. I shake hands and gossip with the fathers and mothers, and pat all their dirty-nosed children upon the head, and tell them that they are beautiful. What can I do more with my scanty means?

I foresee, that little or nothing is to be made of my department; *n'importe*, I shall try something in the spring to better it. I am perfectly contented with my *Chancellor* Hayter, who is well

versed in his business, and from my investigation, I believe to be an honourable *adjoint*. Prostrate my remembrances at the feet of Mrs. Marshall, and of all your family. Scribble me what is going on in *your little fishing-town* of Calais, for I shall always bear an interest towards it; and if there is nothing better to record, tell me whether it makes fine or bad weather.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

[The Monsieur de Montrond mentioned by Brummell in this letter died at Paris, in November, 1843, and the following sketch of his character is, with some trifling variation, abridged from a French paper. His first appearance in the fashionable world of Paris, which was shortly before the Revolution of 1789, was of the most dashing description; and this to the astonishment of every one, for, as in the case of Beau Wilson, nobody knew of his having any resources: but this was of little consequence; he was amiable and generous, with naturally pleasing and persuasive manners, which he perfected by the most careful study; these, combined with the brilliancy and charms of his conversation, formed a spell so potent that he exercised a despotic influence over persons of

all ranks and classes. One man of no slight celebrity in our times submitted, in common with minds of far superior power, to the fascination of this irresistible seducer. M. de Montrond was from the first his petted pupil, and afterwards became his all trusted confidant and inseparable companion; that man, who betrayed so many kings and friends, who made a jest and a mockery of the powers of Heaven and of earth, never once swerved in his fidelity to this—his one friend. De Montrond, like his patron, was a perfect specimen of diplomatic caoutchouc,—he had suppleness, and a born character for trickery and intrigue, and therefore did not fail to improve under the tuition of such a master.

On M. de Talleyrand's first mission to England, under the republic, he accompanied him, and played, though not officially, such a skilful part, that the minister promised him that talents so admirable should not be allowed to rust; important opportunities for exercising them afterwards presented themselves. Mrs. Grant, the Bishop's mistress, was to be converted into his wife, and Monsieur de Montrond was despatched to Rome to obtain a dispensation from the Pope; he succeeded, and, for once in his life, Talleyrand was grateful. De Montrond possessed not political ambition, honour

and places were but slight temptations to him, but he was inordinately fond of money; not to hoard, but to lavish in every kind of luxury, and his friend provided him with the means of gratifying all his wishes, by giving him such information on state secrets as enabled him to speculate with success and also a good share in his own thrifty schemes. On one occasion, he realized, by a little secret operation, a clear bonus of two millions of francs. "Now you are a rich fellow," said his patron. "Yes, it is a pretty little picking enough." "Really, de Montrond, you must make some good use of this capital." "Rely upon me for that." "And where shall you put this two millions?" "Why, where should I," said de Montrond; "in my *secrétaire*, of course." He did so, or into a stocking; but the amount soon disappeared, and he was as far from being, like his friend, a capitalist, as ever. Entirely absorbed in the pleasures of the day, he cared not to provide for the future, the idea never entered his head: all he desired was to maintain, as long as he could, the magnificence which attracted all eyes; the reputation of a *Grand Seigneur*, and, most inconsistently, that of an inimitable *petit-maître*. Of course, penury occasionally followed close upon his opulence; yet, he went on his way rejoicing, day after day, thoughtless as a

bird; sometimes with a hundred thousand Napoleons in his pocket, sometimes not five; but his gaiety and good temper never deserted him, and he used often to say, "Egad, I can't hate anybody, not even people who have done me a service." He had, however, his enemies. Murat, in his coarse dragooning style of abuse, speaking of him and Monsieur de Talleyrand, said, "They are a couple of dung-heaps in silk stockings,"—but with all this coarseness, the Marshal was by far the finest fellow of the three.

One day a Princess of the Imperial family expressed to M. de Montrond her astonishment at his profound attachment to Talleyrand. "Ah, madame," he replied, with a mixture of slyness and *naïveté*, "how can one help loving him? he is so deliciously full of vice!" After the Restoration, the Prince de Benevento preserved his credit and influence, and De Montrond his establishment, his luxuries, and his *bonnes fortunes*. He was a man over whom time seemed to have no power; from first to last he was the same gay, gallant, fighting, frivolous, gambling, devil-may-care sort of fellow. The death of M. de Talleyrand was the one sole grief of his life; the only tear he ever shed was for him; for M. de Talleyrand had been more than his friend, he had been his good genius, who had ever strown showers

of gold in his path. Even on his death-bed the patron did not forget his long-cherished protégé; and he left him certain state secrets, with their proofs, which M. de Montrond well knew how to use. Such was his influence to the last, that, only a few days before his death, when the police ventured to make an inroad upon his *salon*, in order to seize what they, not very erroneously, believed to be a gambling bank, de Montrond had only to make a representation of the circumstance at the Tuileries, and forthwith the préfet of police got a sound rating for the *outrage*, and M. de Montrond a handsome indemnity.]

Of M. de Montrond's claims to admiration, as a clever tool, and a very agreeable companion, there cannot, I suppose, be any doubt; but to have been a whole life the *friend of M. de Talleyrand*, is enough to damn any man's character with posterity.

CHAPTER IV.

Brummell's morning visitors—His hospitality—Mr. Jones and the "pâté de foie gras"—Comment on the Beau's letter to the consul at Calais—The English society at Caen—Intruders upon Brummell's acquaintance—The consequences of it—A misapprehension—A letter from the Beau, describing a singular conversation that occurred at a "soirée"—A sonnet to Moggy—Brummell's patronage of his young favourites.

THE appointment of Brummell to the consulate of Caen was known in that town long before he made his appearance there, and the representations of the dowager his landlady, already alluded to, and more particularly those of Madame le Marquise de Seran, who had known him in London during the emigration, made all the young Frenchmen of the Carlist party anxious to become acquainted with him. About a month after he was domiciled in the Rue des Carmes three of them paid him a morning visit, and found him, though late in the day, over head and ears in all the mysteries of his toilet. They were of course anxious to retire immediately, but Brummell opposed their departure. "Pray stay, Messieurs," said the Beau, as he laid down the silver tweezers with which he had just removed a straggling hair, "pray remain; I have not yet break-

fasted—no excuses; there is *a pâté de foie gras*, a *pain de gibier*," and many other dainties that he enumerated with becoming gastronomic fervour. A sense of modesty, however, rather an unusual virtue when the appetite of a *gourmand* is concerned, prevailed, and the goose's liver failed to overcome the scruples of three of the most noted *bon vivants* in Caen. Enchanted with Brummell's politeness, hospitality, and attractive powers of conversation, they took their leave, with many expressions of cordiality. One of the trio, relating the circumstance a few hours after, remarked that " he must live very well." They little imagined that it was only the extreme improbability of their accepting his invitation that induced him to be so exceedingly pressing, and to offer them such a magnificent repast. Had they taken him at his word, they would have found themselves very nearly in the same plight as the guest of the Barmecide, for the polite and hospitable gentleman had positively nothing in the house at the time but a penny roll, and the coffee simmering by his bedroom fire.

With the juniors of this class of French society he was soon on the most intimate footing. They gained his heart by capital dinners, for Brummell was the prince of *gourmets*. But a good dinner would have reconciled him to any class of people:

his exclusiveness immediately gave way to an invitation; and he would condescend to waive any objections that he might have had to the vulgarity of his entertainer, in the consideration of the excellence of his Sillery and a *dinde truffée*. Thus it was that he frequently visited in houses he would seldom have entered, had he not been enticed within their walls by the delightful odours that came steaming from their kitchens on the *rez de chaussée*.

On the Beau's arrival in Caen he really had a *pâté de foie gras*, to which a droll story is attached. A morning visitor having called, he asked him, as he took his leave, how he intended to pass the evening. "Why I dine at Mr. Jones's, in the Rue ——," he replied; "there 's a party, and a few people in the evening." "Well, I think I shall dine there too," said Brummell, musing. "But you have no invitation, have you?" "None; but never mind, I shall dine there: so, *au revoir*." His new acquaintance left, wondering how he would manage to get invited, and firmly convinced that his tactics must equal Theodore Hook's if he succeeded; for Mr. Jones was a radical, and a retired soap-boiler, and he had often heard him severely condemn the "profligate appointment of such a man to superintend the interests of the British nation at Caen."

Mr. Jones and his friends had proceeded to the

dining-room before Brummell's morning visitor arrived, and great was his astonishment, when, on bowing to the lady of the house, as he took possession of the vacant chair, he saw Brummell seated next her, evidently in immense favour, and making himself as agreeable as he possibly could. The singular plan adopted by the consul to obtain his invitation, and his still more singular proceedings on leaving Mr. Jones's house, transpired the next day. It should be observed, that, during his short stay at Paris, Brummell had not only remembered to order a hundred-guinea snuff-box, but also to purchase the *pâté* already mentioned, at Chévet's, the *marchand de comestibles*, in the Palais-Royal. He had not touched it on his journey; and, when this dinner was mentioned, it suddenly struck him, that, to present it to Mr. Jones, would be a good preliminary measure towards receiving an invitation: he therefore immediately despatched the *pâté*, and a note, to that gentleman, stating that he had just heard that he was going to give a dinner, that the delicacy was of no earthly use to him, and begged that he would accept it *sans façon*. The courtesy appeared so disinterested, and the pie so inviting, that they, conjointly, softened the patriotic indignation of the sturdy Jones, and his acknowledgments, and a request that the inca-

pable representative of his Britannic Majesty would dine with him at five o'clock, were speedily returned. It has been shown that he went, and on the following morning Brummell's acquaintance again called on him, and very naturally expressed a pardonable curiosity to learn how he had contrived to attain his object, when the Beau briefly related to him the above. "Admirable tact, indeed," said his visitor, "but I never saw anything of the *pâté!*" "True," replied Brummell, "I was on the *qui vive* for it all dinner-time, and eyed every dish that came in; but, as you very justly remark, it never made its appearance, and disagreeably surprised I was. My dear sir," said the Beau, in a solemn tone, "the *pâté* was a splendid *pâté*, a *chef d'œuvre;* and I felt deeply interested in its fate. Accordingly, while I was in the passage putting on my cloak to come away, I desired my servant to inquire of the cook why it was not at table, and what had become of it; when they told him that *Monsieur* had kept it for Master Henry's birthday. Had it been destined for his father's, its fate, though unworthy, would have been supportable; but to be the *pièce de résistance* of a nursery dinner, to be the prey of all the little Joneses and their '*bonnes*' was atrocious; sir, it was an insult to me and my pie. 'Go,' said I to Isidore,

'go back to the kitchen, and say that I particularly desire to see the *pâté de foie gras*.' He soon returned with it; and, feeling that it would have been a sin to leave it with such people, I ordered him to put it into the carriage, and followed it without delay. It was not honest, but as I cut into it this morning at breakfast, I almost felt justified, for I never inserted my carving-knife into such another."

The families mentioned in the letter to Mr. Marshall, the consul at Calais, were, with occasional exceptions, the only two amongst the English who entertained on a large scale, and Brummell was quite correct in saying that he availed himself abundantly of their hospitality. It continued uninterrupted till they left, which, fortunately for him, was not till some years after. But the description that he gives in his letter to Mr. Marshall, of the houses of these friends, in which he was so well received and fêted, is not a little exaggerated; and was probably owing to his having passed fifteen years in the small rooms of a much smaller town. He must have been wandering when he drew such a *tableau*, and asserted that the Club at Caen was as large as Brookes's; or that the other houses to which he alludes were like Devonshire House, or the British Embassy at Paris. It is really like Mr. Clarke's magnificent restoration of Pompeii. To

make the sketch perfect, Brummell should have said, that the furniture and decorations of their interiors were also similar.

The English society at Caen, at this period, was, generally speaking, good, much superior, in point of respectability, to that of many towns along the coast and in the interior; but still it was of a mixed character, and there were some individuals with whom his consular duties brought him in contact, that he had a decided aversion to include in the number of his associates: others, who had not even the grounds of public business to justify their entering upon personal communication with him, forced themselves upon his acquaintance whenever an opportunity offered. Such persons he studiously avoided, for his frigid demeanour had not the slightest effect upon them. They continually pestered him with civilities (not dinner-parties), merely with a view of gratifying their vanity, by being able to assert that they knew him; this, he naturally saw through, and the impertinent intrusion generally met with a sarcastic rebuke, which his gallantry did not prevent him from administering to the presumptuous, even among the fair sex.

One of the delinquents who suffered somewhat severely for pressing herself rather unceremoniously upon his notice, was a Mrs. G., a daughter-in-law

of Æsculapius; she was rather a pretty woman, but always aping the great lady, a character most difficult to play before Brummell: for this reason, in particular, the M.D.'s wife was his aversion, and he seized every occasion that presented itself of administering wholesome correction to her foible. He knew, that to have the celebrated Beau Brummell at her house, was the darling object of her ambition; and, that to be able to write to her friends in England that he had graced her one room, was an event that by good management she fondly hoped ultimately to bring about. This apartment was immediately over the gateway of the hotel at which Brummell sometimes dined; and one day, as he and a friend were passing under it to take a walk on the Cours Cafarelli, they were detected by the ever-watchful lady, who, *modiste*-like, was sunning herself with folded arms on her balcony.

The opportunity was not allowed to escape, and the promenaders, unconscious of the presence of the divinity above, were suddenly arrested by the mellifluous and persuasive tones of her voice, saying, "Good evening, Mr. Brummell." The gentlemen stopped, raised their heads, and Mr. W., his hat; but his companion had sufficiently discomposed the folds of his cravat by looking up, and they were on the point of resuming their walk,

when his aversion again interrupted his onward course, by calling out, "Now won't you come up, and take tea?" Severe, indeed, was the expression of Brummell's countenance at this extraordinary address from a person with whom he was scarcely on bowing terms; he was motionless, and for half a minute speechless: collecting his scattered senses, however, he again raised his eyes, —those small grey eyes, *pétillant d'esprit*, with laughter in each corner—and addressed the following laconic, pithy, and impudent reply to "the lady on the first-floor front:"—"Madam, you take medicine, you take a walk, you take a liberty, but you *drink* tea:" this he was determined not to do, and without another word, made a stiff bow, pressed the arm of his friend, which he had not relinquished, and proceeded on his way.

At this time, the year of his arrival, he had all his wits about him, was quite equal to his reputation, and his sarcastic vein was very droll and amusing to those who were not at the moment the objects of his satire; but, friends and foes alike left his presence with the conviction that each would in turn be served up, *à la Tartare*, for the amusement of his neighbours: he was in fact a walking lampoon; every individual that came within the sphere of his vision was subjected to his censorious

spirit. The best houses did not escape, not even those in which he received the most kindness: a French family in the neighbourhood had given a dinner, almost expressly on his account, and every thing had been done to make it perfect, if possible; the ortolans had been sent from Toulouse, and the salmon from Rouen, and the company were legitimists to the back-bone. The morning after this fête some one who met him inquired how the *dîner commandé* had passed off? when the Beau, lifting up his hands, and shaking his head in a deprecatory manner, said, "Don't ask me, my good fellow; but, poor man, he did his best."

Of those among his countrymen and women, whose manners were not quite so polished as they might have been, he would observe, "How can such people be received? it is deplorable to be in such society!" Brummell affectioned all those who fell in with his own ideas, or appeared to make observations in a similar vein. Very soon after I was introduced to him, I found that I had unwittingly gained his approbation by a remark accidentally made in this spirit, or rather, that he chose to construe it as such: the circumstance occurred at a large evening party, when, after having made my bow to the lady of the house, I approached the fire-place and said to one of the

company, who I thought was in the country, "Why, Mr. D——, are you here?" Brummell overheard the exclamation, and imagined that I meant to imply that he was not *fit* to be there; whereas it was a simple expression of surprise, and of a totally different kind. Satirical remarks, like those I have cited, were of course repeated again and again by those to whom they were made, especially as they were generally accompanied by some capital *bon mot*, which was laid upon the victim of the moment. It may therefore be easily imagined that Brummell was not very popular with this class of his countrymen; but, as those a grade above them were, like the generality of the world, always ready to laugh at the vulgarities and infirmities of those below them, he was never cordially condemned,—on the contrary, they were delighted, and remained on excellent terms with him so long as he retained the power of amusing them. The following letter certainly shows that some of his acquaintance were not very refined, and drew his sarcastic remarks upon themselves, by their own conduct; it was addressed to an elderly lady with whom he was intimate:—

Tuesday.

My dear Mrs. ——,

You desired me to divulge the *dénouement* of a

recent *entretien* with Mademoiselle ——. I will endeavour to recollect it in all its pristine purity. *La Donzella* had been asking me who figured at Mrs. ——'s late *hop*. My answer was that there was not any one particularly *frappante;* that the only novelty I had remarked was a duenna in the family of Mr. ——, who certainly accompanied the quadrilles with harmonious hands upon the piano, and subsequently danced herself, to the discord of others, with the obedient foot of Taglioni; that the absence of attraction from the face and figure of *la gouvernante* in question was partially compensated by the accomplishments which she exhibited. Our *entretien* wavered to the brilliancy and comfort of General Corbet's fire, and progressively to one of my familiar *agrémens* during the winter nights, an earthen bottle clad in a petticoat of flannel containing hot water.

To my amazement and discomfiture she *naïvement* asked me, "Would you not prefer being married to the governess you have been praising than to the bottle in the bed?" I found it was high time to correct the irregular bearing of this interrogation, and I abruptly responded, "The lady in question, to whom you so unreservedly return, might indeed prove a preferable substitute for the innocent bottle, but I have much too good an opinion of her to

suppose she would entertain such warming-pan ideas." The undaunted ——, instead of fainting, as I expected, at the look of deep censure which accompanied my remark, exploded into a boisterous fit of horse laughter, with screeching turbulence, to attract the attention of the whole assemblage; and your humble reporter resorting to a pinch of snuff, to conceal his confusion, rose from the profane conference, and with wounded feelings at the unguarded *ingenuousness* of this Highland hoyden, retired to his solitary chamber, painfully ruminating upon the lax morality of society.

Blushingly yours,

À Madame ——,
Place ——. G. B.

P.S. As a refreshment for the mind, I leave Cobbet and the parsons at your door. Dr. ——, who *à l'instant* is feeling my left pulse, is anxious to be asked to your *soirée* this evening. I send you a sonnet upon Miss ——, of whose *propreté* I have my doubts.

MES ADIEUX À MOGGY.

Fair Moggy, fair Moggy, the morning falls foggy,
And your tears, like the rain, may soon piteously pelt;
Yet my hopes still denote, that at sight of my note,
Your reason, like butter in sunshine, will melt.

'Tis unkind to deceive, in my candour believe,
All the perfumes of Araby will not now plight us;
Shed your skin, like the snake, and perhaps for your sake,
More refreshing *amitié* may *enfin* unite us.

To the *few*, both French and English, to whom he was really partial, particularly those of the *beau sexe*, he was most agreeable; and like many perhaps the generality of elderly people, he much preferred the society of young persons to that of those of his own age. With some of the damosels he would assume a protecting air, giving them advice as to little niceties in manners and conversation; his patronizing look at such moments savouring a good deal of by-gone days, seemed to say, "Now that I have noticed you, you may take your place in society without fear of being criticised." To his extreme favourites he would occasionally dispatch a billet breathing deep reverence for their many excellent qualities; and this mark of his approbation and regard was sometimes accompanied by a drawing of his own, and sometimes by one of the various little trifles that ornamented his table, or his mantel-piece, or reposed in the recesses of his *secrétaire*.

In this manner fugitive pieces of his poetry, and a few autograph letters of celebrated people he had formerly known, were bestowed upon one or two ladies with whom he was on the most friendly

terms. With them he also occasionally corresponded; and his letters to them, and the notes already alluded to, pleasingly relieve a biography which is entirely devoid of stirring or adventurous incident. For those with whom he was, in the literal sense of the term, intimate, he had a fund of conversational wit, and an inexhaustible store of anecdote ever ready. His good stories were never repeated, and his desultory reading (for he had all the new publications from Paris) rendered him as amusing a companion as he had ever been. With these friends his reserve gave way: he not only conversed with them freely on topics connected with his early days, but described most delightfully all the bright and gay scenes in which he had participated, laughing most heartily at the folly of those who had permitted him to exercise such an absolute influence over the fashionable world, and to which they themselves were slaves.

CHAPTER V.

The commencement of difficulties—Letter to his banker at Calais—Extract from another to that gentleman—Applications to Mr. Armstrong for assistance—Proceedings of Monsieur Isidore—His valet retires from his service—Mademoiselle Aimable, the daughter of his landlady—Teaches her English—Correspondence with her.

THOUGH Brummell met with the kindest reception at Caen, both from the French and English, and soon formed agreeable intimacies with a few of the best families of either nation, yet *malgré* the dinners of Mr. Burton and Mr. Villiers, his gay demeanour, his sallies, and apparent *insouciance*, he must have been at times exceedingly harassed and annoyed; for he had scarcely been six months in the town before he was up to his wig in difficulties. His eighty pounds a year, all that he was receiving out of his salary of four hundred, was insufficient for rent and washing: the latter amounted to eight hundred francs, rather more than a third of it; and though this was not extraordinary for a man who had lived through life as he had, and invariably draped his elegant form in three shirts and three neck-cloths per diem, such habits were annihilation

to such an income. Lest any of my readers should think me guilty of exaggeration with respect to this item of Brummell's weekly expenditure, I will here insert what Prince Puckler, in one of his letters to Julia, calls the weekly statement made by the fashionable *blanchisseuse* that he employed when in London, who he asserts was the only person that could make cravats of the right stiffness, or fold the breasts of shirts with plaits of the right size. "An *élégant* then requires per week twenty shirts, twenty-four pocket-handkerchiefs, nine or ten pair of summer trowsers, thirty neck-handkerchiefs, (unless he wears black ones,) a dozen waistcoats, and stockings *à discretion.*" By-the-bye I should mention that Brummell told me that he invariably went home to change his cravat after the opera, previously to attending his other engagements, either ball or supper. But independently of his large washing bills, he had not yet learned to dress himself without the assistance of a valet; and he also gave a few dinner parties, so that his annual expenses must have amounted to more than eight times his income. But he was Consul, he was Beau Brummell, and credit was easily obtained. This he took advantage of immediately after his arrival, and also again applied for assistance to Mr. Leveux.

I have given one of his letters to this gentleman a place here only with the view of showing a specimen of his knowledge of French. The reader will perhaps criticise it in an indulgent spirit, when he recollects (for the anecdote has been already given) that it is written by one who, in his hopeless endeavours to learn the language, had been stopped "like Buonaparte by the elements."*

Caen, le 14 Avril, 1831.

MON CHER MONSIEUR,

Je ne croyais guères il y a six mois me trouver encore exposé à l'extrémité de recourir à votre bonté. J'ai trop calculé, comme vous le savez, sur les promesses de mes amis; ils n'ont rien fait pour moi, et il sera peut-être encore un autre pénible siècle, de quatre ou cinq mois, avant qu'il

* Crush'd was Napoleon by the northern Thor,
Who knock'd his army down with icy hammer,
Stopp'd by the *elements*, like a whaler, or
A blundering novice in his new French grammar."

BEPPO.

Lord Byron says in his diary, "I have put this pun into Beppo, which is 'a fair exchange and no robbery;' for Scrope made his fortune at several dinners (as he owned himself) by repeating occasionally as his own some of the buffooneries with which I had encountered him in the morning."

ne leur plaise à me tirer de la position actuelle dont j'ai dernièrement lutté contre les désavantages. Cette position est enfin devenue plus périlleuse, je ne me soucie pas de la privation des luxes ni des agrémens de la vie, il y a longtems qu'il m'a fallu savoir m'en passer: mais il y va à l'instant de mon honneur, de ma réputation, et de tous mes intérêts présens et à l'avenir, puisque j'ai lieu de craindre que le manque total de moyens de pourvoir même aux dépenses officielles qu'imposent chaque jour les obligations de mon consulat, et que l'éclat de l'ignominie qui m'envisage d'être continuellement poursuivi pour des petites dettes, que j'ai nécessairement contractées dans cette ville de Caen, ne soient bientôt cause de la perte de ma place.

Je vous supplie donc de prendre en considération les divers embarras de mon état pour vos propres intérêts, que je vous jure me sont plus sacrés que les miens; je vous supplie d'y réfléchir et de tâcher en subvenir à l'extrême besoin. Ne consultez que ces sentimens de libéralité et amitié que vous m'avez témoigné pendant quinze ans, et que je n'abuserai jamais. Ne prêtez pas l'oreille aux indignes conseils de ceux (je les connais sans les nommer) qui pour satisfaire leurs injustes et

misérables demandes contre moi, cherchent à me nuire dans votre estime.

Avec la plus parfaite considération,
Je suis, mon cher Monsieur,
Votre très-fidèle et obéissant serviteur,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

À Monsieur Jacques Leweux,
Banquier, Calais.

This heroic indifference to privations he had never yet submitted to, and his alarm for his honour and reputation are somewhat entertaining. The tact also is excellent, with which he presents Mr. Leveux's interests to his consideration, by way of an argument for advancing his own; it was, however, an unsuccessful application, as the following extract from another letter to the same gentleman, written about a month after, will prove: "Je me suis flatté, mon cher Monsieur, pendant un mois, d'avoir de vos nouvelles. Poussé à la dernière extrémité, et pour me soustraire aux poursuites des gens de cette ville, pour sauver enfin l'habit à mon dos, qui est véritablement à peu près, tout ce qui me reste," &c., &c. This second letter had the desired effect, and his bill was cashed, but the relief was but temporary, and he now began to feel the distress which had hitherto

presented itself to his mind only in imagination. The supplies that he had formerly received from his friends, were probably withdrawn, under the feeling that he was provided for; and the hope of benefiting by any windfall from an old acquaintance, was now out of the question. Caen was an outlying piquet, and never visited, whereas, Calais, being on the high-road between Paris and London, was the very place for a mendicant of his stamp—he there levied a toll on all those who had formerly travelled with him along the *chaussée* of fashionable life.

Three months after the date of the preceding letter, Brummell was in the most abject state of dependence, and was reduced to beg and borrow of those he would once have held at an immeasurable distance. But one of his own letters shall describe his present position: it is addressed to Mr. Armstrong, the factotum of the English at Caen, who united in his own person the several occupations of packet-agent, grocer, and tea-dealer, and wine merchant: he also hired houses for his countrymen, and cashed their bills, and singularly enough, for perhaps he was the only person in the world who would have done so, he on this occasion cashed one or two of Brummell's, and settled with several of his most pressing creditors.

August, 1831.

DEAR ARMSTRONG,

I have been reduced to so low an ebb during the last three weeks, by delay, and not receiving promised remittances from England, that it is impossible for me to hold up my head, or to exist in my actual state a day longer. For ten days I have actually not had five francs in my possession, and I have not the means of procuring either wood or peat for my scanty fire, or of getting my things from the washerwoman. A trifling advance would arrange these difficulties, and give me further time, but I know not who to apply to in this place.

You have as yet been a good friend to me, and may have sufficient confidence in me, and inclination to extend some additional timely service to me. What I have already assured you I now repeat, with every honourable intention and feeling, you will not repent your kindness.

I have not any thing to offer you by way of security, excepting my signature; if it is not my small stock of plate, for which I paid six hundred francs, and my watch and chain, worth as much more: to these you are welcome, only do not let me be exposed to the most utter distress and want, from my temporary inability to command a few miserable francs. I am not going out, and if you

can spare five minutes in the course of the morning, you will oblige me by coming down here: these matters are better arranged in person than by writing.

Yours,

G. B.

But a short time had elapsed after Mr. A. had relieved these difficulties when his valet threatened to open the trenches of the law against him. He had found out that his master was without funds, and became impertinent; but Brummell, like every gentleman in similar circumstances, was obliged to put up with his insolence till his servant gave him warning: this he did not long delay doing, and, unreasonable being! actually demanded his wages. The result was another application to Mr. Armstrong, and his cash-box, in the following characteristic terms:—

Dear Armstrong,

That d—d ungrateful brute, Isidore, persecutes me at every instant: the fellow says he is going to Paris on Thursday, and will not depart without being paid, in money or by bill, and I believe him capable of employing a *huissier*.

I am wretchedly bedevilled, and out of spirits, and

hate going out of the house, or I would call and thank you for your note of yesterday.

Truly yours,

G. B.

À Monsieur Armstrong,
Rue St. Jean.

Two bankers, Messrs. Gilbert and Bellamy, followed in the pertinacious Isidore's wake, who was, it seems, ungrateful; why, does not appear. By renewing bills, by promises, compromises, and the assistance of Mr. Armstrong's signature, the bankers' demands were staved off for a season; ready money, however, was absolutely necessary at times, to stop the proceedings of some other importunate creditor, or to provide for the daily disbursements of his *ménage;* and towards the end of the year we again find the Beau applying to his Crœsus of the Rue St. Jean, and once more offering his plate as security. One of his gold watches, with the chain and seals, was already in Mr. Armstrong's possession.

Dear Armstrong,

I am positively pressed for two hundred and eighty francs, at the moment, that is, before four o'clock to-day, or I shall be exposed to the utmost disgrace. The things, that is, the plate, are in the closet in my room, and you may have them

by sending any confidential person for them; but I do not like to *trust* my servant with them, as it may be known, or she may be seen with them in the street. It is the urgency of the moment that I am anxious to weather; small difficulties often extend to irreparable destruction of character; such is my situation at this instant.

Yours,

À Monsieur Armstrong,
Rue St. Jean.

G. B.

These miseries continued uninterrupted till his death. Before, however, entering further upon them, or describing his external appearance or daily routine of life, I must, out of respect for those who love chronological accuracy, introduce here two or three of his letters; they were written in the winter of 1831, and form part of a correspondence which was kindly placed in my hands by a relative of the lady to whom they are addressed. These notes are valuable, since they show that there was one useful occupation amongst the many idle ones in which Brummell's mornings were generally consumed; this was, to teach Mademoiselle Aimable, the daughter of his landlady, how to write the English language, and to correct the themes which she brought home from her master.

The young lady was about fourteen years of age when he undertook to assist her in this branch of her education; and, from the eulogiums which he passes upon her diligence, she appears to have profited by his tuition. Never having had the pleasure of seeing or conversing with his pupil, I am ignorant whether he pursued the Lancasterian or Hamiltonian system; nor have I any reason to suppose he adopted the one he advocates in a subsequent letter, in which he says, "I hear that Mademoiselle Eugénie is advancing in the knowledge of pure Celtic, which they say is always best taught and learnt by the eyes!" His young French acquaintance, though very probably conversant with this system, would scarcely have acquired a knowledge of any language from Brummell's at this period of his life, for they were now dim with age and anxiety. Indeed, I believe his method consisted simply in an exchange of notes, of which the following are specimens, or in hearing her read when he visited Madame St. Ursain's drawing-room, and copying verses for her album.

November, 1831.

My dear Miss Aimable,

During the present week I have led a most idle and unprofitable life; never in bed before the moon has retired, and in consequence unable to open my

jaded eyes till the morning has almost vanished. I am angry with myself, now that this dissipation is passed, because it has made me inattentive to our correspondence in English. I shall certainly turn over a new leaf, and amend the evil course of these late hours, if it is only in deference to my promise to improve you in the knowledge of my uncouth native dialect. You are anxious to learn, and you merit every commendation for your assiduity. If you were not influenced by such laudable solicitude, I am sure you would not voluntarily undertake these constant peregrinations to Miss Wheatcroft's,* in such abominable weather, for the purpose of conferring in other languages than your own with Miss Davidson and Signor Matteo;† the former may possess the instructive talents of the celebrated Mrs. Trimmer, and for your sake I hope she does; but for the *soi-disant* Signor, I must confess my doubts with regard to his capacity to impart either the idiom or the accent of the *lingua Toscana*. Prosecute your studies with the same amiable attention and emulation that you have already evinced, and you will soon be omniscient. I am half asleep; my ideas are as dense and foggy as the morning; and one might

* The mistress of an English school at Caen.

† The Italian master.

write as well with Ourika's paw,* as with the pen with which I am labouring.

Very sincerely yours,

To Miss Aimable de ——, &c. &c. G. B.

Thursday Evening.

It is in vain I had promised myself a quiet evening at home, I am really *obsédé* to attend a stupid *soirée*, and without being guilty of a palpable untruth, it is impossible for me to send an excuse. I am compelled, then, to defer the pleasure of writing to you, more diffusely, and more *academically*, till to-morrow morning. Good night, and happy dreams be with you.

Always yours,

To Miss Aimable de ——, &c. &c. G. B.

December, 1831.

My very dear Miss Aimable.

All the plagues of Egypt, in the shape of visitors, have obtruded themselves upon me this morning, on purpose, I believe, to interrupt my transcribing verses, or otherwise communing in manuscript with you: it is not, then, my fault, though I dare say you will accuse me of idleness, that I am compelled to

* One of the Angola cats.

be brief in writing to you; but you have promised to take a lesson with me to-morrow morning, Christmas-day! What a period of rejoicing and fête, according to the customs of my native country, this used to be to me, some years since; while now, of "joys that are past how painful the remembrance!"

I am out of humour with myself this morning, and more so with those troublesome people that break in upon my domestic tranquillity: I have not, indeed, much to enliven me; but with all my cares and vexations, you are always a consolation to me.

Most sincerely yours,

To Miss Aimable de ——, &c. &c. G. B.

Tuesday.

The moment I had begun to write to you yesterday morning, one of my usual time-destroying friends came in, and extended his visit and his idle confabulations till it was too late in the day to pursue my letter. I am this instant out of bed, though I am half-asleep, knocked up, and tormented with the headach, and I really feel myself incapable of inditing two rational connected sentences to you. My own venial *amour propre* will not then allow me to scribble nonsense, and I must *enforcer* my shiver-

ing knees into the fire, and my crazy head into the back of my *bergère*, while I commune with my inveterate morning companions, the blue devils,—and be assured, my very dear Miss Aimable, that one of the most prominent and vexatious of these evil spirits is, the compunction of having neglected my promised duty to write to you: I believe I am falling into second childhood, for I am incompetent to do any thing but to ruminate over the broken toys of my past days.

Most sincerely yours,

To Miss Aimable de ——, &c. G. B.

CHAPTER VI.

The author goes to Caen—Early impressions—The tailor's shop—"Soirée" at Mrs. B——'s—First view of Brummell—His style of dress at this period—The author's costume at fault—Brummell's dress of a morning—Secrets of the toilette divulged—The Beau taking his afternoon walk—His hatred to clogs.

In February, 1832, a few months after these notes were written, I went to Caen, and soon after had an opportunity of meeting Brummell at an evening party. The *rencontre* was a favourable one for receiving first impressions of him.; for the lady of the house was a kind friend of his, and he was very assiduous in making himself agreeable. Little, however, did I imagine, at that time, that he "ruminated over the broken toys of past days," appearing, as he did, the most light-hearted person in the room.

Though buried in India during the preceding six years, I had heard, nay read, of Brummell,—his superlative taste, and unquestionable authority, in all "that doth become a man:" but the mysteries of *mufti* were to me a sealed book: when yet in my teens, my round jacket was supplanted by a full-dress regimental coat, and my ankle boots, by Wel-

lingtons. Of the perfect *contour* of a shoestring I was, alas! in utter ignorance, and I had been saved all the trouble of overcoming the difficulties of a tie, by our Colonel, who, in his very laudable anxiety to preserve strict uniformity in the corps, fitted us all with glazed leather stocks, as stiff as blinkers, which were fastened with brass clasps behind, and actually forbid the use of straps to our trowsers. In those distant regions, the only *Schneider* I had ever known, was the master-tailor, and though I had frequently attended at his shop to see clothes fitted, and had verified the positions of pickers and brushes, and the precise distance between the knapsack straps, on heavy marching-order parades, until a foot-rule came as handy to me as to a carpenter, I was not much enlightened on the subject of plain clothes. As to the length, breadth, or depth of whiskers, the only hint I had received was, to shave them off at right angles with the ear, in other words to leave a square inch: any thing approaching the line of beauty, any thing spherical, besides the shot, being considered wholly at variance with the spirit of General Regulations, and highly subversive of military discipline. Poor Euclid! verily thy pages have been practically illustrated in the —— Regiment! to which, nevertheless, in discipline, the Guards were mere recruits. "Deluded

man!" I hear them exclaim; but so it was, and I have no doubt so it is. What marvel, then, that with such disadvantages, an awful dread came over me, when I thought of the cauterizing that might be my fate, on being introduced to this satirical epitome of elegance?

Despite my ignorance, however, the polished ease of his address, and the extreme neatness of his person, were so peculiarly striking, that although he entered Mrs. B——'s drawing-room with several other visitors, I immediately selected from the group the one who I felt could be no other than the exiled Beau. It was quite pleasing to see the graceful manner in which he made his way through the crowded *salon* up to the lady of the house; the profound bow with which he saluted, appeared to be made thus low as a particular tribute to her. The presence of his other female friends was duly noticed, and I could almost fancy that his bow to each was graduated according to the degree of intimacy that existed between them, that to his *friends* being at an angle of forty-five degrees, while a common acquaintance was acknowledged by one of five; and if this deviation from the perpendicular was more than requisite, a slight relaxation of his features expressed his recognition of the fact, that she was an inhabitant of the same

planet as himself. Brummell had all the *bel air*, as the French call it, of a man of fashion; his *tournure*, for it must be admitted that men have it as well as the other sex, was perfect; and it would have been difficult indeed to fail in distinguishing him from the rest of his party, though by this remark I certainly do not mean to infer that those who entered the room with him were not gentlemen: they were so, and of the best Norman families in the province. But ancient lineage is not always accompanied by elegant manners; moreover, though of the best society in Caen, they were still provincials, and had not the courtly air of him whose whole life had been devoted to the cultivation of external accomplishments, and who had been so much in the society of that royal personage who was universally considered the most elegant man of his day.

Though I have spoken of Brummell's style of dress in his early life, I shall again briefly describe it here as it came under my own observation. He stood to his Whig colours to the last. His dress on the evening in question consisted of a blue coat with a velvet collar, and the consular button, a buff waistcoat, black trowsers, and boots. It is difficult to imagine what could have reconciled him to adopt the two latter innovations upon evening costume,

unless it were the usual apology for such degeneracy in modern taste, the altered proportions of his legs. Without entering into a description of the exact number of wrinkles in his white neck-cloth, I shall merely say that his tie was unexceptionable, and that his *blanchisseuse* had evidently done her very best in the "getting up," as these good bodies term it. I may here observe that I never heard the Beau accused, as I have some "*lions*," of having a tin case with a Bramah lock to keep his neckcloths in, folded, and free from the unhallowed touch of others, though he always gave careful instructions to his washerwoman how she was to fold them; and his valet assured me at Boulogne, with becoming earnestness, that he never had a failure,—he always succeeded in his tie. They were, however, subjected to the strictest inspection, and a speck on one of them, however minute, was the warrant for its return to the soapsuds.

The only articles of jewellery that I observed about him were a plain ring, and a massive chain of Venetian ducat gold, which served as a guard to his watch, and was evidently as much for use as ornament. Only two links of it were to be seen, those that passed from the buttons of his waistcoat to the pocket. The chain was peculiar, and was of the same pattern as those suspended *in terrorem* outside the principal entrance to Newgate. The

ring was dug up on the Field of the Cloth of Gold by a labourer, who sold it to Brummell when he was at Calais. An opera hat and gloves, that were held in his hand, completed an attire which, being remarkably quiet, could never have attracted attention on any other person. His *mise* was peculiar only for its extreme neatness, and wholly at variance with an opinion that I have already mentioned as very prevalent among those who were not personally acquainted with him, that he owed his reputation to his tailor, or to an exaggerated style of dress. He was indeed averse to strong contrasts in colours. One evening, subsequent to the one of which I have been speaking, when we had become more intimate, and the burgundy had helped him forward on the road to familiarity, he gently admonished me on this subject, and said, "My dear Jesse, I am sadly afraid you have been reading Pelham; but excuse me, you look very much like a magpie." I was *costumé* in a black coat and trowsers, and white waistcoat, and though I had never given that gentleman's adventures a second thought, I considered myself at least a grade above a magpie: even at this time the Beau was so much upon the *qui vive* on this point, that he remarked every thing in a stranger's dress, his very shoestrings not escaping criticism.

In the morning his outward man was equally quiet, and never varied; it consisted of a snuff-coloured surtout, with a velvet collar a shade darker, and a real cashmere waistcoat, made from a shawl which, from the beauty of its quality, must have cost a hundred guineas. The ground was white, and though the waistcoat had gone through a French washerwoman's hands for many winters, it was still in as good a state of preservation as himself, partly owing perhaps to his coat being invariably buttoned up. Dark blue trowsers, very pointed boots, the unrivalled white neckcloth, a black hat a little larger at the crown than the circumference of his head, and primrose kid gloves, completed his attire. In summer the cashmere waistcoat was exchanged for a light Valentia one.

The happy effect of this *ensemble* was not attained without considerable difficulty; his *batterie de toilette* was of silver, and complete and elaborate indeed were its details:—amongst them was a silver spitting-dish, of about the same dimensions as a French wash-hand basin, therefore not very large: this was perhaps the one for the use of which he humorously accounted, in the days of his splendour, by saying, that "it was impossible to spit in clay." After his shaving was over, two hours were consumed in ablutions that would

have gained him a reputation for sanctity in a Mahomedan country. In the morning visits that I sometimes paid him at his lodgings, the door of his bed-room being always left a little open to carry on the conversation, the secrets of his dressing-table were, much to my entertainment, revealed in the glass upon the mantel-piece of his *salon*. I think I see him now, standing without his wig, in his dressing trowsers, before the glass, going through the manual exercise of the flesh-brush, in a manner that would have brought tears of joy into the eyes of that regenerator of the epidermis, Colonel R——; when the strigil of pig's bristles was laid aside, he looked very much like a man in the scarlet-fever, and ready for the *camisole*, and a flannel one was accordingly put on. All the hard work was now done; but, before "robing," the Beau took a dentist's mirror in one hand, and a pair of tweezers in the other, and thus nobly armed, closely scanned his forehead and well-shaved chin, and did not lay them down till he had drawn, with a resolution and perseverance truly extraordinary, and totally regardless of the exquisite pain the removal of each elegant extract must have caused him—every stray hair that could be detected on the surface of his venerable mug!

Be it remembered, that these farcical details were daily repeated when he was upwards of fifty years of age, and in the full possession of all his faculties! Had Brummell known that I had ever caught a glimpse of him without his wig, he would, I think, have had a fit, and cut me the next time we met; for he did not like to be seen to disadvantage and "shorn of his beams;" but my curiosity, as well as my unwillingness to lose so amusing an acquaintance, entirely prevented me from disclosing the event to any one.

Every hair being at last in its right place, and his hat a little on one side, *bien ganté*, with an umbrella under his arm, his body slightly bent, and his tie reflected in his lucent boots, he emerged from the *porte cochère* of the hotel, and proceeded, creeping, snail-like, on tiptoe down the street, either to make a morning call, or to kill the interval till dinner by lounging with an acquaintance in the Rue St. Jean, the principal street of the town.

When Brummell first arrived in Caen, he was in the habit of carrying a cane, but as the barometer there generally stands at change, and the mere probability of rain was alarming to him, he very often laid it aside for a brown silk umbrella,

which was always protected by a silk case that fitted as accurately as his own coat. The handle was surmounted by the head of George the Fourth carved in ivory, with well-curled wig and smiling graciously. Though not such a splendid specimen of art as Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits of that sovereign, this effigy had one decided superiority over them, it was not flattering; perhaps, the more prized by Brummell on that account. The umbrella is now in the possession of Mr. Armstrong, who has likewise his dressing-case, pistols, and other effects.

In the street, Brummell never took off his hat to any one, not even to a lady; it would have been difficult to replace it in the same position, for it was invariably put on with great care, and at a prescribed angle; added to which, his wig might have been disturbed,—a catastrophe too dreadful to be wantonly encountered. In fine weather, the salute of his associates was acknowledged by a bow, or, if on the other side of the street, by an extension of his arm, and a slight movement of his fingers in the air. In muddy weather, as there were no *trottoirs*, he was too much occupied with his lower extremities to think of noticing anything but the unequal paving-stones, on the highest of which he always placed his foot, and, so cleverly

did he pick his way on the points of his toes, that I have seen him travel the whole length of the street, without contracting one speck of dirt on his boots; the *soles* of which, by the bye, he always had polished, as well as the upper-leathers. But the Beau had an excellent reason for this, to ordinary understandings, outrageous caprice: he knew the proneness of human nature to neglect its duties; and as, in consequence, he could never feel sure that the polish on the edge of the sole would be elaborated with the care that he thought indispensable, unless he adopted extreme measures, he endeavoured to secure his object by insisting that every part of his *chaussure* should be equally attended to. To effect this important end, he conceived the idea of giving such a simple order to his shoeblack, as he could not have any possible excuse for misunderstanding; especially as he gave him a private lesson, by absolutely taking up the blacking-brush, and cleaning one boot in his presence; thus carefully enforcing all his directions by example.

If I walked with him when the streets were muddy, he never failed to desire me to "keep my distance;" an order that I had so often received on parade, that I obeyed mechanically; and he always took this precaution, lest my more careless and

assured tread should splash his trowsers or his boots. Clogs he despised, and had a perfect abhorrence of them in the day-time, though they were almost indispensable, to get in tolerable comfort along the execrably dirty streets of this town. At night, however, when he could not succeed in getting a cast in a friend's carriage to a *soirée*, and his ten-sous whist, he would condescend to wear them, as they were concealed by the obscurity of the evening. There was much of the *beau monde* philosophy in this; theft, in Sparta, was a crime—but only when discovered.

CHAPTER VII.

Brummell's letters to his female friends at Caen—Mrs. Brownrigg the 'prenticide—The prefecture under the Juste Milieu—The "soirées" of the legitimists—A ball, which the Beau does not attend—His proxy—Choice of his associates—Lines on the contents of a lady's toilette table-drawer—Explanatory note—The Voice of Praise, by Lady Granville—Mr. Lister and the modest young man.

I WILL now pause in my narrative, to introduce a little of his gossip on paper, with two or three of his female correspondents. The lady to whom the following amusing epistle was addressed, had been in the East, and on account of ill health seldom frequented the gay parties going on in the town. The letter requires but little commentary. Madame du Lac was, indeed, a perfect Donna del Lago, with the sweetest face and most beautiful foot in this part of France. The head of the "convocation" was a military warbler, who gave parties, the dulness of which was occasionally relieved by his own and other amateur singing, such as one might expect to hear in a country town; and Madame de Rigny was the wife of the Minister of Marine's brother, who received the taxes, while she received the company—it was *juste milieu*.

Thursday, March, 1832.

Madame de —— will be *charmée* to receive the "black Infanta;" shall I send a palanquin for her, or will you pass her *en pannier?* Madame du Lac tells me, that the artiste for whom you inquired perfectly understands his *métier*, and that his *ressemblances sont frappantes.* I have already forgotten his name, as one does every thing when talking to her, but he sojourns at the Hôtel de France. I will see him during the present daylight, if there is any left; and, if he goes out to work, he shall be with you to-morrow.

D'Ison's convocation very good last night: all the brilliants of Babylon dazzling in their best; Mademoiselle —— the prototype of Madame de la Vallière, when she took the veil. Mrs. G——, all bones and bravado, dangling like the skeleton of the barbarous Mrs. Brownrigg, * in Surgeons' Hall,

* Elizabeth Brownrigg, executed at Tyburn, on the 14th of September, 1767, for the murder of Mary Clifford, one of her apprentices. The crime was committed under circumstances of the most atrocious character, indeed such as oblige us to believe that Hogarth's illustrations of the ingenuity of cruelty are not exaggerated. In a number of the Gentleman's Magazine for that year is a drawing, representing one of the girls naked, with her arms fastened by a rope to a staple in the ceiling of the kitchen where some of the outrages were inflicted; a full description of Mrs. Brownrigg's brutalities accompanies the engraving. Another

I was about to omit, that Madame de R—— will be happy to see you at her approaching squeeze, and, if from etiquette you should be starch, she will give you a preliminary call—you will of course respond, *No*—through the grating of your *cellule*. Still all the more worldly Béguines are now numbering their beads for the confederate honour *à faire le chaperon* à Mademoiselle ——. You really should sometimes assimilate your life to the *chanoinesses* of old; fulfil all your charitable and maternal avocations in the morning, yet elapse with the shepherd's star from your *dortoir*, and mingle with the profane at night.

> Shame his eyes, and grieve his heart;
> Come like shadows, so depart.

My first essay at movement yesterday was my

contemporary narrative says, that when the girl was discovered, her head was swollen to almost double the natural size, and her neck so much, that she could not speak nor swallow; her mouth stood open, and the surgeon who examined her deposed, that "she was all one wound, from her head to her toes; that her shift stuck to her body, that she was in a fever, and the wounds beginning to mortify from neglect." It will scarcely be credited, that Mrs. Brownrigg was the mother of sixteen children; in outward appearance a very agreeable and amiable person, and was so much remarked for skill and *tenderness*, that she was appointed midwife to the workhouse of St. Dunstan's in the West, the inmates of which (for she often relieved them) had a great regard for her.

descent at five to the *réfectoire*. I am quite *délabré* with all this unceasing racket, though I am now endeavouring to make myself decent for Dufrèsne's this evening. "Never doubt," as Hamlet says,

I'm thine,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

À Madame ——,
Rue ——.

When Brummell arrived at Caen, the French society was fast declining from what it had been for fifteen years after the Restoration: the *employés* under the elder branch of the Bourbons were men of the best families; and the *noblesse* being, with very few exceptions, of the same political opinions, instead of spending their winters at Paris, took up their abode at their old hotels in the town. The revolution of July overturned the social system of this party: and the Préfecture, which had hitherto been the rallying point of all the *élégants* and *élégantes* of the province, was now the *rendezvous* of a class of persons who had never before looked at it in any other light than as a public office, which they could only expect to enter for the purpose of transacting business.

As they walked in at one door the nobility walked out at the other, and retired to their *châteaux* in

the country to talk over legitimacy, to lament the degeneracy of modern days, and curse England for leaving the French nation to do as they pleased. A few of the less rich and influential of this class remained, principally dowagers without *châteaux* or husbands, but having daughters ready to be confided to the professional discretion of whatever *avocat* could make a *convenable contrat* with any of the young men of the party who still lingered in the town. These remnants constituted the cream of French society in Caen: dinner parties were of rare occurrence, but the evening receptions were frequent, and, as in other parts of the Continent, of weekly occurrence during the winter season. At such *réunions* the visitors deposited the price of the cards under the candlesticks, and after sipping a glass of *orgeat* or *eau sucrée* and losing a certain number of ten-sous pieces at whist, or five francs at écarté, retired to their homes at eleven as punctually as they had arrived at seven. At one or two houses the play was not carried on with so much moderation; large sums were lost at *bouillotte* and *écarté*, and the losers would sit till three o'clock in spite of their bad luck, and the entreaties of the lady of the house to be allowed to go to bed at twelve.

After the annihilation of his official responsibilities, Brummell cut the tradesmen at the Préfecture,

to which he had never gone but from a strong sense of public duty and an occasional dinner: he also quietly, but courteously, retired from the houses of nearly all the public officers of the government, and from henceforth affected to treat their pretensions very lightly. With the exception of two or three English families, he now lived entirely with the legitimists, the observances and etiquette of whose *salons* were much more in keeping with his early associations than those practised in the houses of the *juste milieu;* not that he cared a *sous* for the politics of either party, but he preferred the manners of the former, and found their *sirops* and their *orgeats* no worse than those of their opponents. Louis-Philippe, whose conduct he had lauded at the public dinner to which he was invited by the préfet on his arrival, when he "let off a neat little extempore speech to the commercial success of the two nations," was now in his eyes a *parvenu,* his supporters of course the same; and, in his new character of a zealous Carlist, he thought it necessary to refuse an invitation to a ball given by the authorities in honour of the new sovereign, as he passed through on his way to Cherbourg. The fact was, a dinner was given also, to which he was not invited, possibly the real reason for his declining to attend the ball. The day after this fête one of his acquaint-

ance, who happened to meet him in the street, inquired whether he had been to the ball given in honour of the king the night before. "What king?" inquired Brummell, in a tone of feigned surprise and inquiry. "The French king, to be sure; Louis-Philippe." "Oh! the Duke of Orleans, you mean; no, I did not go, but I sent my servant."

The convocations and conversaziones were varied until *Carême* set its seal of starvation and penance upon winter gaieties by a few *soirées dansantes*, at which both old and young took exercise, though I will not libel the Beau by saying that he ever distinguished himself in this way: but of the balls I shall have occasion to speak hereafter, and will dismiss the evening parties by merely adding, that Brummell's manners and devotion to five-sous whist won him a few francs, and the unqualified admiration of all the women whose confirmed rheumatism prevented them from dancing, and who still speak of his courtly air with rapture; but whether ancient or juvenile, French or English, he had the tact to select the most *spirituelle* of the sex for his intimates; and the one to whom the following note was written certainly possessed a more than ordinary share of wit and accomplishments.

Tuesday.

I swear to you by the beard I have just reaped,

and by those humble ancestors who sleep in their parish churchyards, that I will never reveal *you* as the authoress of the lines you are dying to send me.

Beyond patience yours,

À Madame ——, G. B.

Rue ——.

It is not surprising that after such a solemn asseveration, the lady found courage to trust him with a fair copy of her verses; and, as they are amusing, I give them a place here.

THE CONTENTS OF A LADY'S TOILETTE TABLE-DRAWER.

Some ribbon, two combs, and one with a tail,
Soda powders, a compass, and lace for a veil;
Some patterns of *broderie*, relics of hair,
A bow off a cap, a knob off a chair;
A white *pélerine*, and a collar of Tory's,*
A muzzle, a hair-pin, and Miss Edgeworth's stories;
A piece of the fender all cover'd with rust,
A stay-lace, a pencil, a buckle, a crust;
Some cotton and pens, a shoe and a slipper;
A box with some pills for rousing the liver;
A medal of William the Fourth's coronation,
Black pins and white pins of every gradation:
A shoe-horn of Grénier's, † he'll never get back;
Some écarté and whist cards, but not a whole pack;

* A conservative lap-dog.

† The Melnotte of Caen.

A duster, a bill, a penknife, a whip;
A box with no lid, and some sugar for Gyp;*
An almanac, pencil-case, seals, and blue wax,
A glass box for *bonbons* with five or six cracks;
Some needles for darning, curl-papers, and sand;
The *galope* of "Gustave," a bodkin, and band:
All this, and much more, with my own eyes I saw,
Taken out of a TIDY and fair lady's drawer!

This confidence was not thrown away; it appears to have inveigled Brummell into a promise to send his correspondent a sketch in return, which was accompanied by an explanatory note, and some stanzas of Lady Granville's.

Monday.

I am ashamed to send you so unworthy a sketch of a beautiful woman; it is the rough outline from a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds of Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire;—the miniature, which I afterwards finished, was given to Lady Harriet Cavendish, now Lady Granville.

Do not unjustly fancy that you are for a moment forgotten, because I do not immediately remit to you my relics of past times in writing, or *en crayon.*

You shall have others as I go on, unwillingly digging in old green boxes: in the meantime I send you some lines of Lady Granville's, which I am sure

* Another lap-dog.

you will admire. The sun shines bright, and promises me the consolation of meeting you in your morning's whereabouts.

Yours, for ever and ever, Amen!

À Madame ——, G. B.
Rue ——.

Before I determined to publish these pleasing lines, I wrote to Lord Granville to request his permission to do so; but not having received any reply to my letter, I presume that from their being so perfectly harmless his Lordship thought it unnecessary to send one. I have therefore acted upon the constructive consent that silence always gives. These stanzas are not unworthy of the daughter of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire; and as her Grace died in 1806, and her Ladyship was born in 1785, they must, from the tenor of the last line, have been written before she had attained her twenty-first year.

THE VOICE OF PRAISE.

COUNTESS OF GRANVILLE.

There is a voice of magic power,
To charm the old, delight the young,
In lordly hall, in rustic bower,
In every clime, in every tongue;
Howe'er its sweet vibration rung,
In whispers low, in poets' lays,
There is not one who has not hung
Enraptured, on the Voice of Praise.

The timid child, at that soft voice
Lifts for a moment's space the eye;
It bids the fluttering heart rejoice,
And stays the step prepared to fly:
'T is pleasure breathes that short quick sigh,
And flushes o'er that rosy face;
Whilst shame and infant modesty
Shrink back with hesitating grace.

The lovely maiden's dimpled cheek
At that sweet voice still deeper glows;
Her quivering lips in vain would seek
To hide the bliss her eyes disclose;
The charm her sweet confusion shows
Oft springs from some low broken word;
O Praise! to her how sweetly flows
Thine accent, from the loved one heard!

The hero, when a people's voice
Proclaims their idol-victor near,
Feels he not then his soul rejoice,
Their shouts of love, of praise to hear?
Yes, fame to generous minds is dear,
It pierces to their inmost core;
He weeps, who never shed a tear,
He trembles, who ne'er shook before.

'T is sweet to watch affection's eye,
To mark the tear with love replete;
To feel the softly-breathing sigh,
When friendship's lips the tones repeat;
But, oh! a thousand times more sweet
The praise of those we love to hear!
Like balmy showers in summer's heat,
It falls upon the greedy ear.

The lover lulls his rankling wound,
By hanging on his fair-one's name!
The mother listens for the sound
Of her young warrior's growing fame;
Thy voice can soothe the mourning dame,
Of her soul's wedded partner riven,
Who cherishes the hallow'd flame,
Parted on earth, to meet in heaven!

That voice can quiet passion's mood,
Can humble merit raise on high;
And from the wise, and from the good,
It breathes of immortality!
There is a lip, there is an eye,
Where most I love to see it shine;
To hear it speak, to feel it sigh,
My Mother! need I say 't is thine?

The allusion which Brummell makes in the preceding note to the miniature, confirms an anecdote that I heard of him when he was visiting at Ticksell Hall, at that time the residence of Lord Granville. One day, Mr. Lister, of Armytage Park, who lived in the neighbourhood, a great bookworm, whose library was his world, was asked to dine there, and during the generally stupid half-hour which precedes that repast, some of Brummell's drawings were handed about amongst the company, while he was quietly engaged in conversation in some distant part of the room. At last the dinner was announced, and the Beau rose to

offer his arm to a lady of high rank, his intimate friend, as did also Mr. Lister to the same lady; but observing the old gentleman's intentions, he immediately withdrew: when Mr. L. mistaking him for an artist, said, to the infinite amusement of the lady, "I 'm glad to see the young man understands his place;" and it was only towards the close of dinner, that he discovered who the modest young man really was.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lines addressed by Brummell to Lady Tankerville—A soiled note—How it became so—Causes that led to the abolition of the Consulate—Lord Palmerston—The Consular duties—Brummell called upon officially to settle a family quarrel—The Lion and the Unicorn taken down—The impatient Restaurateur—Mr. Armstrong sent as "Chargé d'Affaires" to England in search of funds—Extract from a letter advising this measure.

THESE lines of Lady Granville's were followed, a few days after, by some which Brummell had in 1806 addressed to the present Countess of Tankerville; they are taken from the Pleasures of Memory, which little plagiarism he did not at this time think it necessary to acknowledge, whatever he may have done when he presented them to her Ladyship. They were intended by Brummell, to illustrate a romantic incident in Lady Tankerville's life; and this he further explains in the following paragraph, taken from the note that accompanied them.

"You must know, my dear Miss ——, that Sophie de Grammont had, by the command of her father the Duke, been destined to take the veil, and had already commenced her noviciate, when she escaped from France, with the assistance of her

mother, who fled with her to England. Here the noble fugitives were kindly received and protected by the beautiful and enthusiastic Duchess of Devonshire, and the graceful novice afterwards became Lady Ossulston. Her marriage, however, is said to have been much opposed by the Earl of Tankerville, and the ceremony was put off twice—even after the *trousseau* was ready and the day fixed. But the young couple were desperately in love, and the Devonshire family took great interest in their protégée, as their generous natures had prompted them to do in the fate of many more. The marriage took place at Devonshire House."

THE NUN.

To Corisande Armandine Léonice Sophie de Grammont:

The beauteous maid that bids the world adieu,
Oft of that world will snatch a fond review;
Oft at the shrine neglect her beads to trace,
Some social scene, some dear familiar face,
Forgot, when first a father's stern control
Chased the gay visions of her opening soul;
And ere with iron tongue the Vesper bell
Burst through the cypress-walk, the convent-cell,
Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,
To love and joy still tremblingly alive.
The whisper'd vow, the chaste caress prolong,
Weave the light dance and swell the choral song;

With rapt ear drink the enchanting serenade,
And, as it melts along the moonlight glade,
To each soft note return as soft a sigh,
And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly!

Though Brummell was himself the Mercury who carried this sentimental effusion to the lady's habitation, it met with a horrible disaster on its brief transit from the porter's lodge to her drawing-room, which it seems she mischievously brought to his notice in her reply, and thus elicited from him the following earnest explanation and defence.

Thursday.

Do, in compassion to my inveterate *propreté*, send back the sullied envelope that contained my last packet, and accept this explanatory billet. No such impure contagion as *grease* ever came from me. The gloves, too, which delivered it, were, spick and span, devoted to a cordial compression from the heated hand of the corpulent Madame de ——; but, alas! it must have visited your kitchen, and that explains the blemish: yet, I give you my word, I took no liberties *avec la cuisinière.*

Ineffably yours,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Rue ——.

In the next note he expressed a most sensitive anxiety about one of his billets to the same lady, who was too unwell to receive morning visitors, for the phraseology of which he was desirous of apologising; and he gives an excellent reason why he might not, when he wrote it, have been capable of inditing such a specimen of studied elegance as his epistolary communications generally were.

May, 1832.

At the moment of returning a book to you yesterday, I have some vague recollection of having written a note, and it was probably in that inflated style which indicates the aberration of common sense. Since daybreak I had been answering an unpleasant letter from England, received the night before, and, by the unblemished honour of good faith and sincere friendship to you, I am almost insensible of any delinquencies that may have degraded the tenor of my precipitate morning's address. I cannot say more to conciliate your never-failing absolution of errors.

A mandate of mercy arrives to me as I was about to envelope my jeremiades. I see you are only blind to the faults of others. It delights me to find that you can still write with secular gaiety, and I entertain sanguine hopes of your worldly salvation. If I

am not allowed soon to visit you, I shall petition for an *ordonnance* from his Holiness. I congratulate you upon the treachery of the report of ——. Menials are strangely addicted to flippant responses when interrogated about their superiors. *Dérechef* well-being and resurrection to you,

Most sensibly yours,

À Madame ——, G. B.
Rue ——.

The English letter to which Brummell here alludes may possibly have been a private one from Lord P——n, announcing the suppression of his appointment; for fourteen days after, it was officially announced that the consulate was abolished. There are two versions of the reasons that led to this "untoward event." The first is, that his Lordship, with that prophetic spirit so eminently useful as a ministerial qualification, foresaw the dreadful drain upon the Exchequer that would be created by carrying the British arms into central Asia, and into the region of tea-caddies and chop-sticks—foresaw, I say, the deficit, and the consequent necessity for retrenchment, and poor Brummell was sacrificed to his friend's Affghan policy. Written to officially by the Government, to inquire whether there was, or was not, any necessity for a consulate

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at Caen? he replied in the negative, and informed the Foreign Office that a vice could do the little there was to be done. In signing such a death-warrant, he, no doubt, calculated on the gratitude of the noble Secretary on whom he had so frequently, in former days, permitted his shadow to repose; and yet, how Brummell could expect any good from a man who could *retrench*, must remain a mystery to posterity. His expectations, however, of receiving either a pension or another situation, if such he entertained, were never fulfilled.

The second version of this affair is, that he volunteered his information, and complained that he had nothing to do; hoping that he might get a better appointment, or one in Italy as good, to which country he was most anxious to go. Though no official record to this effect is to be found in the letter-book of the consulate at Caen, he is known to have acknowledged having written a letter in this spirit to Lord P——n; but he declared that he never expected it would have been made use of as a public document. He really must have been crazy to have entertained such an idea; and, crippled as he was in his finances, it is not at all probable that he would have given up a certainty for an uncertainty; or that he intended his note to have been the means of his own ruin.

Several months after the preceding page was written, I received the following account of a conversation that took place between Brummell and one of his friends on this subject: my correspondent was at Caen at the time, and knew him intimately. "Brummell," observes this gentleman, "told me that his communication to Lord P——n was voluntary on his part, *and was inspired* by his desire to obtain Mr. Gordon's situation at Hâvre, or the consulship of Leghorn. In both of these he failed, and thus fell a sacrifice to his disinterested *amor patriæ*. He also read me an extract from his letter to Lord P——n, which I remember verbatim: it was as follows: 'Your Lordship must be aware that by informing the Government of the inutility of a consul at Caen, I am actuated by purely disinterested motives. Your Lordship will also bear in mind that my bread depends upon the trifling emoluments which I receive as consul at Caen. Should your Lordship, therefore, on my suggestion, think fit to abolish the office, I trust some means of subsistence will be provided for me by the Government." Lord P——n thanked Brummell for the information, abolished the consulate, made great promises, and left the poor Beau to expire "a driveller and a show;" something between

"A moping idiot and a madman gay."

Brummell certainly told the truth, when he said there was nothing for him to do; his vice did everything; he merely signed.

I believe nearly the only time that he was called upon to exert his consular authority, was, when a lady came to him to request that he would restrain her son-in-law from beating her daughter, and running off with her furniture. Brummell, however, was not at all disposed to offer her protection, or even a chair; for, being in the midst of his toilette, nay, I believe, *en chemise*, he refused to see her, and opened a parley with her in the passage, exclaiming loudly through the door of his room, against the supposition that interference on such a subject formed any part of his duty. Call to-morrow, madam, call to-morrow," said Brummell, "I will consult my chancellor;" and the applicant left, extremely irate. But the street-door had scarcely closed upon her, when he gave orders to the servant to be sure that he never allowed her to enter the house again. The best part of the story is, that Brummell, in his official capacity, had married this couple in his drawing-room three months before.

But whether he was led into giving the information respecting the consulate, through an official application from his superiors, or whether it was

his own voluntary act, is of little consequence: in either case it was a miserable piece of economy on the part of the Government, his friends; for a few years only, and his death would have relieved the country from the cost of maintaining him, and themselves from the odium, had there been any, attached to their preserving an old and infirm man from the irretrievable wretchedness into which the measure plunged him. They did indeed offer him another appointment, but at the same time *recommended* him *to refuse it,* as will be seen in a subsequent letter. He left Calais, upon the strength of the consulate being a permanent appointment; and it was most cruel to deceive a man at his time of life, and place him in a worse pecuniary position than he was before. Caen, as I have already observed, was not so good a beat as Calais, for a fashionable pauper; by accepting the situation, he had got heavily into debt at both places; and by its abolishment he was literally thrown upon the charity of former friends, without a farthing in his pocket, and in a decidedly worse plight than he was previously to their having interested themselves in procuring it for him.

Directly it was reported in the town that Brummell was no longer his Britannic Majesty's representative, his creditors, who would scarcely believe it possi-

ble, flocked to the hotel of Madame Guernon de St. Ursain, to see whether the lion and the unicorn were still there "fighting for the crown." Alas! the royal emblems, resplendent with vermilion and gilding, graced no more the Beau's doorway: they were indeed gone; and, in the agony of the moment, his creditors fancied that their *écus* were gone with them. He had been badly enough off before this blow came upon him; but having lost his supporters, his credit went with them, and he was beset on all sides.

Amongst the foremost of his tormentors was a Monsieur Longuet, the Ude of Caen, who had a claim upon him for twelve hundred francs. This man not only vowed that he would have him arrested if he was seen in the street, but, that in case he kept the house, he would starve him into leaving it, by stopping his miserable *réchauffés*. The siege, however, was raised, by a corps of young Frenchmen, Monsieur de Casserole's best customers, who, going immediately to his shop, informed him, that, if he attempted to molest his unfortunate debtor, they would never dine at his house again. But matters got worse and worse, his health indifferent, and he was soon without a franc in his pocket—as these few lines will show.

Wednesday.

DEAR ARMSTRONG,

Send me seventy-five francs to pay my washer-woman; I cannot get a shirt from her, and she is really starving on my account. I have not actually money to pay my physician, or for my letters to and from England.

Yours,

G. B.

À Monsieur Armstrong,
Rue St. Jean.

In the autumn of 1832 his distress became so urgent, that nothing was left to be done but to send Mr. Armstrong to England; for he very justly conceived that the representation of his embarrassments would be more fully impressed upon his friends by the *viva voce* statement of a man of business, who was himself a large creditor, than by any letters of his own. He was probably encouraged to adopt this plan by the following passage in a letter from a friend received at this period.

"I really think that a personal interview of Mr. Armstrong with the persons you have named would do more good than letters. The difficulty of doing so would be great, but all that I can do to insure his seeing them I will. I don't know how to get at the Duke of Wellington or Lord Willoughby. I

will write to George Anson and his brother Litchfield, Bagot, Alvanley, and many others that may occur to me, who I may think can be of any use; and among them, by the way, old Allen, who, I assure you, spoke of you the other day in the kindest manner, and I tried hard to get a pony out of Coventry for you when I was in town. Worcester, I fear, is still ill in the country, otherwise I am sure he would have been more ready to exert himself than any one."

CHAPTER IX.

Letter to the daughter of his landlady—Fitzpatrick's blister—Brummell seized with paralysis—Letter written on his recovery—Invited to a French wedding—The result—The Beau in his landlady's wardrobe—Letter from the Duke of Sussex to Brummell—A short memory—The Beau's opinion of Catholicism and its effects.

WHILE Brummell was thus endeavouring to arrange a plan of operations for the guidance of Mr. Armstrong, he was, as if something were yet wanting to crown his misfortunes, taken suddenly ill. The symptoms first manifested themselves while he was inditing the following letter to the daughter of his landlady.

Sunday evening.

Oh this uncomfortable weather! I am freezing *au coin de mon feu*, and my ideas are as much congealed as my limbs. You must not, then, in common compassion, expect either amusement or instruction from a *malheureux* in my torpid state. There are moments too when I am subject to that sort of overwhelming depression of spirits that makes me incapable of any thing but to brood over my own grievances, fancied or intrinsic, it does not signify.

I cannot shake off its gloomy influence. I should like to retire to my bed, and, if it was possible, to sleep till the spring, or till nature would beneficently animate my dejected thoughts as she regenerates the leaves and flowers of the earth. I am at the instant subdued by chillness and blue devils, and feel as if I was in my grave, forsaken and forgotten by all those who were once most dear to me. "*Le plus grand des malheurs est celui de ne tenir à rien, et d'être isolé.*" I am sick of the world and of existence.

> "Whate'er they promised or profess'd
> In disappointment ends;
> In short, there 's nothing I detest,
> So much as all my friends."*

You must perceive, that is, if you have the patience to read these vague saturnine jeremiades, that——

Here poor Brummell's pen dropped from his hand; paralysis had seized him, and he was endeavouring to rise from his chair to call for assistance, when the servant most fortunately came into the room. A medical man was quickly in attendance, and bleeding and blistering were immediately resorted to. The fit was a very severe one, the whole of his face being affected by it, especially the right side, and also his speech; but he imagined it was a severe attack of rheumatism to

* These lines are General Fitzpatrick's.

which he was subject, and he was at one time in such a precarious state, that it was not thought advisable to undeceive him. The following note, written as soon as he could make use of his pen, proves, that some of his friends of the gentler sex were anxious about him, and sympathized with his sufferings.

Thursday.

Mrs. ——, on her own part, and that of ——, wrote on Monday evening, to request Madame ——, to make inquiries respecting my invalid state; this has only this morning been communicated to me. It has, like all kindness, most sensibly affected me; and I will humbly solicit you to impart to ——, and ——, my sincere gratitude for their flattering interest towards me.

I have risen to-day with my head perfectly quiet, my chest, and all its vicinity composed, and free from that oppression and those excruciating spasms, which I thought, and at one time sacrilegiously prayed, would put an end to my sufferings in this world. Once more, thanks to Heaven and a constitution still unshaken, I am returned to my senses and at peace.

Yours sincerely,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Rue ——.

But whatever might have been the extent of his mental sufferings, in the privacy of his own room, neither illness, nor the hopeless state of his affairs, had yet so lowered his strength and spirits, as to allow him to betray his anxieties to the world: in society, he was as ready as ever with his joke, and full of fun and good humour. Shortly after this attack, and while Mr. Armstrong was in England, a French wedding was solemnized, and the marriage, singularly enough in France, was entirely one of inclination—really a love-match. Brummell was invited to assist at the fête, and, a few days, certainly not a week, after the happy event had taken place, an acquaintance met him in the street, and asked him whether he had heard any thing of the *nouveaux mariés?* "No," said the Beau, "but I believe they are still living together." On the return of his ambassador with the subscriptions, his creditors were paid, for Mr. Armstrong's visit to Brummell's former friends was attended with the very best results: every one of the gentlemen mentioned by his friend in a note already given, came forward in the most generous manner to his assistance. To their names should be added those of Lord Burlington, who contributed the sum of fifty pounds; Lord Pembroke, Mr. C. Greville, and Mr. Standish, also subscribed. One of Brummell's

heaviest creditors was the lady of the house in which he had for the last two years resided; for, with the exception of the sum of six hundred francs, Madame de St. Ursain had never received one louis during the whole of that period. Though this unconscionable delay must have been extremely inconvenient to her, it did not in any way interfere to lessen the friendly terms on which they lived: nothing could be more kind than her conduct to Brummell at all times; and in the paralytic seizure by which he was attacked before he left her house, he was nursed with as much care and attention as if he had been surrounded by the members of his own family. For many a good turn was her lodger indebted to her; and perhaps the most essential piece of service she ever rendered him was performed not long before the consulate was abolished, when, having heard that bailiffs were at the door, who threatened to make an irruption into his apartments, she hurried him up into a spare room, and shut him up in her *garde-robe:* nay, she was even polite enough, as a last alternative, to offer him the sanctuary of her bed-room,—into which, by the laws of France, the officers of justice had no right to intrude. On this nervous occasion Brummell's presence of mind did not forsake him, and Madame had scarcely stowed him away, amongst the sus-

pended dresses, flounces, and furbelows, and locked the door, than she heard him screaming, in a voice deadened by the forest of habiliments, "Madame de St. Ursain, *de grâce prenez la clef!*"

Brummell had too much tact not to ingratiate himself with one who had it in her power to be of so much use to him; and he found little difficulty in doing this, for she was an excellent companion, extremely well read, and had nearly as much *esprit de salon* as himself. *Legitimiste au fond de l'âme*, and her relative a prisoner in the fortress of Ham, it was not singular that she should detest every one, and every thing, connected with the revolution of July. Brummell soon gained her good opinion, by showing great consideration for her feelings on this subject; and though he was, in his official capacity, called upon to illuminate and to display the flag of his own nation, on the anniversaries celebrated by the new *régime*, he refrained from hoisting the union-jack at his own window, and placed it a little lower down the street, at a house rented by his "chancellor," Hayter, for a bureau. Though Madame could not get paid, she occasionally turned the Beau to account; and being anxious to obtain some information from the late Duke of Sussex, she prevailed upon Brummell to write to him on the subject. He promised to do so, but so

many weeks passed without farther allusion to the circumstance, that the lady at length fancied he had not written; or, if he had, that the Duke was disinclined to send a reply; she was therefore rather surprised when the Beau presented her with the following letter:—

Holkham, April 19th, 1832.

DEAR SIR,

A period of twenty-two or twenty-three years having elapsed since the circumstances to which you allude took place, I cannot state facts so correctly as I might have done then. A person, of the name of Count ——, was introduced to me at Mr. ——'s, by ——, with whom I was acquainted. In consequence of this presentation, a communication took place between us, and after some time, by virtue of the Alien Act, he was removed out of the country, and went to Portugal, afterwards to Spain, when I totally lost sight of him. I never *knew* him to be a *Spanish grandee:* indeed, though naturally clever, he was a man of no education, and could not write. He took *me in* at that period, as he did many others; and I bought my experience at no less a price than from eleven to twelve thousand pounds: however, the circumstances occurred so long ago, that I have forgotten much of what took place at the time, and consider myself fortunate in

having lost sight of him. He certainly *did live* for a time in —— street, previous to his removal from the country. I have written these lines to answer *your inquiries only*, as every thing that took place at that time was in consequence of the French revolution, and connected with it. I understood him to have come from Italy, where he had connexions; however, as I said before, he took the road to Portugal and Spain, when sent out of England by the Government of the day.

I am, dear Sir, with consideration,

&c., &c.,

To George Brummell, Esq., Caen, &c., &c. AUGUSTUS FREDERICK.

It is not necessary to explain the subject of this letter; it has been inserted here merely as a trait of good nature on the part of his Royal Highness, for, to judge by the handwriting, it would appear to have been penned with difficulty and exertion. When the Beau vacated his apartments in the Rue des Carmes, a step which he was very loth to take, for he knew that he was much more comfortable there than he was ever likely to be at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, his treacherous memory failed to remind him of all Madame de St. Ursain's kindness to him; the nursing, the friendly

shelter of her wardrobe, the Angola cats, and the parrots—all were forgotten, and he actually left her house without taking leave, though to gain the street he was obliged to pass the door of her drawing-room. "C'était un original que ce monsieur," said this lady to me, "but I confess to you, that I was mortified at such egotism; however, I took no notice of it. Six months after, to my great astonishment, he knocked at my door, and entered the *salon* as if he had seen me only the day before: my reception, however, was not very flattering, for I considered that he had not only been ungrateful, but guilty of a great piece of rudeness, *une impolitesse.* On my telling him this, he appeared greatly distressed, and I was wondering how he would get out of the scrape, when he rose from his chair, and taking my hand, said with great emotion, 'Madame de Saint Ursain, I would willingly have wished you good b'ye, but I was in tears.'" He did not, however, forget his young friend her daughter, to whom, after his departure, he sent the following letter, which leaves room for regret that he did not more often apply his mind to subjects of a serious character; as it is evident that, when he was excited to notice them, he possessed a latent sound sense, and force of expression, for which no one is likely to give him credit. The spirit of his remarks is not

unworthy of serious attention at an epoch when many, though within the pale of our Established Church, are seeking to subvert its truths and undermine its independence.

December 10th, 1832.

You are wrong in supposing that the presence of Monsieur de Saint Quentin, or of any other person, interfered with my promise to write to you. "Heu! quantum minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse."* I have been engaged

* From an inscription at the Leasowes to the memory of Miss Dolman, a beautiful and amiable relation of Mr. Shenstone's, who died of the small-pox, when about twenty-one years of age:—

Ah! Maria!
puellarum elegantissima!
ah! flore venustatis abrepta,
vale!
heu quanto minus est
cum reliquis versari
quam tui
meminisse.

Ah! Maria!
most elegant of nymphs,
snatched from us
in thy bloom of beauty,
Ah! farewell!
How much inferior
is the living conversation
of others
to the bare remembrance
of thee!

during the last four days with letters upon business; irksome, indeed, to indite, but which admitted of no delay. So, mistaken Miss Aimable, do not unjustly reproach me with negligence or forgetfulness.

This cold morning has almost deprived me of the use of my fingers as well as of my faculties; therefore, in commiseration, you must not expect a prolonged epistle from me. You are certainly severe, but incorrect, in your conjecture that the destruction by lightning of the tower at Harfleur, was a judgment of Providence against the English heretics who built it. Pardon me, but you betray a little anachronism in your ideas; at the period at which this tower was constructed by the English, their religion, if they professed any, was universally of the Catholic faith. Martin Luther and Calvin did not appear till more than a century afterwards, to preach and promulgate those rational Protestant doctrines and precepts that have since been so deservedly estimated and followed, in England, in the Low Countries, and in a considerable part of Germany. Would it not be less partial to your own countrymen, and more morally probable, to suppose that this summary infliction from above against the innocent tower, indicated the wrath of Heaven against

those modern, insidious, jesuitical, and intolerant Catholic priests, whose pernicious influence and profane buffoonery exasperated the whole nation, and effected the downfal of the unfortunate Bourbon dynasty? The same perdition, an age and a quarter since, fell upon the last of the reigning Stuarts in England, because, against the general will and remonstrance of the country, he chose to be perverse in the mockery and treachery of Catholicism.

But enough of religion; my fire is extinguished, because I have paid more attention to you and my *p'ume*, than to the tongs, and I am freezing. The best faith, I believe, in *this* weather, is that of the poor Laplander, who adores the sun alone—when he sees it.

Very sincerely yours,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

To Miss Aimable,
Rue des Carmes.

CHAPTER X.

Brummell leaves the house of Madame de St. Ursain—Takes up his abode at the Hôtel d'Angleterre—A declaration of love—"Luc-sur-Mer"—Bathing parties—The Polish Countess and her pearls—The King's bath—Letter to a young friend at Luc—The "Cours Cafarelli"—"Cours de la Reine"—Public places of exercise for the lower classes—Brummell's misanthropy.

BRUMMELL left Madame de St. Ursain's in September, 1832, and established himself *au troisième*, at the Hôtel d'Angleterre; he was there *en pension*, dining at the table-d'hôte, and breakfasting in his room. After settling himself in his new abode, the tranquillity of mind produced by his being relieved from daily persecutions of a pecuniary nature, enabled him to regain his strength, and for some months he led a tolerably comfortable, but not a very animated life. In the summer of 1833, his correspondents, like every one else who could leave the town, were at the sea-side or their country-houses; but he, from want of funds, could not follow them, and was therefore obliged to spend that season in wandering about the deserted Cours, without meeting any one on whom to bestow an epigram, or a glance of recognition.

The consequence of this was, that his gossiping notes to his friends became letters, and writing them appears to have been his chief recreation. In one of these to a young favourite, with whose family he was extremely intimate, he, in a mood half serious, half jocular, made a declaration of love; and I think that my fair readers will admit that, as a specimen of sexagenarian feeling in these matters, this very humorous composition stands unrivalled.

Tuesday, July.

Millions of thanks to you for Ayesha. I have not quite finished with her; for I cannot now read, nor write, nor do anything in a methodical way; therefore I return her to you, with every expression of admiration for your mutual excellences; with Ayesha, indeed, I have only made a transitory acquaintance,—*you* I know already by heart.

Why, in the name of common prudence and my own tranquillity, could I not have been contented to restrict my knowledge of you to the worldly etiquette of taking off my hat to you, when we casually met? During those years that I have vegetated upon the barren moor of my later life, I have sedulously avoided running my crazy head into what may be termed, inconsequent distractions; and now, in spite of all my theoretical

circumspection and security, I find myself over head and ears, heart and soul, in love with you. I cannot, for the life of me, help telling you so; but, as all considerate reason has not at times utterly abandoned me, I shall put myself into a strait waistcoat, and be chained to the bed-post.

Perhaps, after having undergone such compulsatory infliction, and the bereavement of at least half the blood in my veins, I may be restored to my more cool and sedate senses. I shall then turn Anchorite, and flee away to the desert. Adieu! I have yet sufficient command over my drooping faculties to restrain any tributary tears from falling over my farewell; you might doubt their reality; and we all know that they may be counterfeited upon paper, with a sponge and *rose*-water!

Addio, ben amata—it was my intention to go to the sea-side for a day, and be dipped, as they treat unfortunates suffering under hydrophobia; but, without a miracle, I do not presume that I shall have regained force of resolution and intellect adequate to my attempting the voyage. And there, too, I should see you again, source and spirit of all my tribulations, and my cicatrizing wounds would bleed anew; still that would have been my sole object in going, to exist amphibiously, like an Undine, between raging billows and desolate

rocks; and yet the shepherd in Virgil grew, at last, acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks. But you would laugh clandestinely at me in your bustled sleeve; for there is nothing more ridiculous than a person in my desperate state; and I should only have to "bay the moon" with my solitary plaints, and exasperate you, and the winds and the waves, with my vain jeremiades. For the future, I shall haunt you with sentimental elegies upon mourning paper, with a death's head crucified upon bones, by way of an appropriate vignette.*

I think —— beautiful, and I like her manner as much as her face. If you send me back ——, I shall suppose you are offended with me: keep it with you at Luc; that will be some consolation to me while I am at the St. Luke's of this place. What am I to do for a diurnal matinal correspondent and afternoon gossip, now that you are "over the hills and far away?" I am almost inclined to think that

* This is a fac-simile of his own sketch.

your *sensibilities* are as *marbrées* as your snowy complexion; still I shall ever be immutably yours in this world; and if our most devoted wishes and memories are allowed in the next, mine will still remain inviolable towards you.

À Mademoiselle ——, Luc-sur-Mer. GEORGE BRUMMELL.

" Had Brummell gone to Luc, there was no danger that his young friend would have betrayed her partiality, as did the wild beauty Undine, and plunge her teeth into his emaciated digit; he might have disported himself for an eternal summer, " between the raging billows and desolate rocks," without receiving such a flattering proof of success in his wooing. This village, which is on the coast, and about nine miles from Caen, is a most unromantic spot. The accommodation for visitors is extremely bad; the sea-breezes are strongly impregnated with the smell of herrings, and not a bathing-machine or a tree is to be seen. It is, however, much frequented by the fashionables of the adjoining departments, and sometimes by a few exclusives of the *haute société* of Paris, afraid of the contamination with the bourgeois crowd at Dieppe; and who, ladies and gentlemen, resort to the beach together, and

politely dip each other. These bathing parties, and the celebrated oysters from the Rochers de Cancale, a few miles from the shore, are in general its only attractions; but this season could boast an extra, and very novel one, in the shape of a charming Polish Countess, who came neither in the pursuit of health, nor amusement, but for the sole benefit of her pearls, of which she had a splendid suite, —a suite that the very oysters opposite would have envied; and while the general dipping and ducking was going on, she passed her mornings in airing them on the beach, in order that they might be more than brilliant the next winter at Vienna.

To an Englishman of the present generation, this strange mode of bathing, and mixture of sexes, waves, sands, sea-weed, jelly-fish, and conversation, is a decided novelty; but that is all, for I never heard of any impropriety occurring in consequence of the custom; and I always found these *réunions* in the water equally agreeable with those in the salons of Caen. Some of the ladies who were very careful of their complexions, which, by the bye, is, generally speaking, a useless anxiety in France, invariably took their parasols into the sea with them; and others, on leaving it, dried their hair, by promenading with it hanging loose down

their backs, like the horse tails on the old helmets of the Life Guards, though, to be sure, of a somewhat finer texture.

A spirited authoress, who has lately given to the world her Last Tour and First Work, has described French watering places to perfection, and also touched upon this social system of bathing. Lady Vavasour considers the English mere babies in the art compared with our neighbours. She says that at Plombières there was *only* a wooden partition (enough, one should think,) between the ladies and gentlemen, and the noise the latter made (mark, the latter,) was beyond any thing she ever heard. The bathers on both sides commenced their ablutions to instrumental music, then sang a duet, laughed, joked, and hallooed; and lastly, they danced, for a French lady proposed a quadrille.

In another bath the company remained eight hours at a sitting, both sexes enjoying the *natation* together. Here a friend's friend of her ladyship, who had been invited to take a bath, was greatly surprised to find still in it, the whole party he had supped with the night before; one gentleman having actually "breakfasted, dined, and supped in it." Should Lady V. be inclined to gratify her numerous admirers with a *second* work, I would recommend to her notice the aquatic quadrilles on the shores

of the Black Sea, where (though I cannot, unfortunately, promise her the society of my own sex, or the enlivening harmony of a military band,) she will see the fair Sclavonians bathing *en costume de bal,* dancing to the music of the murmuring waves of the Euxine. With this recommendation, however, I ought in fairness to remind her that Odessa can only be reached by a pilgrimage over miles of steppe, or through the spoglia of a Russian quarantine. Extraordinary as this method of French bathing now seems to an Englishwoman, and "babies" though we be "in the art of bathing," we were not such tyros in the days of our ancestors. There may perhaps still be a few who remember sitting in the King's bath, of old Bladud's healing waters, with their partners in the minuet of the night before, their heads powdered and pomatumed with all the *rigeur q u'exigeait la mode du jour,* and who recollect having swam their snuff-boxes across the bath in their wooden bowls to a friend on the opposite side. But her ladyship has possibly never seen the Bath Guide, and the description given by the poet-laureat of the habits of that renowned place of public resort, who remarks how pretty it was to see the visitors

"——————— put on their flannels,
And then take the water like so many spaniels;

And though all the while it grew hotter and hotter,
They swam just as if they were hunting an otter;
'Twas a glorious sight to behold the fair sex,
All wading with gentlemen up to their necks."

But to return to Brummell. His young friends at the sea-side were not left long without hearing from him; and the next amusing letter, from the length of the piece of poetry it inclosed, probably consumed more than one of his dull evenings in composing and inditing.

Saturday evening, August, 1833.

That ourang-outang of a bookseller has sent me a miserable French translation of Manzoni, instead of the original Italian which I demanded. He says the other was stolen from him. I am ashamed to convey this to you: from a superficial glance it looks as if it would bore you. If such may be its fate give it a worse, and cast it into the sea. There has been nothing, as yet, *affiché* in London or Paris which offers any assurance of being worthy to be read: the moment there is, you shall have it.

My existence here has become perfectly dreary, insipid, and unprofitable: scarcely I see any one, speak to any one; and I find myself so miserably *abattu* and *distrait* that I am incapable of passing away the lingering hours in those occupations which used

to be my resource and my amusement. This is all very wrong. I am conscious of all my culpable lassitude of mind and spirits, but for the soul of me I cannot collect sufficient energy to force myself away from this wretched place, much as it would be beneficial for me to do so. I have not sufficient fortitude, or the patience, or the resignation of Sadak, who wore away his life in traversing the wilds of Asia to find out the waters of oblivion. My only excursions from my cell are to the Cafarelli,—not a civilized being now there to exhilarate my solitary ramble,—with all the persecuting delusion of my distempered thoughts, I detect myself frequently looking back, in the fancy of seeing you and **** coming over the bridge; but no such happiness awaits me. When I get home I strive to propitiate a few hours' forgetfulness in sleep—all in vain, and the morning comes again bright and blooming, but as little refreshing and satisfactory to me as the past night. But enough of these fantastic vapours of the brain. To change this *larmoyant*, &c.—

Here followed a copy of the Butterfly's Funeral, already given in the first volume. The letter concludes thus:—

I could go on writing all night, but my perverse lamp is getting sleepy and closing its eyes. It will leave me in the dark, as you did, *par parenthèse*, by

the abrupt and ungenerous termination of your last amiable note to me. Good night, good night; unfading welfare and happiness be constantly with you, and may you dream of butterflies.

Eternally yours,

À Mademoiselle ——, G. B.
Luc-sur-Mer.

The extent to which Brummell evidently felt, and lamented, the total want of society, is distressing to think of, when his age, sickness, poverty, and early habits of intercourse with the highest and most accomplished is remembered; and, though it is true that he brought himself into that position by his own folly, the visitations of his declining years were much more severe than ever fell upon many of his class, more vicious and mischievous than he was.

The promenade alluded to by the Beau in the preceding letter, as the one to which he usually resorted for daily exercise, is situated on the banks of the Orne, beyond the port, and in the direction of the sea. The walk is approached from one of the quays by a bridge, and, being at a considerable distance from the principal streets, is little frequented, excepting by the *bourgeoisie*, who have their diminutive gardens near it; or on Sunday

evenings, when the band of the regiment quartered in the town performs there, and attracts the whole population *en masse*. It received its appellation of Cafarelli, in compliment to one of Napoleon's préfets of that name, under whose administration the ground was laid out, and planted with several rows of trees; but the situation is bleak and unfavourable to their growth; their foliage is too scanty to afford any shade for the promenaders; and the picturesque appearance of the walk is about on a par with that of a Dutch toy.

Caen, like the generality of large country towns on the Continent, has several public walks; and it is impossible to see how much they contribute to the comfort of the humbler classes of their inhabitants, and not regret the want of them in our own manufacturing cities, in which, from the extreme density of the population, they would be doubly valuable:—the want of them is a cruel deficiency in our social system, which ought to be remedied without delay. Surely no class of people in the world stands more in need of these arenas for exercise and relaxation than our operatives, who, from the very moment of their birth, breathe the unwholesome atmosphere of a room, in which the members of a numerous family, and perhaps even more than one family, are huddled together. While

yet mere children, they exchange this impure element for that of a crowded factory, which the cupidity of their employers and the nature of their occupation render still more deleterious than that in which they have till then existed; the vicinity of the fly-wheel of the engine is the only spot in this heavy mass of close and fœtid vapour that is ever agitated; the baneful effects of which are daily witnessed, in the diseases that consign thousands of these miserable beings to an untimely grave. To them, alas! Nature is unknown; the carol of the lark, the call of the cuckoo, the cheerful hum of the bees returning from their toil, are sounds that the ears of many could not recognise; of the colour of the harebell or the gorse, the smell of the honeysuckle or the new-mown hay, they are equally ignorant—and the fresh air of the early morning in the spring has never fallen on their brow, to gladden their hearts, or invigorate their bodies and their minds. If the artificial state of society with us has created a population thus unhappily circumstanced, it surely is a duty imperative on those who profit by their misery, to alleviate it, and on the legislature of their country, to secure to them the enjoyment of these natural pleasures—created by the Almighty to bless alike the rich and poor.

I was led into this digression by the remembrance of the pleasure I had often felt in observing the cheerful countenances of hundreds of the poor inhabitants of Caen, strolling on the fine summer evenings along the splendid promenades of the town; and the many old lace-makers, sitting under the trees diligently plying their bobbins, and earning, a pittance it is true, but not at the risk of their lives. The favourite *rendezvous*, however, are the "Grand Cours," and the "Cours de la Reine," which every Norman justly considers the chief ornaments of the province: these noble public walks are more central than the Cafarelli. One side of the Grand Cours is watered by the Orne, which, owing to the weir above the bridge, is always kept at a high level; the meadow on the other, occupying a surface of many hundred acres, and bounded by the village of Louvigny at one end, and the heights of Allemagne in the distance, is enlivened by large herds of cattle, and a branch of the Orne, which, diverted from its course, meanders through it, fertilizing its rich and extensive pasture. This stream afterwards takes a winding course through the very centre of the town, and rejoins the river at the extremity of the quay. The hills of Allemagne are of great interest in the eyes of an Englishman, for, from them were

quarried, eight centuries ago, the stones of that noble Abbey, within whose walls repose the honoured remains of so many of England's most gallant and intellectual sons. The splendid avenues of stately elms which grace this cours, look nearly as venerable as that ancient pile; and the trees near the river spread their giant branches and redundant foliage far across its tranquil surface.

On a fête-day, the farmers' wives and daughters, who are to be seen here with their high caps, flowing lappets, and bright green or red aprons, are as fine specimens of nature as the elms, both in height and beauty; but they, and a multitude of merry faces beaming with a homely, but happy, disposition to please and be pleased, had no charms for a misanthrope. Brummell, either from affectation, or the early habit of constantly associating with the most select society, disliked large crowds of people, where its different classes were mingled together. The fair, which lasts a fortnight, and is held on the Grand Cours and the Cours de la Reine, he never entered; but inquired occasionally of his acquaintance, what was going on there? To have been seen within its precincts, would have been far too much like the rest of the world. Lister says, "that in London, in his palmy days, he never went beyond the door at a ball, except at some favoured houses.

He generally stood at the entrance, and paid the usual compliment of a few minutes' conversation to the lady of the house, and did not commit himself by jostling within." The Beau sought the Cours Cafarelli for its retirement, perhaps for its formality; and there wore away many a weary hour, with no other companions than his dog and his own cheerless thoughts.

CHAPTER XI.

Letters to his friends living near the sea-side—They return to the town for the season—Gossiping notes to them—Brummell's Christmas-box—Winter festivities—A ball at Madame de Rigny's—"La fille du couvent"—The silent system—An agreeable intimation—Sympathy for the Duchess de Berri—Fasting Dowagers—"An untoward event."

To return, however, to his last letter. He had the gratification of finding The Butterfly's Funeral favourably received, and his *tristesse* procured him a compassionate reply, which seems to have had the happiest effects upon his spirits, for his next is written in a much more cheerful tone.

Tuesday evening.

May the recording angel, who registers above the amiable feelings and thoughts of mortals, preserve you for having written that last note to me! It has at once extricated me from the very abyss of gloomy and disconsolate reflections, and has restored me to peace and equanimity. After reading it, I sought another wander to the Cafarelli, and returned home to my solitary room at the hotel, contented with myself and all the world. I do not know myself again.

I have this morning perambulated over this deserted town, acknowledged every one whose physiognomy was familiar to me, *lancé* two bad jokes at his Excellency Monsieur le Baron de ——, in judgment of his new heathenish mouse-coloured pantaloons, and even disturbed my hat with my best strait-laced salutation to Madame d'A——, and her contemptible troop of monkeys in the shape of men. When I mentioned the Baron to you the other day, as having fallen into an inheritance, it was all mythological moonshine.—Poor fellow! I believe he has nothing but his pantaloons and his misconceived *amour propre*, to which he can look forward.

Upon my knees I supplicate one of you to write to me, when you have not any more interesting object to divert you; when the expanse of waters, and the unfruitful waste of earth which surrounds you, have wearied your unvaried prospect—pray write and tell me you think of me, be it so or not; "be for once forsworn," if you are thinking of any one else; it will gratify me beyond all other sublunary blessings.

Do not imagine that I am endeavouring to flatter you; I never did encourage such a subtle and degrading intention, and I never shall, but you write beautifully.

I have sent you some books in continuation of "Les deux Fiancées," which I have never read, by way of courier.

Ever yours,

G. B.

Mademoiselle ——,
Luc-sur-Mer.

When the autumn was over, his friends returned to their habitations in the town, and the Beau appears to have marked his gratitude to one of his marine correspondents of the summer by presenting her, on Christmas Day, with an *étrenne* in anticipation of the New Year. The presentation of this gift is the principal subject of his next note.

December 25, 1833.

It is the hallowed fête of Christmas, nativity, mince-pies, mistletoe, wind gentle evergreens, and *étrennes*. Sanction the latter *offrande* with your habitual Christian amenity, and *comblez* the charitable feeling by the recompense of one of those halcyon billets *de reconnaissance* that you know so well to write. I solicit you to prostrate it *aux pieds de Mademoiselle **** en boudoir,* as I should not like to hear that she blushed at its insignificance *en société.*

I must forbear to dedicate any sentimental effusions to you upon this festive yet consecrated day. I am no Don Escobar, nor do I bear the

sanguinary badge of the cross of Palestine upon my shoulder, still I am anxious to get through the morning's commemoration with every exemplary propriety, as a sort of anticipated penance for the trespasses to which I may be exposed in the evening—for I dine with the Pharisees.

My fire is going to give up the ghost in sighs of smoke from suffocation, and my wayward fancies are congealed by the severity of the breeze that moans upon entrance under my door—I am as cold as the dormouse without a home—my regard for you all may be said to be, just now, as pure but inanimate as the falling snow, and my best friends, in good faith and fair truth, seem to be frozen at the bottom of the well. When addressing you, *c'est toujours un dégel de cœur*, but, at this instant my torpid hand and faculties refuse to answer to the grateful summons of more deserved eulogy, and, in timely silence, *sans complimens*, I will bid you good-morrow, peace, and welfare, and redeeming thaw to myself. Mademoiselle —— writes like a recording angel! If you have any Canterbury Tales to *épancher*—pray let me into the secret.

Most sincerely yours,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Rue ——.

P.S.—Madame de Rigny announces a *bal paré*

on the 31st. I must elapsë from my *sabots* upon the occasion, and *galope* with the rest.

Brummell, happily for him, was sufficiently thawed to go to this ball; indeed he was seldom so frozen in the evening that he could not "elapse," when and wherever there was any whist going on, or an opportunity offered for quizzing. Of the latter he was certain to have plenty at Madame de Rigny's, whose *salons* resembled a jar of piccalilly; for here might be seen the ultra-Carlist, the *moderé*, and the *juste milieu;* indeed partisans of all kinds, Guizoistes, Molistes, Thieristes, &c. These parties were very agreeable to Brummell, for his waltzing days were over; but to a young Englishman who dances, a French provincial ball will scarcely appear so amusing as those in his own country, and he must string his nerves as tight as the instruments he is about to caper to, to encounter, with tolerable comfort, the two formidable rows of females ranged round the walls of the room. On the upper tier are the dowagers and chaperons, judiciously rouged and enamelled, busily scrutinizing one another's toilette and renovations, the immense supply of flowers in their heads leading one to suppose they had plundered the flower-pots intended to ornament the staircase; for on no occa-

sion could I ever detect a single blossom on these plants. On the lower bench are the young ladies, each with a volume of microscopic dimensions in her hand, looking as formal and precise as their natural vivacity and elegant *tournure* will permit.

The gentlemen, also, with books in their hands, are in rapid movement in front of them, bowing, shuffling, scribbling, scraping, and crossing from one side of the room to the other. What crowding and pushing, what fuming and fussing! "*Aurai-je l'honneur*," says one gentleman, pulling out his jewelled pencil-case. "Pardon, Madame," exclaims another, having just then half crushed a foot, *chaussé* in satin, with his thick-soled boot; while the girls write away like mad, and murmur the number of their different partners, as glibly as if they were Paternosters or Ave Marias. A Newmarket man, ignorant of French, would fancy they were making bets, instead of booking engagements to dance for the whole evening,—for such is the invariable routine with which the ball commences. This anxiety off the minds of the indefatigable cavaliers, the bustle subsides, and the lady of the house, who has meanwhile been standing, like a queen on a twelfth cake, in the centre of the room, gossiping with the old gentlemen, retires, and leaves the ground open to the dancers. But the

formality of the two female circles, into which a male never presumes to intrude, is infused into the quadrille. All personal introduction is, it is true, dispensed with; the mere fact of a man's being in the same room with a lady, entitles him to ask her to dance, and she cannot refuse the obtrusive compliment, no matter whether he is well or ill-mannered, graceful or gawky; whether his face is as smooth as her own, or covered with as much hair as a Russian mujik's; whether he is scented with eau de Portugal, eau de vie, or bad cigars, she must be his for one mortal half-hour—perhaps to waltz—"ay there's the rub!" The same free-and-easy custom prevails even at the public balls at the Préfecture and the Hôtel de Ville.

This system, which is lax enough to have suited Egalité himself, "*avec son âme de laquais*," and of which extreme formality is the result, would at first sight appear to have a very opposite tendency. But this is not the case; half the *figurants* and *figurantes* do not know each other's names; and if, as in Madame de Rigny's *salons*, the society is mixed, they may not wish to do so: there is, therefore, every inducement to avoid, rather than enter into conversation. As married women, they have every right to be as loquacious as they please; and, by a very recent innovation, the girls

are occasionally seen to waltz: but in the *contre-danses,* to which their exertions have hitherto been confined, it is an understood thing that they are to be mum!

At a ball, some years ago, in this same town of Caen, "when I was in my thoughtless youth," and yet ignorant that in a French quadrille Harpocrates was always the companion of Terpsichore, a French sylph in her teens, just fresh from her convent, enlightened me upon this subject in the most novel and amusing manner possible. Poor little creature! she looked delighted to escape from confinement; and when we had taken our places I lost no time in opening an animated battery of conversation upon her; but conceive my consternation, my gentle countrywomen, particularly you who have just laid your governesses on the shelf, and full of spirits and English independence, anticipate by day and dream by night of the triumphs of the approaching season; conceive my agitation when, at the very first pause that occurred, my pretty partner addressed me in these words:—"Monsieur, nous sommes ici pour danser, pas pour causer." I looked no doubt annoyed, as well I might: it was of no use, however, she was mute: but her piquante face, with hair *à la Chinoise,* and very speaking eyes, seemed to say, "Ah certes quand je serai mariée je causerai à mon

gré." The quadrille over, I led her, as etiquette decreed, to her place; and, bowing as low as the bench on which she seated herself, left her to relate the details of such an unusual and tragic occurrence to Madame la Marquise Mère, who expressed herself of course sufficiently astonished at such English ignorance and effrontery, and applauded her daughter's perfect discretion.

In France, an Englishman is soon made aware that to speak to a girl, even when sitting next to her mother, is indecorous, unless it be to ask her to dance; but to say a word to her, when she has assumed the perpendicular for that purpose, is a positive breaking down the quickset of proprieties "that doth hedge" a *demoiselle*. Do these precautions improve the connubial qualifications of Frenchwomen, and make them better wives? It is doubtful. Ideas and forms of this nature arising from the "non-intervention" system, throw a coldness over French society, and an unpleasant reserve is the consequence. In a ball-room the dancers are reduced to automatons, and mechanically return, as the music of each set ceases, to the seats they originally and respectively occupied, and which are as strictly kept as those of a theatre. The privileges and pleasures of a ball are *ours;* on this, the French side of the channel, (which, by the way, we

have, with Brummellian exclusiveness, called the British, as if we had both sides of it,) there is no pleasant promenade with a pretty or witty girl, to look for an ice in the refreshment room, or quiz and confabulate about old partners, and captivate and secure new ones.

The salons of a few of the stoutest legitimists at Caen were exceptions to the extreme coldness and formality I have described; for though the same rule existed as to individual introductions, the families were all known to each other, and no one of modified opinions ever thought of disturbing the aristocratic repose of their *porte-cochères*. It was however sometimes impossible to help smiling at the manner in which this party testified their loyalty, and the ungrateful return it met with. The winter of 1833 was made as dull as a funeral to the whole of the legitimist party in France by the arrest of the Duchess of Berri, and her incarceration at Blaye.

She was at this time the soul of the cause, and looked up to as a second Clémence de Condé; not a creature would dance, and it was said that a few of the most devoted and devout of the dowagers actually fasted. In fact, the conduct of this party went far to disprove the assertion so piquantly made by their countryman Stanislas de Girardin, who,

when his friend the Préfet complained that the inhabitants of Caen would not erect a triumphal arch, and give a suitable reception to Napoleon, said, "Comment voulez-vous inspirer de l'enthousiasme à des gens qui ne boivent que du cidre."

As the young men could not dance, they took care to substitute the *agrément* of *déjeûners à la fourchette*. At one of these, when busily engaged with the oysters, we were suddenly interrupted in this agreeable occupation by the unexpected entrance of an old veteran royalist of their acquaintance. "Mon Dieu, Messieurs," said the intruder, in great distress, "have you heard the news? the Duchess"—"is delivered?" we all exclaimed, "Non mes enfans, mais accouchée." This "fait accompli," went far to annihilate the personal interest in the Royalist cause excited by the intrepidity of the Duchess de Berri.

CHAPTER XII.

Letter to a Mother of Pearls—Brummell's present to her—Old régime morality—Brummell again attacked by paralysis—His presence of mind on this occasion—Dr. K——'s kindness to him—Brummell's patience during illness—Letter after his convalescence—His young favourite's album—His note to her.

A FEW days after the mince-pie and mistletoe note was despatched, Brummell forwarded another *étrenne* to one of his fair friends. Lest the reader should be mystified by his splendid metaphorical allusions, it will perhaps be as well to observe, that the matron in question numbered the Graces in her family, fortunately, not the Muses; and that the gift was a paper-knife, the material of which was mother-of-pearl. The result of his thus putting his language upon stilts is the most complete confusion; for a plain man, if indeed he could make anything of it at all, would suppose that the lady was in the habit of dividing the leaves of the last new novel, or marking her place, with the greasy knife that she had just used to cut her "bread and butter." This is really atrocious, and Brummell, with all his elegance, deserved to be well

trounced for subjecting her to such a foul suspicion.

January 3, 1834.

In vain I have been expecting Beckford's Letters from Paris; this moment the answer comes to me, that there is not a copy remaining, and I must attend the republication—they were destined for your acceptance, and it is very hard upon me. *En attendant*, I will take the liberty to submit the offering of a modest tribute intended as an accessary, more harmonizing with your fair hands, than the forbidding instrument that usually administers to your morning's repast, (in plain language, I mean cutting bread and butter!) which by some treacherous *tâche à la tartine*, may endanger the opening or the record of the page you read. I wish it consisted of one Genuine Pearl!—it is but the nominal mother of them. Yet, you possess the happy privilege to claim that congenial title, and I beg to present it, as the humble counterfeit of yourself.

Korizaida is a beautiful modern Greek name which Byron mentions as often found among the "native seraphs" of those soft classic isles—its construction is "Cluster of Pearls;" should you be disposed to change your own it would, in metaphor, be appropriate to you all.

I have no news favourable or adverse to communicate; for many days I have not transgressed the wicket of my cell before vespers—I sit *en Calmouk*, enveloped in sable, musing over the fire like a poet in distress, and ruminate upon other times and fairy prospects that will never come again, and I scarcely know whether the sun has been in shine or in sorrow.

I was up to a dissipated hour this morning, playing at five-sous whist, with Madame d'A——. Improvident pursuit! She made half-closed eyes at me, instead of attending to the game: this afflicted me afterwards with a relative *cauchemar*—I fancied, in the dream, I was struggling with my Aunt Margaret's ghost—I am still *dormant*, and only just able to whisper to you how

Sincerely I am yours,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Rue des ——.

The person whose sentimental glances thus afflicted the Beau with nightmare, was a diminutive wizen old Countess of good family, who took quantities of snuff, occasionally dimmed the shining *parquet* with an expectoration, wrote satirical verses on the manners of the *juste milieu*, and sonnets to the youthful Henri Cinq. To hear one of these antique speci-

mens of the *ancien régime* dilate upon the state of French society as it was in their youth, was not very creditable to their generation; and this lady, in her extreme detestation of anything sober, certainly overrated the improvement of the present. "Ah, Monsieur," I heard this octogenarian say one evening, "que nos salons sont tristes! Je ne m'y connais plus. Dans ma jeunesse, une femme avait ses amis, et son mari les siennes; chacun s'amusait selon sa manière: à présent on voit les époux toujours ensembles!—mais c'est une vérité cela. Ah! qu'ils sont vilains les usages d'aujourd'hui."

Towards the end of April, 1834, poor Brummell was again attacked by paralysis: he was seized at the *table d'hôte*; and the circumstance that first made him conscious of the fact, was finding that his soup was trickling down his chin instead of going into his mouth. Instead of making any exclamation or gesture of surprise, he, with his usual presence of mind, immediately rose from the table, and quietly putting his napkin to his face, left the room with such perfect deliberation and self-possession, that none of the guests were at all aware of his misfortune, and they imagined that he retired merely from some feeling of temporary indisposition.

But before going to his room, the staircase leading to which was on the other side of the court-

yard of the hotel, he went into one adjoining that in which the *table d'hôte* was held, and consulted the looking-glass over the mantel-piece. One glance was sufficient, for it showed him that his mouth was drawn up to his ear, and he hastily retreated to his apartments. This mode of proceeding was characteristic of the Beau, who had a great antipathy to being thought either old or ill; and he was quite as anxious to establish five-and-forty, as Louis Quatorze was to fix seventy, for "*l'âge de tout le monde;*" in fact Brummell, when speaking of his age, never owned to more than fifty. If any lady pressed him on this delicate subject, he always called in the name of some noble friend to his aid, who, according to the Peerage, was many years younger than himself, and, asserting that they were at school together, would plausibly make him out to be two years his senior.

His medical adviser who attended him on this and other occasions was a very humane and generous man, and paid him the greatest possible attention, without fee or reward of any kind. Dr. K—— gave him an excellent character as an invalid, and said that he never knew any one more gentle or obedient in severe illness. Once only had they any difference of opinion; it was caused by Brummell's affection for a few stray hairs that grew at

the back of his head, and which, though concealed by his wig, he was most anxious to preserve. When it was found necessary to apply a blister, he strongly objected to parting with these few mementos of his former *chevelure*, and asked Dr. K——, with a melancholy smile, whether he must absolutely lose them? but, on his assuring him that the blister could not be put on unless they were removed, he resigned his head to the hairdresser with becoming composure. The next letter was written almost immediately after his recovery from this attack, and shows not only how severe his illness must have been, but how his drooping energies were devoted to his favourite *protégées*.

Monday morning.

Allow me to present you with a sketch; it is in a sadly unfinished state, but it will at least prove to you that I can sometimes keep my promise, and *travailler* for your album. I have lately possessed neither nerves or capacity to go on with two other drawings that I have *sur les mains*. They require more assiduity and fatigue than I can at present bestow upon them, and, as I am anxious that they should be perfect, you must accord me time and health to accomplish them.

The sketch is from memory: it is a resemblance

of a very amiable person, who is now no more,—of Georgiana, Lady Worcester. In former days I drew a miniature of her, which Worcester now has, and the traits are still fresh in my remembrance. It is the first thing that I have attempted since my resurrection; for you must know that I have been in the other world, and I can assure you I found it no paradise.

It seems that I have recently been in a state of absence, or aberration of mind, and utterly unconscious of it till this morning, when, upon my interrogating him,—I mean one of my doctors,—he told me that when he came to me eight days ago I was in a high fever, and that during three days and nights I had frequently asked absurd questions, and talked to him in a *distrait* and unconnected manner; in short, that I was wandering in my senses, and "babbling about green fields and butterflies." I recollect nothing but their having deprived me almost of daily bread, and my making resistance and wry faces at lancets and lenitives. As I do not like to be regarded as a confirmed lunatic, pray keep this a secret.

I am not of adequate dignity to have daily bulletins of my health, for I hate troubling other people about it; but now, that the visitation is over, I can produce, if necessary, under their hands,

the authenticity of what I have taken the liberty to represent to you. I am now passing well, though rather reduced and weak: let all your *amabilité* be gathered together to commiserate me.

Do you intend to summer among the mermaids? I have the truest wish to shake hands with you again; but do not, which you may mean in kindness, ask me anything about my health; it makes me melancholy, and that *abaissement* sometimes makes me very childish. *Addio cara amica.*

Ever sincerely yours,

À Mademoiselle ——, G. B.
Luc-sur-Mer.

It will be seen by the latter part, and the address of this letter, that his more intimate friends had again migrated to the sea-side, when his gossiping *billets*, as usual, became more circumstantial.

Thursday Evening.

It would be trespassing too much upon your indulgence, to retain your album any longer. A wandering sea-gull, dripping from the waves, has this morning perched at my window, and has told me delicately, through the curtains, that you were at every moment anxious about it—he did not tell me why.—I restore it to you. It was my wish

to have delivered it in my own humble person this very day; but maturer reflection, and indisposition, have dissuaded me from that gratification.

I am unwell—I had flattered myself that I was progressing towards my ancient regular health; and now those who look after me professionally, will insist upon it that my lungs are seriously affected, and pester me with all the alarming hyperbole of their vocation, upon my malady. They are weaving a shroud about me; still, I trust I shall yet escape.

I have obtained some new magnifying-glasses, and have been striving to make two drawings for you. I have accomplished all the early preliminary outlines, and to proceed, I am only waiting for my colours, which Mrs. B—— (devil take her carelessness) has decamped with to the country. I am, however, concerned to perceive, that I cannot draw and finish as I used to do; my vision seems to grow opaque, and indiscriminating; (I need not tell *you* this,) my head is scarcely ever exempt from some disquietude or other; and my hand, from a sort of nervousness, which incessantly visits me, trembles like the rushes that shade the "Grave of the Butterfly."

I have sent to Paris and to London for other drawings, that will better suit your fancy and your

purpose. I do not admire engraved vignettes and prints introduced into an album where there is only writing; besides they are always commonplace, therefore I do not take the liberty to send you any.

In regard to poetry, I dare not monopolize even half a vacant page in inditing sonnets to your beautiful eyebrows, or in pathetic numbers singing, like the dying swan, my own elegy. You already possess my album, which is a faithful record of almost all the metrical romance of my past days, and also of the productions of several of those brilliant planets who once diffused their rays about the world. If it may sometimes be of use or amusement to you, accept it from me; it is but a poor old album indeed, and unworthy as a gift to you; but it has been for years the constant companion and friend of more solitary hours, and has often solaced and diverted me through the many vicissitudes, errors, and disappointments of my life.

It has lately been intimated to me, that I must be prepared to leave Caen; this is from Government in England; how soon, I know not. I am ignorant also of my destination—that will depend upon, and be dictated by, those in power, who have still the kind consideration to think of me

and my broken fortunes. For years, I have cherished the wish to go to Italy ; and, if what I have solicited in my answer should be accorded to me, I shall take up my wallet and my staff, and seek the auspicious heaven of that country and climate. This is no fairy dream!

Yesterday, for the first time for four days, I left my room and dined with ****, and Henri de Vauquelin; the former seems delighted to be released from refreshing billows and herrings,—happy *huron!*

And now I will bid you the best of all good nights, *faites moi l'amitié de me prosterner, moi et mes souvenirs les plus dévoués*, at the feet of Madame ****; you will not reject them, though from their frequent iteration they may have become rather *ennuyeux* and *maussades*, and in one brief month from my disappearance, do not forget the earnest interest and friendship that I shall always feel for you.

Ever sincerely yours,

G. B.

À Mademoiselle ——,
Luc-sur-Mer.

CHAPTER XIII.

Brummell's consideration for dumb animals—His attachment to a mouse—His cynicism—His indignant note to Mademoiselle Aimable respecting her cats—All hope of employment at an end—Projected trip to the sea-side—His pecuniary troubles—Letter to his friend Lord Alvanley—King Allen—Brummell's indiscretion at a *soirée*—He celebrates it in verse.

THERE is much good feeling expressed in the letter with which the last chapter concludes—gratitude to his friends, and regret for his errors: these are reverted to so naturally and unaffectedly, that it would be scarcely charitable to doubt his sincerity, and there is something very pleasing in the manner in which he lays his griefs and cares before his youthful correspondent, for whom, as the reader will observe, he had a sexagenarian lover's regard. Though satirical and selfish to an unusual degree, Brummell was never so entirely deficient in the amiable qualities of the heart as many persons believed him to be; he was humane, and always excessively fond of, and kind to, dumb animals.

In his promenades he never failed to express his indignation at the cruelty of the Normans towards their horses. "The rascals! the scoundrels!" he

would exclaim ; and, in the winter, the ledge of his window was always covered with crumbs for his feathered friends on the neighbouring house-tops. While residing at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and about this period, he one morning laid aside all etiquette, and without waiting for an introduction, made the acquaintance of a poor little mouse, that had taken up its abode in the wainscot of his sitting-room ; to this tiny creature he became very much attached, and by dint of careful and gentle training, taught it to crawl up his leg on to the breakfast-table, and eat out of his hand. It became, at length, like Baron Trenk's spider, quite a companion, and made its appearance regularly every morning, at the same hour. One day, while Brummell was paying his accustomed visit to a lady, who related the anecdote to the author, she observed that he was very much out of spirits ; and, on her inquiring the reason, he told her, with great embarrassment in his manner, that the *garçon* had that morning thrown a boot-jack at his little favourite, and killed it. Like pets in general, it came to an untimely end, and Brummell was now in a situation to feel the loss of it ; for there was little left him on which to exercise his sympathies. To assert that he, a man of the world, was endowed with great tenderness of feeling, would be absurd,

but it would be equally unjust to say that he was destitute of it. There are few persons entirely without sensibilities, or who do not in some degree sympathize with the affections of others, though their own feelings may have been chilled by their own follies, or the disappointments and vexations of life. The direction they then take, however, is sometimes singular enough. The cynical Beau, satiated with every pleasure, and callous to almost every species of excitement, could weep over the untimely death of a mouse, and grieve at the loss of his favourite dog: while the death of some of the companions of his early life would possibly have created little emotion in his mind; for with the remembrance of them would be associated recollections of the insincere and trifling character of their friendship and career, and bitter reflections on his past and present position—disease reminding him of the brilliant revels of the palace; and penury, the sums that he had squandered in wanton and unmeaning extravagance. Brummell's occasional fits of cynicism for his own species surpassed even those of Diogenes himself, as the following remark made to his landlady will prove. "Madame de St. Ursain, were I to see a man and a dog drowning together in the same pond, and no one was looking on, I would prefer

saving the dog!" What an illustration of the state of his feelings! Of his forethought and consideration for this lady's cats, the succeeding note, written to her daughter, when he was living in the Rue des Carmes, will give some idea.

Thursday.

DEAR MISS AIMABLE,

You have recently made such a rapid progress in the English language, at least in writing it, that I do not think a partial relaxation from your daily task would be detrimental to this branch of your instruction. It is very delightful and commendable to learn, when one feels the propensity to do so; but still, one should not totally forsake other little customary avocations, which are as requisite, and perhaps more amiable, than incessantly filling one's brains with English and Italian.

To improve the head, it is not necessary to neglect the natural dictates of the heart; and I will beg to observe, that for many days and nights there has not been any fresh straw in the basket-bed of the two cats, Ourika and her *élève* Angolina. You are comfortably couched, and dreaming probably of butterflies, or of the Château de Ham, while these poor animals are waiting, half frozen, my return home, to let them into a warmer place of

rest. I cannot resist their mewing supplications, though I have latterly taken care to close the door, for fear their aide-de-camp, Tigre,* might also get in, and *houspiller* Jacko's cage. I would rather preserve my feelings of humanity and tenderness for these mute domestic creatures, than acquire all the languages in the world!

Yours, out of temper!

To Miss Aimable. G. B.

The hope of obtaining employment, as expressed in his letter a few pages back, was but transient; and Lord Granville's reply, to which he alludes in the one that follows, appears unfortunately to have set the matter at rest: this disappointment, frequent spasmodic attacks to which he had been subject since his illness, and the anxieties resulting from poverty, drove him to the use of opiates for relief.

Tuesday Evening.

My colours are redeemed, and without any further intermission you shall be obeyed, and I will prosecute *mon travail* for you. In the mean time, to demonstrate to you that I have not been idle and *forgetful* of you, I prelude my humble

* A tom-cat, the property of a neighbour.

oblations at your shrine, *and your shrine alone*, by a precipitate sketch, which is out of my usual way of drawing, as it is a landscape, but which, between ourselves, is not so bad a beginning.

I am much afraid I wrote some sad nonsense to you on Saturday night. I had been in pain during the day, and had recourse to that deranging drug, at least for the senses, laudanum—I know all my failings when I come into the possession of my intellects again.

I have had a letter from Granville, in reply to one I wrote to him at the time I enclosed my letter to Palmerston through him at Paris, requesting his admonition, and he tells me, there is no vacancy in Italy or elsewhere at present, excepting the one *which he recommends me to refuse*, and which I was ordered to prepare for ten days since, and I have declined it. I shall now remain here; and I can assure you, that the predominant *agrément* in my continued *séjour* will be, the attraction and charm of your friendship and society. I shall be again dead and buried, if you do not write me two words bearing the absolution of my sins; and what is of much more consequence, telling me that you are well again. I have ordered a cab, as the sun seems to be in good humour, and shall shake hands with you in a few hours. Pray endeavour

to assume a smile or two, for I am dreadfully in the dismals—*elle est bien gentille votre cousine.*

Most sincerely yours,

À Mademoiselle ——, Luc-sur-Mer. GEORGE BRUMMELL.

It was one of these numerous applications, either to Lord Palmerston or some other friend, that he concluded by saying, he hoped he should not be allowed to "*die like William the Conqueror, in Normandy.*" But though he could sometimes be facetious on such subjects, his letters at this period were not written in a very lively spirit.

Saturday, July 20th.

Why had you not the amiable recollection to write me *two words*, to say you had received the books I sent you on Tuesday? Do so in considerate amity to me to-morrow. I am very forlorn and miserable here—abandoned by every one whose presence was in some measure satisfactory to me —I start at my own shadow. I must put an end to this, or I shall expire upon my own solitary lucubrations. There is nothing left to liberate me from this state of mental dissolution but going down to Luc, and once more seeing and shaking hands with you all. That, I am persuaded, would

do me more good than any other earthly regimen, and contribute to enable me to linger on in this world for perhaps another year.

One of these lovely evenings, (for I am not out of temper with the elements,) I shall again make a pilgrimage to Luc, and ascertain that I have been haunted by you merely in imagination. But where am I to repose in that land of infertility? I detest that vile caravanserai of Colignon's, and most of those who infest it. The nereids and mermaids are too cold in their dispositions to extend to me any desirable hospitality; and the "yellow sands," (particularly if they retain their hue, which offends me,) during the night, would promise but a poor forbidding pillow. I must "make me a willow cabin at your gate, and call upon my soul within the house;" but no one will come: so I believe it will be better for me to retrace my steps to Caen, arm-in-arm with the moon, if she is not too diffident and reserved to permit such social *tête-à-tête* travelling.

De Chazot has just called, and had the friendliness to invite me to accept his daily bread while I was at Luc. I told him of my objections to take up my quarters at Colignon's, and that I had abandoned the project. He would not be satisfied till I had promised to dine with him on Friday next, or Thursday, if I was sufficiently re-established in

health. I shall go there, whether I am expiring or not, and I conclude that I shall find you flirting with sea breezes on the beach.

Yours very sincerely,

À Mademoiselle ——, G. B.
Luc-sur-Mer.

The lowness of spirits betrayed in this letter may be attributed not only to the absence of his friends from the town, but the recurring prospect of pecuniary distress. His health likewise had suffered a severe shock from his second paralytic attack; and before the close of this year he was afflicted by another, though slighter one. Indeed, the derangement of his health appeared always to keep pace with that of his affairs, which were now almost as bad as ever.

Either the sum raised by Mr. Armstrong amongst his friends was not sufficient to clear him of all his debts, or the one hundred and twenty pounds per annum then promised by them had not been punctually remitted; for the sum due to that individual was now upwards of two hundred pounds, and six months' board and lodging were owing at the hotel. His wardrobe also had become so diminished, that he was glad to accept half a dozen shirts from Mr.

Armstrong, who had now, as heretofore, the sole management of his affairs.

These debts were reduced, from time to time, by occasional remittances from England, and the following note was written to acknowledge the receipt of one from Lord Alvanley. The kind and humane conduct of this nobleman to his now poverty-stricken and exiled friend, is deserving of the highest eulogium. His patience and generosity were unfailing; and, though certainly no *millionaire* himself, he contrived nevertheless to alleviate his distress to the last hour of his existence. In one of his letters to Mr. Armstrong, which contained a cheque, are these words: "I beg that you will protect and assist poor Brummell, and rely on my making it good to you." But to the Beau's letter, which, in spite of his destitution, terminates with a joke on himself.

My dear Alvanley,

I have examined Armstrong's account of expenditure and receipts for me during the last twelve months, and I find it in every respect accurate and just. I have delivered to him the halves of the —— and —— Bank of England notes; but, alas! my dear fellow, this will provide but in a very trifling degree for the liquidation of what I owe for my humble

support during the last year, and during the present instance * * * * * * * * * * *. I am suffering from a most severe and apparently fixed rheumatism in my leg, and I am in dread lest I should be compelled to have recourse to crutches for the rest of my ill-starred days.

My old friend, King Allen, promised, at least it was so represented to me, to send me some habiliments for my body, denuded like a new-born infant—and what a Beau I once was!

Ever most truly yours,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

The Lord Alvanley;

* * *

There is an anecdote connected with the sobriquet attached to Lord A——n, which should not be omitted here. It is said, that after living as sumptuously as a "King," he was obliged to compound with his creditors for ten shillings in the pound; after which poor Theodore Hook always called him the "*half-sovereign.*" But to return to the new-born infant, his friend.

The winter of 1834 passed in its usual routine of gaieties, in which Brummell's broken health prevented him from sharing as much as usual; at one of the few *soirées* that he went to, an English

lady of a certain age, (which Lord Byron says, means "certainly aged,") with whom he was playing at écarté, "proposed" to him, when he answered, "Yes, dearest;" at which she was, or pretended to be, very angry, and her indignation so completely roused his talent for sarcasm, that he penned the following verses the morning after, and sent them to the lady at whose house the circumstance had taken place.

TO MISS PAWLTER.

I called you "dearest," dire offence!
'T was only said in jest;
For, "dearest," in its common sense,
Means her one loves the best.

But, jealous of your virgin fame,
And squeamish in a crowd,
With prim reproach, you scoff'd the name,
Because— 'twas said aloud.

Ah! many a year has run its race,
And many a lover too,
Since blush of youth adorn'd that face,
And flattering words were true.

Thought you that I, grown old in guile,
With faded looks was taken;
And sought to gain a treacherous smile,
By others long forsaken?

No, no, 't would reason's self abuse,
  Immaculate Miss Pawlter,
With you to weave a tender noose—
  That noose would be a halter!

Good night! but since a thoughtless joke,
  An idle fib, could fret you,
Believe me, if the truth I spoke,
  You'd curse the hour I met you.

CHAPTER XIV.

Brummell's young friend leaves Caen for England—Farewell letters to her—His advice to her on the choice of her society—A compliment spoiled by its sincerity—Condoles with the truant lady on the dulness of her rural companions—His banker at Calais takes proceedings against him—The Hôtel d'Angleterre in a state of siege—Poor Brummell lodged in jail—His first note after that event.

EARLY in the spring of 1835, Brummell's favourite correspondent went to England; and to this lady, before her departure, the next letter was addressed. He was extremely partial to her; nor was this extraordinary: in amiability of disposition she had no superior, and there were few amongst the *débutanies* of Caen who possessed greater personal attractions, none who had more *naïveté* or playful talent for repartee. The latter qualification did not fail to win from him much more attention than he usually bestowed on girls of her age, for she was very young; but, as I have before said, he always preferred the society of the more youthful of either sex, to that of his own contemporaries. Though bearing respectively the characters of May and December, which the old song assures us,

"Can never, can never agree;"

the winter of his life seemed to harmonize admirably with the early spring of hers, and they were the best of friends. It was to this lady that he presented his album, and other relics of former days.

Thursday.

You are going away. It is a melancholy reflection for me that this is probably the last time I shall ever again write to you. Some day, perhaps, ere long, you will read more of me, with the rest of the world who may give themselves the trouble.

Our acquaintance has been destined to a limited probation; but had it been for years I could not better estimate all your many amiable perfections, or more sensibly deplore your absence. If I can, at any time or under any circumstances, be of the remotest service to you, either in England or elsewhere, I will humbly request you to remember, that the same zealous interest towards you which has always influenced me, will remain undiminished to the end of my life.

There are two drawings before me dedicated to your album, with which I proceed alternately; but, alas! too slowly—they will not, I fear, be *achevé* before your departure: I am anxious they should be well finished, and deserving of their destination,

and there is much to be done. The days are short and dense, and they will be more gloomy when you are away, and my fading vision will not allow me *à travailler* by the taper's light. If they are not ready by Wednesday, they shall be faithfully transmitted to you by * * * *, or through any other channel you may indicate.

Farewell, my *protégée*. May Heaven, in its kindest mercy, make you happy! I pray you will sometimes read the lines on that depressing word, which are in my album: they are a faithful transcript of my feelings. Once more, Adieu!

G. B.

A Mademoiselle ——,
Rue ——.

The following are the stanzas to which Brummell here alludes:—

ON THE WORD "FAREWELL."

Thou cruel word, whose magic power
Of pleasure cheats that precious hour,
Which, doubly dear to parting friends,
Too swiftly flies,—too quickly ends.
Parent of sighs, what sorrows swell
The breaking heart that bids farewell!

What shivering chilness thrills the frame,
When, by the taper's glimmering flame
We rise, and hail with grief the day
Which bears us from our friends away;

Where all our dearest pleasures dwell,
Pleasures we now must bid farewell!

Then the full heart attempts to say
Ten thousand things that die away,
Unheard, upon the faltering tongue;—
Then o'er our weaken'd nerves a throng
Of fears, ill-boding, wildly tell,
We may for ever bid farewell!

Let those whose hearts have learn'd to glow
With warm affections, teach me how
To paint the tumult of the soul,
When heavy wheels, with sullen roll,
Of joy departed sound the knell,
And bid us take a last farewell!

From each pale cheek the colours fly,
Tears tremble in each swimming eye;
By turns each offer'd hand we grasp,
By turns each much-loved friend we clasp;
Whilst bursting sighs too plainly tell
The anguish of a long farewell.

But if you 've shared the Wanderer's pain,
Pity the wretched who remain:
Fix'd on the lessening wheels they gaze;
Watch where the road, with winding maze,
Conducts them near yon opening dell—
Then, weeping, sigh once more, Farewell!

Yet ah! where'er they turn their eyes,
Some fond remembrance seems to rise;
The vacant chairs can e'en impart
A poignant sorrow to the heart;
Still on their ears the voices dwell
Which lately sigh'd a sad farewell!

At length the long, long day is passed,
And gentle evening comes at last;
How simple wonder oft beguiles
The lingering hour! how many miles
The weary travellers may tell,
Since they at daybreak bid farewell!

But, soothed by evening's peaceful calm,
New life, new hopes, their bosoms warm;
Fair truth unfolds the instructive page,
Her precepts every grief assuage,
Whilst of a brighter world they tell,
Where they no more shall bid farewell!

As there is nothing to record for the next three months, I shall proceed to lay before the reader another letter written to this lady before her departure, and two during her absence.

Caen, March, 1835.

Inclosed I send you letters, if you should wish to have recourse to them during your *séjour* at ——. I have taken the liberty to mention in them the name of * * * *. The persons to whom they are addressed are two of my oldest friends, high in their office at Court; and I will be responsible, that through their mediation you will be favourably received in the quarter to which they will present you.

I will not now attempt to advert to the resources of another and gayer sphere of life to you—the time

is unfortunately not appropriate, still, *pour chasser de sa souvenance* anything that may be *ennuyeux*, one may persuade oneself that new scenes, and faces, and voices, may in some measure contribute to dissipate more melancholy thoughts, and the domestic gloom of long evenings at this period of the year; and you may always avail yourself of the opportunity I have the pleasure to offer you.

In the progress of time you will visit London, and I have already told **** of the gratification I should derive from being the humble means of introducing you to some of those exalted female *coryphées* who still control what is termed the fashionable world: to those among them who deserve to know you, and may be of service to you, I will equally answer for their attention to you and ****. In this remote place I am apparently sequestered and estranged from those with whom my former life was intimately connected; but I am neither forgotten nor neglected by them. Should you enter into society, let it be confined to the best part; no other is worthy of the most distant *connaissance;* and to the best alone would I venture to recommend you. I am afraid that **** and **** are not much calculated to propitiate this primary object, nor any other of adequate advantage; but I will not drop a Sibyl's leaf in

your path: devoutly I pray it may invariably be strewed with unfading flowers.

My nerves are too shattered, and my rheumatism too inveterate, to enable me to call and take leave. I mourn your departure, and cannot more truly represent the dejected thoughts that at the instant press upon me, than by those beautiful lines of Petrarch:—

O giorno, o ora, o ultimo momento,
O stelle congiurate a impoverirme!
O fido sguardo e chè vole' tu dirme
Partend' io per non esser mai contento?

Addio, amica per sempre carissima—mai intanto deplorata!

A Mademoiselle ——, G. B.
Rue ——.

By the next letter it would seem that the young absentee did not find English country life so suited to her taste as the winter gaieties of a French town, in which she had been entirely brought up, and Brummell condoles with her accordingly. The air of her native land, however, did not disagree with her; but the hearty description given of her healthy appearance by the naval chaplain, who was the bearer of a missive from her to Brummell, seems sadly to have shocked the Beau's refined ideas, and he warmly expresses his disapprobation.

April, 1835.

For more than a month I have not heard a word from you; it is a disheartening lesson experience has long since taught me, that memories left to themselves, in absence soon fade away.

The prophet G****, who seems to embellish material as well as spiritual subjects, tells me you are looking "charmingly well!" *Quelle gaucherie de sentiment!* I was not inquiring after the cherry-ripe cheeks of Lady ****'s dairy-maid! I will, however, forgive the familiar barbarism of his phraseology: he has *navigated* back with such a redundant glow of freshness in his sainted face, that he may well dispense a liberal portion of the deodand to you; still he should identify you with more considerate reverence and becoming grace to the refined ears of those who are anxious about you —but what can one expect from a "true Englishman?"

I condole with you upon your meagre diet of reason at —— Park. Exclusive discussions upon animals, agriculture, and politics, are sorry aliments for your "elegant sensibilities!" A dog, indeed, or a horse, casually mentioned, might *en passant* be venial—the one recalling to you the absent moan of the faithful Gyp, the other a summer's canter on your Arab down to Luc; but "harrow-

ing fields" must harrow up your very soul! and politics drawl you to death from prolixity!

There certainly exist *de nos compatriotes* of my nearer acquaintance, who are gifted with the happy tact, to make themselves agreeable, without descending to the abominations of which you complain. If their livelier senses are not in decline, I wish they were around you. London is now in its zenith, and they are of course flourishing in its favours; it is the sphere of their local homage, their hearts being generally tenfold entangled at this period; and from the mere *on dit* of a retired hermit, they would be loth to leave the fragrance of its incense, for the remoter purity of sea-breezes, at least till the dream of the season is over! With all my panegyric of you, the attempt might therefore be arduous to convoke a few *en pélerin* to your shrine at ——. Do you sometimes enlighten the *géne* that environs you by reading? You used to amuse yourself with a cursory meander in the romances of the day. Read "Trevelyan" if you have not; it is well written; I would also introduce to your lecture "Tynley Hall;" if the prominent *rôle* was not evidently intended as the portraiture of a person much distinguished by your partiality.

You number, I hear, thoughts and instances

in a journal, commemorative and touching as the effusions of Amelia Galotti! It is, alas! sacred from vulgar eyes, reposing in its sanctuary with you, as profoundly as ——. It drives me into a brain fever even to think of it!

I must close my scrawl, or I shall be too late for the post. With all your distractions, *agréez mille fois répétés* my fervent acknowledgments for your "forget me not." You do not know the good your letter has done me.

Most sincerely yours,

G. B.

To Miss ——,
—— Park, Sussex.

Ten days after Brummell had penned this letter, he was visited by a misfortune infinitely more severe than any he had yet suffered. When the consulate at Caen was abolished, of course all hope of paying M. Leveux was at an end, unless, indeed, some other appointment should enable him to do so: this was improbable in the extreme; and as the chances of success in his endeavour to get one became more remote, and his health more indifferent, Mr. Leveux, or his partners, determined upon arresting him. The proceeding was rather a severe one; for he had strictly fulfilled the engagement he entered into, on receiving the money

in question from Mr. Leveux, until the Government deprived him of the power of so doing.

From this time, his creditors had no security or shadow of one, and they probably calculated that if Brummell was once in jail, his friends would come forward and pay the debt. The preliminary steps therefore were taken, and early one morning in May, 1835, the Hôtel d'Angleterre was surrounded by *gens d'armes*, who were unusually numerous for an occasion of the kind; certainly more so than was necessary to secure the person of a rheumatic and paralysed old man: some persons said it was intended as a compliment to the official situation he had formerly held; at all events, the French were agreed in thinking that no debtor in the town of Caen had ever been so handsomely arrested. While the subordinates lined the gateway and back entrance, and cut off all chance of escape, the *juge-de-paix*, taking a couple of them with him, ascended the staircase that led to Brummell's apartments; they then passed through the salon, entered his bed-room without giving the slightest notice, and at once surrounded his bed.

The poor Beau was asleep, but the rough grasp of one of the jack-booted gentlemen soon aroused him from his slumbers, and he awoke to find himself in the hands of justice. If at first he thought

it was only a horrid dream, he was soon undeceived by the *huissier*, who produced a writ of arrest, at the suit of Mr. Leveux, for fifteen thousand francs, and bluntly informed him, that he must go to prison unless he could pay that sum. His agitation at this summons was extreme, and on the entrance of the waiter, who now made his appearance, he was totally overcome, and gave way to a burst of grief—the remainder of the scene was of the same distressing character. Being ordered to dress, he begged that he might be left alone, for a few minutes, to do so: but this favour was refused, and he was obliged to get out of bed, and slip on his clothes before the intruders. Those who knew Brummell, may imagine what an effect this must have had upon his vanity and refinement; but there was no help for it, and, perhaps for the first time in his life, he was under the necessity of dressing in a hurry.

In the mean time, the landlord had despatched a servant to several of his friends to acquaint them of his arrest; but the sum was so large, that any kind intervention on their part was impossible. This he was well aware of himself, and therefore sent for a coach to take him to the prison, which he had not enough money in the house to pay for: he also requested the attendance of

his landlady, and entreated her to take especial care of all his *papers*. "They are," said he, "the only things I possess to which I attach particular value, they are of no use to any one else, *mais pour moi, Madame Fichet, ils sont un vrai trésor;* when I am gone, pray collect them, and lock them up with your own hands." The *fiacre* was now announced, and two *gens d'armes* and the *huissier* having entered it with him, they were soon at their destination. On his arrival there, he was locked up in a place, it cannot be called a room, with the common prisoners, for there was no separate apartment to be had. The floor of this den was of stone, and the furniture consisted only of the three truckle-beds of his companions; as to chairs, there were none, but one was brought in for his use. The next day he sent the following note to a friend; it had been hastily written with a pencil, and was scarcely legible.

In Prison, 5th May, 1835.

I still breathe, though I am not of the living—the state of utter abstraction in which I have been during the last thirty hours, yet clouds my every sense. I have just received your note—may Heaven bless you all for your good devotedness in remembering me at such a moment.

I have been the victim of a villain, who has closed upon me, without giving me the remotest intimation of his designs. I am perfectly innocent of any thing bearing the least dishonourable construction in this *malheureuse affaire;* and if I was not deserving of the interest you express as well as **** towards me, I would not demand it.

I will write to you when I *can.*

Ever most sincerely yours,

À Madame ——, G. B.
Rue ——.

CHAPTER XV.

Effects of his imprisonment—Difficulty of procuring moderate accommodation—Rules of the jail—Treatment of the prisoners—The situation and description of his room—His companion in misfortune—Letters to his friends in the town—The ruling passion—Letter to Mr. Armstrong—Brummell's miserable fare—His urgent application for more linen.

It is not surprising that Brummell should inveigh thus bitterly against the author of his misfortune, for in this business he was decidedly much less to blame than he had been in any other transaction connected with money matters. He had done all he could to settle the debt, and it would have been cancelled in due course of time had he not been deprived of his consulate. At first he was deeply affected by his arrest, and gave way for several days to violent paroxysms of grief. The morning after his incarceration one of his friends, who had just heard of his calamity, went to see him; and as he entered the apartment poor Brummell threw himself into his arms and sobbed like a child, exclaiming, in broken sentences, "Imagine a position more wretched than mine,—they have put me with all the *common* people. I am surrounded by the greatest villains, and have

nothing but prison fare." He was in fact for some days in a state of weakness perfectly childish. But this deplorable incapability of meeting his misfortunes with a proper degree of resolution is no matter of reproach or astonishment in an elderly man, who had recently suffered from two attacks of paralysis, which had completely undermined his nervous system; and many of his acquaintance feared that his imprisonment would inevitably bring on another and fatal one.

The day subsequent to that on which he was committed to prison his friends, both French and English, exerted themselves to the utmost to obtain for him the indulgence of a private room; but the jail being very full at the time, they unfortunately failed to accomplish their good intentions. Through the interest, however, made by one of the judges, also an acquaintance of Brummell's, he was afterwards permitted to share during the day the apartment of a Monsieur Godefroi, the responsible editor of the *Ami de la Vérité*, (a legitimist paper published in the town,) who was confined for a political offence. At night he slept in a narrow passage (*couloir*) communicating with another part of the prison, which was now rarely used. It is true that this passage was only a few inches wider than his bed, but it was a little paradise compared with the

common room; here, however, he remained, until his friend the judge exerted his influence, obliged to associate not only with the debtors, but with felons, who before conviction are permitted to purchase the indulgences of "the Pistole:" in this part of the prison a bed, the use of the debtors' court, and other advantages, are obtained upon paying certain fees, amounting, in former days, to a pistole—thence the term.

This system of mixing the debtors with criminals who may be, and frequently are, condemned to the galleys for life, does not speak well for the discipline of French prisons. In other respects, the jail seemed to be in good order, and Monsieur Godefroi, who was kind enough to accompany me, when I went there in the spring of 1843, to see Brummell's room, said that great ameliorations had taken place within the last four years. The cells, however, in which refractory prisoners are confined at the mandate of the governor, appeared damp, dark, and dreadfully small: in one of them, and on a little loose straw thrown upon the ground, we saw one of these unfortunates lying. In these dungeons, the prisoners condemned to death are also placed after their trial, and here they learn the result of their last appeal to human clemency. Two, and even three months, sometimes elapse

before the decision of the *Cour de Cassation* is promulgated; and during this long period of protracted misery, the criminal, with a chain of sixteen pounds weight, is attached to a staple in the wall; nor does he ever move one foot from the spot, until he is led forth to meet his doom.

The view from the window of Brummell's narrow little dormitory was not a very cheering one; through the bars and to the left, was the court-yard of the female prisoners, who were generally to be seen plying their distaffs; but there was little attractive in their countenances, and still less in their conversation: in front was the yard and diminutive garden of the *Pistole*, and farther to the right, that called *la Paille*, from the material on which the prisoners sleep, in contradistinction to the wool-bed of the former. Beyond this was the exterior wall of the prison, the roofs of the houses in the Quartier St. Martin, and the tops of a few lime-trees in that part of the town. The sight of a little verdure, and more genial air than that in the rooms below, and above all, the power of being at his pleasure completely isolated from the other prisoners, did not quite compensate Brummell for being obliged to ascend and descend some forty stone steps; and, from the first day he inhabited it, to that on which he found that he could not

be allowed permission to take up his abode at the hospital, he was always complaining of his quarters.

The room of his fellow-prisoner, Monsieur Godefroi, which was larger, and on the first story, was gained by the same staircase as that which led to Brummell's, the approach to it being by a dark narrow corridor, closed by three doors. Though this apartment had the same aspect as that which I have just described, it was considered the best room in the prison: from it the prisoners condemned to the galleys were to be seen promenading, and the following inscriptions, engraved on the walls, were not calculated to cheer those whom they encircled: "O quam metuendus est locus iste!"—"Plutôt mourir que de vivre ici"—"Cave tibi: hîc muri aures habent, et audiunt"—and others in a similar strain. The latter was particularly applicable to this apartment, for it was next to the ward in which the greatest criminals were confined, (those who had been condemned to the *bagne*, or were awaiting a sentence scarcely more horrible,—that of death;) and the large blocks of freestone of which the party-wall was built, acting as a conductor to the various sounds in the adjacent apartment, much of what passed in it could be distinguished.

Accordingly, when evening had closed in, and Brummell and his companion were locked up

and left to their meditations, they could distinctly hear the imprecations of the prisoners, the clanking of their fetters, their uproarious mirth, and obscene songs. Many a time the political prisoner, who was confined here for three years, was startled from his slumbers by the yells of his lawless and riotous neighbours; and Brummell, during his short imprisonment of three months, when taking his after-dinner nap by the fire, was sometimes suddenly roused by their execrations and oaths.

It may appear singular that he should have had a fire in the summer months of June and July, which were this year oppressively hot, so much so, that the springs were dried up, and the Orne was fordable at several points; but Brummell delighted in heat, and Monsieur Godefroi remarked that he invariably drew as near to the fire as possible after dinner, and remained a long time before it, employed in rubbing his legs with his hands: which was, in his opinion, the most efficacious method of alleviating his rheumatic pains.

It would be quite unpardonable, if, in this attempt at biography, I did not make an opportunity for extracting a passage from Pelham, and the following allusion to Brummell's extreme love of caloric is the best I can select, being, as it is, the only point on which he admitted that the character

of Russelton the "grossest of caricatures" (as he used to term it) at all resembled him—his heart was never softened by the apologetic note in the second edition. "It was," says Pelham, who pays him a visit on his way through Calais, "a very small room in which I found him; he was stretched in an easy chair before the fire-place, gazing complacently at his feet, and apparently occupied in anything but listening to Sir Willoughby Townshend, who was talking with great vehemence about politics and the corn-laws. Notwithstanding the heat of the weather, there was a small fire on the hearth, which, aided by the earnestness to convince his host, put poor Sir Willoughby into a most intense perspiration. Russelton, however, seemed enviably cool, and hung over the burning wood, like a cucumber on a hotbed.* Sir Willoughby came to a full stop by the window, and (gasping for breath) attempted to throw it open.

"'What are you doing? for heaven's sake, what are you doing?' cried Russelton, starting up, 'do you mean to kill me?'

"'Kill you!' said Sir Willoughby, quite aghast.

"'Yes, kill me! is it not quite cold enough already, in this d—d seafaring place, without making

* Surely cucumbers do not *hang*, either on hot-beds or in them.—*Printer's devil!*

my only retreat, humble as it is, a theatre for thorough drafts? Have I not had the rheumatism in my left shoulder, and the ague in my little finger, these last six months? and must you now terminate my miserable existence at one blow, by opening that abominable lattice? Do you think, because your great frame, fresh from the Yorkshire wolds, and compacted of such materials, that one would think, in eating your beeves, you had digested their hides into skin—do you think, because your limbs might be cut up into planks for a seventy-eight, and warranted water-proof without pitch, because of the density of their pores—do you think, because you are as impervious as an araphorostic shoe, that I, John Russelton, am equally impenetrable, and that you are to let easterly winds play about my room like children, begetting rheums and asthmas, and all manner of catarrhs? I do beg, Sir Willoughby Townshend, that you will allow me to die a more natural and civilized death;' and so saying, Russelton sank down into his chair, apparently in the last stage of exhaustion."

For the first fortnight after Brummell was committed to prison, he had some hope that his detention would be only temporary, and that he would eventually be removed to the General and Military Hospital, at the Abbaye aux Dames, in the church

of which is the tomb of its foundress, Matilda, wife of our first William. There, though under equally strict *surveillance*, he would have had every comfort. A passage in the following letter shows how anxiously he dwelt upon the hope of his application being successful; it was written about a week after his arrest.

In Prison, May 11.

The kindness of every human being within the sphere of my acquaintance in this town has by degrees restored me to equanimity. How shall I be able to repay you for this benevolence? Devoutly I thank you for the Student; it will be an early resource to me. I am, I believe, this evening to be transferred from my present den of thieves to the towers of Matilda, and to the sainted arms of *les sœurs de Charité*. There I shall again breathe fresh air, and be comparatively in peace. I cannot describe to you what I have suffered *here*.

H * * * *, in the frequent moments I have seen him since his return, has felt and acted towards me with the affection of a brother. I cannot to-day trust myself further in writing to you; remembrances of you and those who belong to you will crowd upon my thoughts, and I might relapse into my recent imbecilities by the endeavour. Adieu! Persevere in all your excelling goodness towards me. It may

please Providence to guide the hearts of those who once better knew me to imitate your kindness.

Ever sincerely yours,

G. B.

P.S. You will perceive the extremities to which I am reduced—I am about to seal to *you* with a wafer! Do not even whisper this indecorum, for perhaps I may again frequent the world.

À Madame ——,
Rue ——.

"Que je m'en aille, ou, que je m'en vais,
N'est pas encore décidé,"

were, I think, the dying words of the pedant and inveterate grammarian—the Beau, in the very depths of his misery and despair, (for there had been no time to ascertain what assistance he was likely to receive from England,) also exhibited in this post-script the ruling passion in full force—"I may again frequent the world." Poor man! it was a world that would have never perceived the delinquency, and one that he must have felt he was soon to leave for ever. This passion was indeed paramount amidst all his distress; and the reader will scarcely be surprised when I inform him that the first thing he asked for, after his grief had some-

what subsided, was a looking-glass. The young Frenchman indicated by the initial in the previous letter, gave him the means of purchasing one, for he had no money; and the kindness of his friend continued uninterrupted till he was liberated. The following letter will show how great his anxieties were on these trifling matters, and that to add to his other misfortunes, he was in a fair way of being starved.

In Prison, Saturday.

DEAR ARMSTRONG,

Henri de St. Marie told me yesterday you had sent me a bottle of *Esprit de Savon.—I have never received it.*

If it has been left to Bassy, the chemist, to send, of course I shall never see it; should it have been remitted for conveyance to the hotel, equal negligence will attend its destiny. In spite of all my friends have said to them in expostulation of the shameful pitifulness of the morsel they send to me by way of dinner, they get daily more meagre and miserable, and it is really not sufficient for the poor cat that keeps me company, neither does it arrive before half-past six, *malgré* your orders to them. I cannot help telling you what was the banquet yesterday dispatched to me.

One solitary chop, about the size of an *écu*, enveloped in a quire of greasy paper, and the skeleton of a pigeon, a bird I could never fancy.* I must not omit to mention the accompaniment of *half* a dozen potatoes. Such was my meal of yesterday evening, after a fast of twelve hours. It is not, I am certain, the fault of the son, but the *ladrerie* of the *père et mère,* with which I have been so long acquainted. If they transmit me nothing more solid and bountiful this evening, I shall be reduced to borrow a *tranche* of the *bouilli* from which the *soupe maigre* of my neighbours the brigands is extracted. I have not seen a soul to-day. I have no news, and I am in the very slough of despondency.

Yours,

G. B.

À Monsieur Armstrong,
Rue St. Jean.

Though Brummell had lived for so many years in France, it will scarcely be thought extraordinary, that he should have been ignorant of the component parts of *soupe maigre;* it was a dish too ordinary for him to have known otherwise than by name; had his conversion to Roman-

* Most likely he was haunted by the ghosts of the two he put to death at Chevcley. Chap. VI. Vol. I.

ism at Calais been sincere—and it was as sincere as his intention to subscribe to the erection of the Protestant Church there—he would have learnt, and to his sorrow, that this foreign luxury is not made of *meat*.

The expostulations of his *homme d'affaires* appears by another letter to that person, to have had, at least for a few days, some effect; but even his remonstrances failed to produce a cutlet sufficiently good to remind him of his Sêvres portrait of La Maintenon.

In Prison, Monday.

My dear Armstrong,

Many thanks for your unremitting kindness in improving the quality of my humble repast. To your good offices, I had yesterday the satisfaction of being indebted for a sufficient, though homely dinner.

I have sent to you two *serviettes*, which I had neglected, belonging to the Hôtel d'Angleterre; they are the last remaining in my possession from that quarter. You will much oblige me, by sending to me *to-day*, three towels for my toilette; and the same number every six days, for I cannot procure even a clout to rub myself down in this nauseous place. You will not, I am sure, forget

either, that every three days it is incumbent on me to pay for the necessities of breakfast, *eau-de-vie,* candles, &c.,—while you are here or during your absence.

I will beg you carefully to take charge of everything I left behind me at the hotel, particularly two boxes; the one mahogany with brass ribs, and G. B. on a plate at the top—the other with a glass on the top, covering worked birds drinking out of a vase; it was the labour and gift of the late Duchess of York, and I have a reverence for it—the latter has a leather case, which is either in the cupboard of the *armoire* out of the sitting-room, or in the other recess where you will find my trunks, &c., &c. Pray send me what remains in the drawers of the bed-room—there are some waistcoats, drawers, pantaloons, &c., and in the upper *tiroir*, sundry trifling things which I forgot, but which I may have occasion for. The clock, vases, brown candlesticks, and in short everything in the room, is my own, not omitting the old green velvet arm-chair. There is one insignificant article which I also wish you would transmit to me; it is under the small *commode* in the sitting-room, with a white marble-slab on the top, (which also belongs to me,) and of which I am every evening in want, a *boot-jack*

that shuts up. *Let the large basin and water-jug be taken great care of.*

This is all that I can recollect—perhaps there may be other trifles in the *armoire,* adjoining the sitting-room, which at the instant escape my memory; let them be preserved.

Enclosed, I deliver to you a list of every debt which I owe in this country of France, you will have the goodness to add your own just and excellent claims upon me, and those due to the hotel—those in the list to whose names I have attached a cross, I am ignorant of the precise amount of their remaining claims upon me; you can easily ascertain them. Beyond these, so help me Heaven, I have not an existing debt, either in my hand writing, or by oral promise, in this country. Young B—— is waiting below to carry my letter; therefore, I can only add, my dear Armstrong, how very sincerely,

I am yours,

G. B.

À Monsieur Armstrong,
Rue St. Jean.

CHAPTER XVI.

Toilette anxieties—M. Godefroi's description of the details—The drummer Lépine becomes his valet—Milk baths—The tambour's regrets—Attentions of his friends—Letter to one of them—Fire near the prison—Brummell's midnight adventure—"Le pays de la potence"—Letter to Mrs. B———n—Loses all hope of being sent to the hospital—Amiable purveyors.

THOUGH Brummell's position was truly distressing, from the blow given to his pride, and from the want of good accommodation and viands; and though the countenances of the felons under his window were not pleasant objects for daily contemplation, the many disagreeables that he experienced in the early part of his imprisonment were far less annoying to his feelings than the absence of his "jug and basin," his dentist's mirror, his tweezers, and his silver shaving and expectorating dish. The loss of these articles of his toilette, his soaps, *pommades*, and eau de Cologne, affected him deeply; and, until these "comestibles," as he termed them, were restored to him, he had some difficulty in tranquillizing himself.

The preceding notes show that his dinner also always remained a subject of grief: it was composed,

said M. Godefroi, of "trois ou quatre petits plats variés, et un léger dessert. Il était presque toujours mécontent de la quantité et de la qualité des mets; il accusait l'impéritie ou la mémoire infidèle du chef de cuisine; à qui il avait toujours soin de se faire recommander: 'Le bourreau,' disait-il, 'veut-il donc m'empoisonner ou me faire mourir de faim?'" A handsome black cat, however, belonging to his companion in misfortune, grew fat upon Brummell's leavings; to this *Minette,* one of the thousand of the same name in the town of Caen, he would sometimes throw a whole cutlet, forgetting how many persons there were under the same roof with him, who would have been glad to receive it; a little brandy-and-water at his dinner, and coffee and *chasse* afterwards, closed the repast. But, as I have before said, he regretted his good and liberal dinners at the *table d'hôte* of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, far less than any article of dress or toilette, which was necessary to his rigid ideas of cleanliness, or that tended in any way to render perfect his outward appearance.

"Il consacrait," said Godefroi, "trois heures à sa toilette, dont tous les détails étaient soignés avec une attention extrême." "Mais, monsieur, he actually washed and shaved every day," was the Editor's expression; as if these two actions were

unnecessary as a daily practice; but I will give the astonished Frenchman's own words on this subject: —" Il se rasait chaque jour; chaque jour il faisait une ablution complète de toutes les parties de son corps, à l'aide de la vaste cuvette d'un antique *lavabo* qui l'avait suivi en prison, aussi une cassette (dressing-case) rempli de phioles d'essences et de cosmétiques. Pour cette opération de propreté, inouie dans les fastes de la prison, douze à quinze litres d'eau et deux litres de lait lui étaient régulièrement apportés,* par son valet de chambre, son *Lafleur;* c'est ainsi qu'il nommait plaisamment l'ancien tambour de ligne, Paul Lépine, qui, en ce moment prisonnier civil, était à son service et à sa solde. Ce brave, qui venait de finir son service

* I had at first some hesitation in believing this; but M. Godefroi assured me the statement was perfectly true. In this absurd caprice Brummell imitated the last Duke of Queensberry, who is also said to have bathed his impure person in milk! Some have considered the story fabulous; still there are many persons living who remember the great prejudice against drinking milk which once prevailed in the metropolis, in consequence of its being supposed, that this necessary of life might have been retailed from the daily lavations of that nobleman. But the Beau's prodigal misuse of two quarts of milk *per diem* bears no comparison to the Empress Poppæa's more refined habit of immersing herself in ass's milk. Five hundred of these animals are said to have been milked daily, to minister to her luxurious vanity; and when banished from Rome fifty asses attended her.

sous le soleil brûlant d'Afrique, devait pour quelques exploits commis dans un cabaret de sa patrie, passer trois mois *à l'ombre.*

"Leste et fort, le tambour Lépine ne regrettait pas l'eau nécessaire à Monsieur Brummell; l'eau insipide, l'eau qui ne coûte rien, mais il n'était pas de même du blanc et doux liquide; il n'en avait jamais vu faire un pareil usage, et le prix de ces deux litres de lait eût été si avantageusement converti en un bon verre d'eau-de-vie! Cette perte est encore," continued M. Godefroi, "sur le cœur du tambour Lépine, qui n'en a pas moins versé une larme sur le bon M. Brummell en apprenant sa triste fin."

The want of punctuality in the arrival of his dinner, which the Beau complains of in his letter to Mr. Armstrong, was rectified by the kind attention of a friend, who allowed his servant to carry it to the prison every day at the appointed hour. The following note was written in acknowledgment of this and other little services.

In Prison, Tuesday.

Most earnestly I thank you for your amiable *billet.* Seldom I forget kindnesses; but my grateful remembrance of yours will survive to the end of my destined days. D * * * * should have answered

my last note; it would have been a consolation to me in these hours of wretchedness.

Your valet has quite won me by *ses petits soins* in administering to my lingering vegetation at half-past five. The good-humoured luckless brigand, who acts as my Frontin, and who receives my diurnal portion through *la grille*, is proud of his *connaissance*, and flatters him by saying, "C'est un bon diable que ce Figaro là!" Godefroi is my host; that is, I *partage* his more humanized cell, excepting during my sleeping hours. Heaven help them.

I try to slumber upon the hope of removal to a more salubrious atmosphere and humanized intercourse on Monday, à l'Hôpital. Last night my dreams were violently disturbed by the abrupt entrance of all the *corps de garde* of the prison, who were on the alert in consequence of a rapid fire that was blazing without the walls, but within thirty yards of my cell, and were obliged to pass through it, in order to be ready for the approach of the flames, or the attempted escape of the *détenus*. I threw on my cloak and followed them. It was dreadful, being upon a timber-merchant's premises, but magnificent. I remained at a loop-hole gazing on the destruction till past two, when it subsided. This spectacle caused me a severe rheumatism; and

I wish I had slept on, forgetful of my own *malheurs*, instead of witnessing those of others.

Thank you for Zohrab; I prefer it to Ayesha, but neither of them equal Hadji Baba. How can I requite all your commiseration and kindness towards me? If it may be any trifling retribution I never cease to think of it.

Most sincerely yours,

A Madame ——, G. B.
Rue ——.

The fire to which Brummell here alludes was so very close to the prison, that the sparks and large pieces of the charred and burning wood fell in great flakes upon the roof. The women's ward being the nearest to the flaming timber, the greatest danger was apprehended on that side, and the cries of its inmates were heard by Brummell in his room. When, therefore, the jailor and his turnkeys passed through it he followed them up to the garrets, and remained at one of the windows watching the progress of the flames.

In returning, however, to his cell, which he did alone, the officials being too much occupied to attend to him, he got embarrassed by the folds of his dressing-gown, and, in the darkness which prevailed in the garret, managed to entangle himself in the washing-lines that were extended across it.

The more he endeavoured to liberate himself, the more he became involved, until, finding that his efforts to escape were vain, he was at length obliged to call lustily for assistance; but the turnkeys were too busy to hear his cries above the din without, and he lay in this predicament some considerable time before he was unravelled. The next morning, when speaking of the adventure of the previous night, he said laughingly to Monsieur Godefroi, "Monsieur, hier Georges Brummell a manqué de finir en Basse Normandie comme un vrai Normand, ou comme un vizir Turc."

"Comme un vrai Normand." Brummell here alludes to the facile and ready manner in which the ends of justice, or injustice, were carried out in Normandy during the middle ages, and which gained for this province the appellation of "le pays de la potence." Roland established a *rural police*, and hung the *bons Normands* with little discrimination. At one of the towns in Lower Normandy, and in the department of the Orne, they used to say,

> "À Domfront, ville de malheur,
> Arrivé à midi—pendu à une heure!"

The *refrain* also of one of the anti-legitimist songs at the Restoration was, "Bons Normands, vous serez pendus, comme on pendaient vos pères."

The next letter is written in a most mournful

tone, and the lady to whom it was addressed was one of those by whose hospitality he says, in his letter to Mr. Marshall, he "profited abundantly."

In Prison, Sunday.

You must believe me when I tell you that my senses have not been in an adequate state of composure to attempt manuscript: I should probably have written stark-staring bombast, in the essay to express my thanks for all your persevering kindness; and, even at this instant of comparative sanity of mind, I will only trust myself to assure you, that, with every worthy feeling that remains to me, I do thank you from my heart.

On the evening of this sacred day it was my authorized custom to sit around your fire, and endeavour to requite my welcome by making you laugh at my nonsense. Most heartily I pray that those happy periods may come again, though I scarcely dare look into future destiny.

I try to dissipate the sinister troop of blue devils that haunt me, with the hope that I may be allowed to be transmigrated, the early part of the week, from this den of thieves to the pure atmosphere de l'Hôpital, and to the more delightful intercourse of the *sœurs de Charité,* instead of the contamination and blasphemy of the felons that surround

me—I am wretched here—I cannot describe the nausea of my sensations when I descend in the morning from my cell, and, from the grate of the window see miserable outcasts dancing and singing in chains, with every apparent gaiety of spirit.

What, in the name of all my faults or in common justice from the remembrance of those many friends with whom my better years were passed, have I ever done to deserve this purgatory?

Of all those I have recently known in this part of the world, I can only speak with unqualified praise;—their attention and good feeling towards me surpasses almost example in my recollection. Still I am lingering in this *enfer sur terre*, and Providence, I believe, can only tell whether I shall ever again transgress its walls alive.

Very sincerely yours,

À Madame ——, G. B.
Rue ——.

The hope of being removed to the General Hospital, which had hitherto tended to keep up poor Brummell's spirits, was entirely frustrated; for, shortly after this letter was written, he learned that he was not to be transferred to the tender sympathies of the Sisters of Charity, though a requisition to that effect had been presented to the authorities.

This application was signed by two medical men; but the request was either refused, or the idea relinquished; probably the latter, for the officers of the Tribunal de Justice were desirous of assisting him in every possible way, and Mr. Leveux's lawyer acceded to the plan immediately it was proposed.

This disappointment was alleviated by the repeated calls, and continued attentions of his friends; for he had crowds of morning visitors, and habit at length partially reconciled him to his fate. Many ladies, also, who could not enliven his room by their presence, were, nevertheless, as women always are, more thoughtful in matters essential to his comfort than his own sex, and frequently sent him supplies of wine, punch, jellies, pâtés, and various other delicacies: these were truly valuable to one on whom sickness, anxiety, and premature old age, pressed heavily, and who, in spite of their charitable interference, must have endured many discomforts and privations. The following is a letter of acknowledgment to one of his guardian angels.

In Prison, Wednesday.

You are always good and amiable, but you will be the best of beings, if you will have the kindness to renew your benefaction *en forme de gâteau.*

I can assure you, it is my principal nourishment, for the *mesquin* repast they usually send me from the hotel would not be adequate to sustain even a *demoiselle* lost in love. I may represent an additional claim upon your bounty at this moment: my companion *Minette, la chatte noire*, who is in the straw at my feet, having produced three hungry kittens—her delicate state disdains the unleavened bread of the prison. I have another favourite belonging to my more private apartment: it is a spider about the size of a bee, which I have so far *apprivoisée*, that it comes regularly to me from its web every morning at seven o'clock to demand his *déjeûné*. You must forgive then my anxiety for the sustenance of these familiar friends, as well as my own; they are, perhaps, the only ones that will soon remain to me. I am sadly out of sorts with the world and with myself; no propitious tidings come to me! Nothing cheers me but the occasional sunbeam that looks in upon me from heaven; when that retires, all is darkness and despondency. It seems to me a century since I have been in this intolerable bondage; every week that lingers away is a year in the calendar of my life!

Yours, very sincerely yours,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

A Madame ——,
Rue ——.

His friends also provided against the dreariness of his evenings, by catering food for his mind; and, in the basket which carried these presents, were generally placed a few volumes of light reading: they were always thankfully received, and the receipt of them duly acknowledged by a note.

In Prison, Wednesday.

If the Student had not belonged to you, I should not have been able to wade through ten of its pages: it is equally barren of incident, definition, or plain language, and I can only wonder that the author of Eugene Aram, and Pompeii, should have buried his brains in such a production—at least have published it. When you have again something more worthy of cheating miserable hours, I know it is unnecessary for me to refer to your amiable recollection of my present desolation, and you will send it to me. I am still sustained with hopes of emancipation from these disgusting regions, and, though it is consoling to me to remember the kindness of others, I wish to heaven I could forget myself. I cannot tell you how much it gratifies me to know that your *domestique* brings my daily bread from the hotel: these trifling circumstances do me worlds of good at the moment. Good bye for the evening. My friend Godefroi, the editor, from whose

table I address you, is looking with anxiety at the ink, to continue paragraphs that will probably prolong his detention here ten years longer. He is really a good-hearted man, and does every thing *à me distraire*. Say every thing that is gracious for me to * * * *.

Ever sincerely yours,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Rue ——.

CHAPTER XVII.

Liberty of the press in France—Not much forwarded by the revolution of July—Brummell's admiration of Gilbert Gurney—His opinion of Pompeii and Lodore—Contemplations from his window—The Beau's anxieties about his affairs—The *ours* Mazoyer—The scene in the passage of the prison—Personal discomforts—Their effect upon Brummell.

Poor Godefroi, who, throughout Brummell's imprisonment, was a kind and useful friend, was not exactly the editor, but rather the editor's editor; and was hired to do duty as a prisoner whenever the demands of justice, or the administrators of it, required that a victim should be offered up to the tender mercies of the Government. It is amusing to observe such happy results emanating from the liberty obtained by the *Trois beaux jours;* more especially when it is remembered that one of the principal causes which led to that revolution, was the seizure of the printing-presses of the *National*, for having dared to differ in opinion from the Government of the day.—Godefroi's master had only differed from the Government of July!

But with the queer ideas of liberty entertained by the French nation, the social policy of their Govern-

ment is likely enough to be tyrannical in such matters for some time to come; and probably centuries will elapse before they will either understand, or appreciate, free institutions, or can be driven safely without a curb.

One day, when I was discussing this subject with a Frenchman, and expatiating upon the great extent of individual liberty that we enjoy in England, I could not refrain from calling his attention to General Foy's speeches upon the arbitrary nature of passports, when he retorted very seriously by saying, "Oui, Monsieur, mais rappelez-vous que vous avez des *turnpaiques.*" Neither can they comprehend how we manage to maintain an army without a conscription:—"Bon jour notre armée s'il n'y avait pas de tirage," said a conscript to me, who had just been drawn; he was a grocer's boy, and appeared much fonder of his master's figs than the law which made him an unwilling hero, a glory-boy, a recipient of black bread and one sous a-day. I believe this lad spoke the real sentiments of his class; although such, I dare say, is not the opinion generally entertained in England.

Brummell's criticism on the Student is rather severe, and looks as if he had *Sneer's* to *Sir*

Fretful, in his mind. It was no easy task, one would imagine, to "cheat miserable hours" like his, at any period of his imprisonment, but particularly at the commencement; and, though there are few authors who can hope to escape the natural consequences of publicly exposing their intellects, or their want of them, it would be very extraordinary to find the exception to the rule in one whose pen travels with such Great Western rapidity. But Brummell could praise heartily, and in a most singular and unequivocal manner. A young Englishman of his acquaintance, at Caen, found him one morning lying full-length on his hearth-rug, as he fancied, in a fit of hysterics; on stooping down, however, to assist him, he saw that it was a paroxysm of laughter, and Brummell, unable to explain the cause of his mirth in words, could only hiccup, while pointing to a book on the table, "Gilbert Gur-ur-ny,—oh!—oh! Gilbert Gurney."

The work of Sir L. Bulwer upon which the Beau bestowed his especial approbation, was, The Last Days of Pompeii: I have heard him speak of this in raptures, particularly Glaucus's letter, which he thought perfection. When these borrowed volumes were returned to their owner, they

were generally accompanied by a short review, and the critique of the next that fell under his perusal, and his lash, was more favourable.

In Prison, Saturday.

If you knew the many hours that were relieved by reading Lodore, you would not be displeased at my retaining it so long. The story is, perhaps, rather unconnected, but the language is always good, exempt from the usual pseudo sentiment of modern romances, and there is a natural pathos pervading the whole, which perfectly corresponded with my melancholy thoughts. Should you have anything else dozing upon your table, and unoccupied by brighter eyes, transfer it to me with your never-failing charity forthwith.

During the principal part of this morning, I have been reduced to the forbidding study of the human face, not divine but demoniac, which infests the *cour* beneath my window. Groups of these wretches, condemned of Heaven and of earth, attracted by the sun, have been sauntering in their chains within ten paces of me; and, for want of more palatable resource, I sat contemplating their hideous physiognomies, till I was recalled from my visions of the fabled Rinaldo Rinaldini and his bandits, by one of them exclaiming, " Qu'est-

ce qu'il regarde donc, ce scélérat de milord?" This I soon perceived was addressed to my innocent self; and I retired from my reflections, and "ma loge grillée," amply convinced that all I had read or heard of the atrocities of this *trempe* of malefactors was realized to my view.

I have nothing auspicious, in respect to my unfortunate interests, to impart. A *month* to-morrow, I have been *here*, in tribulation, in suspense, and, at length, nearly in broken-heartedness; no news has, as yet, arrived to me from England—friends indeed may not be *found*, though they must be already acquainted with my position. I speak only of those who, during my more prosperous days, were zealously served and assisted by me—to *those* it was as much, I considered, a *duty* as a necessity to appeal, at such an annihilating crisis. I had a right to promise myself instant emancipation, from their mutual aid; from the delay, this confidence seems to have been deceived, and I cannot bear up against, nòr long survive, the prolonged disappointment.

My *first presentiment* upon this infamous farce, this insulting calamity, coming abruptly upon me, was, that I should never leave these abhorred walls alive; the despondent *prestige* now gains influence upon me, and I shudder even to think of it. God

bless you all for your kindness. Remember me to ****.

Most sincerely yours,

À Madame ——, G. B.
Rue ——.

Brummell's usual avocation in the morning, when not engaged at his *toilette*, was writing the notes I have laid before the reader. Sometimes he would throw off a few Latin verses, which he composed with great facility; he generally showed these elegant trifles to the political prisoner, his companion; who informed me that they always contained "une sentence, une pensée, une réflexion philosophique, élégamment et fortement exprimée." Sometimes he would take up the first book, or brochure, that lay near him, and skim its pages.

One day it happened to be a French translation of Byron's Life, and, on perceiving this, he turned the pages over with rapidity—reading aloud, and with an air of great satisfaction and apparent pride, a passage in which he was favourably mentioned: "Oui," said he to Monsieur Godefroi, "ce poète, ce grand homme, fut mon ami." This was the only occasion on which his companion ever heard him allude to the position

he once occupied; but, when his own country was the subject of conversation, he always expressed for it a high and honourable predilection—for though he had now been twenty years on the Continent, he had not lost any of the national spirit which almost every Englishman, under the happiest or most adverse circumstances, jealously preserves.

When he had nothing to indite, and was tired of his book, he would approach the bars of the winnow nearest to the *Cour de la Paille*, and contemplate, as he observes in the preceding letter, the hideous physiognomies of the felons who were there confined. It was a disgusting sight, for the majority were often to be seen rolling about on the ground like so many animals, or lying lazily in the sun, occupied in pursuing the vermin which covered them. Brummell had not only many opportunities of studying the countenances and occupations of these bandit *lazzaroni*, but he sometimes came in contact with them, in his way to the debtors' yard; to gain which, he was obliged to cross the passage communicating with the principal entrance to the prison.

One morning, when *en route* to see a visitor, for he always received his friends in this yard, he was jostled with great violence by a prisoner of the

name of Mazoyer, who, at the moment was returning from the court-house, where he had been tried for an attempt to murder one of the turnkeys of Beaulieu,* for which offence he had most unexpectedly got off with a condemnation to the galleys *à perpétuité*. Mazoyer was short and high-shouldered, and of Herculean strength, his enormous head being ornamented with small dark piercing eyes, sunk deep in a low forehead; a large flat nose, and a capacious mouth, which, when open, displayed a set of grinders like a crocodile's, gave additional fierceness to his countenance.

When this monster pushed against Brummell, he started back in amazement at such a complication of ugliness and ferocity. Mazoyer perceiving this, stopped, and eyeing the Beau from head to foot, said, in a strong southern accent, and with a hideous smile, "N'ayez pas peur, monziou; je suis bien content, car je viens de gagner ma tête." "Quel est cet animal, cette espèce d'ours, dont l'épaule est venue me froisser le bras?" demanded Brummell when he had passed; "quand il a ouvert la gueule

* Beaulieu, the central house of correction near Caen. All persons condemned to more than one year's imprisonment are confined here. There are generally from one thousand to twelve hundred prisoners.

j'ai cru qu'il allait me dévorer:" and after this he said he frequently dreamed of the "ours Mazoyer."

But the greatest humiliation to which he was obliged to submit when in prison, and which not only distressed him greatly, but I verily believe contributed in a considerable degree to injure both his intellects and his health, was a circumstance that painfully interfered, and that day by day, with those confirmed habits and feelings of delicacy common to every class of Englishmen. The cloaca of the prison, situated on one side of the debtors' court, was *à dessein sans clôture, tout a fait ouvert;* as this court was the only place of exercise for the debtors, the turnkeys, and those who had purchased the entrée to "the Pistole," it was very seldom without promenaders, and several hours would sometimes elapse before a favourable opportunity could be secured of retiring there unobserved. Our neighbours (I speak of the mass) are not very susceptible on these points, the observance of which is such a prominent feature in our social habits, and which proves without a doubt, if nothing else does, our superior civilization. Brummell's companions did not, by leaving the court, make this horrible penance less disgusting to him; on the contrary,

" l'on s'étonnaient d'une retenue si singulière, qu'on attribuait à un motif de pudeur." Such were their remarks; and the reader may judge by this what Brummell must have suffered under such circumstances.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mary Chaworth—Brummell's unpoetical description of her—Washington Irving's—A substantial supper—He changes his purveyor—Letter to Mr. Armstrong—The Beau's application to him—The debtors' court—The rendezvous there—The garden and the debtors—Their civility to Brummell—The dream.

I HAVE said that Brummell spoke of Lord Byron to Monsieur Godefroi: it was perhaps on the same day that he wrote the following note.

In Prison, Tuesday.

Remercîmens réitérés for Washington Irving very delightful in both stories. I can answer for the truth of his account of poor Byron's never-dying attachment to Mary Chaworth; for I have frequently heard him romanticise for hours about her. I remember being with her at her house, Colwick, near Nottingham, during a week, a few months subsequent to her marriage. She appeared to me to be always vigilant for admiration, coarse in her manners, and far from resembling what I should have conceived the *beau idéal* of Byron.* I could

* The glowing description Mr. Irving gives of Miss Chaworth, in Newstead Abbey, does not agree with that of the Beau. The

have added a page or two to their history, for the last time he was in England * * * *

* * * * * * *

Musters, the man, left her abruptly and went to Paris. I saw him at Calais on his route, and he told me he * * * * * *. I believe she is dead.

It is the first time I ever heard mention of the sequel *de la petite dame blanche.* These descriptions recall to me a treasure in my possession—several letters upon most interesting subjects to *him*, written to me in our familiar days. Moore, when he was arranging his biography, which turned out to be unworthy of his memory, requested me to assist him with the letters in question, and I refused to entrust them to him. No eyes but my own, and those of one other person, who is now no more, have ever seen them.

If you have anything arrived or remaining, that will distract or set me to sleep, waft it to me with my evening's nutrition; it is that of the fabulous little good mouse, "three pears and a bit of brown bread;" but she was afterwards transformed

latter, however, was an eye, not an ear-witness. Lord Byron says that his passion for his bright morning star of Annesley was the romance of the most romantic period of his life.

into a princess, and fed upon pearls; will such ever be my fate and recompense?

The sun is now looking in upon me with a smile; it is the only flirtation left to me; when he descends to his watery couch, I cannot help relapsing into the very slough of despondency. Happier hours and fairer prospects wait upon you and yours. Such is the constant wish of

Yours most truly,

À Madame ——, G. B.
Rue ——.

The correspondence that Brummell maintained with his more intimate friends during his imprisonment, was one source of amusement to him, and gives a better idea of his feelings under such a visitation, than any description of mine could do. Considering the paucity of incident in a prisoner's life, he showed more than ordinary ingenuity in keeping it up with so much spirit; and, though his letters are sometimes mournful enough, they are much more lively than might have been expected.

"Three pears and a bit of brown bread," was a very indifferent supper for a man whose appetite was somewhat larger than those of the mischief-making elves of Oberon; and without the pies,

punch, and jellies of his friends, he appears at times to have stood a good chance of being reduecd. Having complained again and again that his dinner from the hotel became daily more meagre, an arrangement was made with a *restaurateur* near the prison, to supply him with his meals. But the following remonstrance looks as if he had got out of the frying-pan into the fire; and was as badly off for linen as for food.

In Prison, June.

My dear Armstrong,

You would not, I am sensible, like to be imposed upon yourself, nor that I should be famished with hunger in a prison.

I am ignorant both of the name and of the residence of the traiteur, or rather *traitor*, whom you have employed to purvey my daily meal; he has indeed but one merit, and that is his punctuality at five o'clock. You shall judge yourself of his liberality, and I will neither exaggerate nor extenuate in my report. Yesterday's *portion* was the following:—*half* of the skeleton of a pigeon, which I firmly believe was the *moitié* of a crow, buried in rancid butter, and the solitary wing of an unfed *poulet*, without even the consolatory addenda of its *cuisse*—half-a-dozen potatoes, and, by way of

excuse for dessert, half-a-score of unripe cherries, accompanied with *one* pitiful biscuit, that looked like a bad halfpenny—this is the positive total of my dinner's calendar.

Twice I have beseeched you to send me *three* towels, and to repeat that number every six days. I have been reduced, for the last eight-and-forty hours, to rub myself down with my dirty shirts, and that resource is now at an end, for they are gone to the washerwoman.

Will you have the kindness to speak in a peremptory manner to those about you, if it is owing to their negligence I am to suffer these privations? I only ask for wholesome sustenance for my body, and salutary cleanliness for its outside. It is impossible to find these necessaries within this hell upon earth; and with all my dejection, I should be loath to give up the ghost from famine or filthiness. Amend these indispensable wants before you leave the town *this* evening. I am also in want of some old waistcoats and pantaloons, which were in the drawers of the bureau in my bed-room, at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. There was also a pair of patched boots in the closet of the sitting-room; and in the *armoire* a small glass bottle of Macouba snuff—will you have the goodness to transmit them to me?

Pray tell my friends that I am very fond of strawberries, when they are in full season, and that they always do me good. In the schedule of my debts in Caen, which I wrote to you, I omitted to make the observation, that I was utterly in rags, and without the means of procuring better raiment.—Good-bye; I would give half the remainder of my days to go down to the sea-side with you this evening.

Most truly yours,

G. B.

À Monsieur Armstrong,
Rue St. Jean.

Brummell had now been six weeks in prison, without a hope of release, and the time wore very heavily away; the greater part of each morning was consumed in making his toilette, in which he was roughly assisted by the *tambour*, Paul Lépine: the drummer, however, under his master's supervision, soon acquired great proficiency in the art of cleaning boots and brushing clothes; and at two o'clock Brummell descended into the debtors' court with his neckcloth as white and well tied, his hat smoothed to a hair, and his whole exterior as perfect, as if he had been going to pay Mrs. B—— a morning visit. This court-yard was separated from that of the thieves and the other criminals, by a

partition, but it was so slight, that what they said could be distinctly heard through it; the crimes and adventures of these gentlemen formed a prolific topic of conversation for Brummell's visitors, and occasionally furnished a subject upon which he expatiated in his weekly billets to his friends. It was here, between the hours of two and four in the afternoon, that he received his numerous visitors, and as they were, both French and English, generally confirmed idlers, his levees used to be very well attended. This portion of the day passed merrily enough, and the loud laughter that might often be heard, would have led any one to suppose that the inmates of this part of the prison were not very deeply affected by their unfortunate position. If, however, any one offered to condole with Brummell upon the tardiness of the preparations for his release, his gaiety soon evaporated, and a flood of tears was sure to follow any well-intentioned observation of the kind.

In the centre of this apology for a place of exercise, there was a very diminutive plot of garden, intended to be ornamental, but the miserable flowers that grew in it were of the most ordinary description. When the Beau's visitors were gone to their different homes, and he was left to his solitary walk here in the long summer evenings, the rank-smelling

marigold must have appeared unfeelingly gay and gaudy, and the heart's-ease sadly misplaced. The debtors who paced the narrow pathway that surrounded them, and who were nearly as ragged and drooping as the flowers themselves, were all of the middling and lower class, and nothing could exceed their civility to Brummell during his stay amongst them: this arose probably from a feeling that his change of fortune, from affluence to destitution, was greater than theirs; they had no doubt heard that he was at one time the companion of his sovereign, and knew nothing of the intermediate stages of distress that he had passed through since that period. Brummell was too well bred to reject their advances, and though, under other circumstances, he certainly would not have chosen them for associates, their attentions were received with pleasure; a bow to one, or some amusing remark to another, was always ready, and long before he left his "stone-jug," he succeeded in making himself extremely popular with them. With one of the debtors, a Monsieur Bassy, he was on more intimate terms: this individual, who had originally been a butler in some family of distinction, previously to the great Revolution, was remarkable for his agreeable manners and entertaining conversation, qualifications that induced Brummell to

select him for a companion. The next two letters are written in a mournful strain.

In Prison, Friday.

DEAR ——,

I am sinking fast into the delusions of presentiment, and the credulous faith of dreams; but, during my last night's slumber, I fancied you had received a note for me from England, and yet *sent it not.* When my Cerberus unbarred my cell at seven this morning, I scrutinized anxiously his iron hand, expecting the cheering sight of a scrap of paper, and even *I* asked him impatiently if no letter had been left at the wicket for me. He shook his gory locks at me in the forbidding sense of negative, clanked his *bouquet* of keys in my awakened face, and left me in disappointment.

Was my nightly vision merely the effect of a distempered brain in darkness, or have you *really* received a *word*, which bids me look forward to liberty and relief? I am dreadfully *abattu* with all my thoughts of the past as well as of the future. I have this instant received a visit from Monsieur Target.* He said he *did not know* I was *here,* and hoped I was *à mon aise ! ! !* Oh the Saracen! What reptiles are those who administer to the jus-

* The Préfet, already mentioned in this volume.

tice and dynasty of this country! They cannot be so in our country, though I begin even to suspect *them.*

The bearer of this is one of my confidential *keepers.* I will not boast of my new acquaintance; but I believe there is not one of them whose heart I have not gained, and who would not open my prison door to me on my parole.

Ever yours sincerely,

À Monsieur ——, " G. B.
Rue ——.

Monday morning.

The night is as weary as the day. I dream continually. If there should exist any reciprocity of prescience between us, do pray endeavour to dream that you have once more seen me *à flaner* in the Rue St. Jean, or upon the Cours, with my hat on one side, and in gaiety and *persiflage* of heart *à rire* at the absurdities of our *compatriotes,* who I hear are fast replenishing the town, when all its better indigenous inhabitants are regaling themselves with roses and strawberries *à leurs chateaux.* It may identify reality.

Do pray recount my nocturnal vision to **** when you next write, if you have a "poets' corner" left in your dispatch: it may amuse her to know that her note haunted my recollection even in the

shadows of somnolency. Tell her too, that I will write to her, as my spirits and faculties may be ameliorated by the never-failing intensity of my prayers to *Him* to whose mercy and clemency she recommends their address. My anxiety to see those friends who have been so kind to me surpasses every other wish, should the blessing of liberty be regained by me. I feel, though I began my note to you in comparative calmness, that I shall lose it if I dwell upon its concluding subject.

Ever sincerely yours,

À Madame ——, G. B.

Rue ——.

CHAPTER XIX.

Brummell in improved spirits—Letters to his friends—His criticism on their sea-side amusements—Explanation of them—Subscriptions made by the English at Caen—Lord Granville assists—Mr. Armstrong despatched to England—A rainy morning inspires the Beau with poetical feelings—Lines to Eugénie—Letter accompanying them—A sketch of this young lady.

THE improved spirits in which he wrote the succeeding letter most likely arose partly, from the hope that Mr. Armstrong, in his approaching journey to London, which had now been determined upon, to consult with and prevail upon his friends to assist him again, might effect his release; and partly to an encouraging note he had received from the friend to whom it was addressed.

In Prison, July, ——.

Your last note has had the mystic charm of the words of the talisman of Oromanes: it has revived hope, given me sufficient rest for two successive nights, and I have this morning looked up to the sun as I would congratulate the smiling face of an old friend.

Armstrong says he shall depart for London on

Tuesday next: on the result of his mission will depend my destiny, the delight of seeing you and all my friends again, or the death warrant of my interment here.

I am ashamed of myself for having so long incarcerated Simeon. He has amused me, though he does not communicate any description or observation very new; but when I can meet with any thing that cheats the monotony of desolate hours, I am selfishly unwilling to release it. I was much pleased with Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey; but it makes one sorry to find that so delightful an author can only afford one scanty volume at a time.

Have you Fanny Kemble's journey in America? Should it be out of sight and still in hand, pray confer the favour of its loan to me; if not, any other recent production that may be dormant upon your table. That familiar representative of the dead as well as the living, Caspar Hauser, told me the other day that Mademoiselle * * * * lives an amphibious life during this fine weather, half aquatic, half pastoral; flirts with Highland butterflies in a gondola, and then dines upon a haycock; imbibes porter, and familiarizes with earwigs and wasps. May I request you to whisper to her that I am distracting myself with a few innocent stanzas in honour

of her and her truant sisters? They may be infected with the local gloom of every thing that surrounds me, yet they shall not be unworthy of their amiable subject.

Spare me now and then a desultory moment and write. I will allow you every marine latitude in your social *entretiens* with the innocent Nereids, but I know not a Triton upon your shore worthy of your community. Would to heaven I was liberated from my unjust bondage within these inexorable walls!

Very sincerely yours,

À Madame ——, G. B.
Luc-sur-Mer.

The ambiguity of Brummell's style has already been adverted to, and a portion of this letter is a forcible example of it. In alluding to the young lady who is thus rudely tossed upon a haycock, and accused of drinking porter with earwigs and wasps, one could scarcely suppose that he is speaking of a pic-nic, and a boating party, in which a Scotch gentleman was one of the cavaliers.

To turn, however, from the amusements of his friends to the consideration of his affairs: shortly after he was arrested, his countrymen immediately

stepped forward to assist him, but though these subscriptions amounted to a considerable sum, and to them was added that of Lord Granville, our ambassador at Paris, for five hundred francs—the largest donation made by any individual in France—the relief thus afforded him, valuable as it was in procuring the means of softening the rigours of his confinement, was wholly inadequate to liquidate Mr. Leveux's claim; the subscription which had been raised by the French gentlemen of his acquaintance was declined, with many expressions of gratitude for their spirited and liberal conduct. The feeling which dictated this honourable refusal, was a creditable pride on the part of his countrymen, who thought that Brummell in returning to French society would be more independent if free from obligations of this nature. The only chance, therefore, that he had of obtaining his liberty, was through his friends in England, and to them Mr. Armstrong was at length despatched; during the tantalizing period of his absence, Brummell continued his gossiping correspondence with one or two of his friends in the town.

In Prison, July.

Since Sunday last, I have been really so much occupied with the departure of the Sieur Arm-

strong for England, that I have really been unequal to attend to my first of duties, that of writing to you.

You are always commemorated as the *coryphée par excellence* of those "ministering angels," who best attend to my exigencies; my thanks to you are almost as much worn out as my patience, not to mention *ma capote*. I am indebted to your *bonté* for Fanny Kemble: our acquaintance has just commenced. I like her upon our earlier flirtation, and therefore, our intimacy will be soon at an end.

With all my usual abstractions, or rather distractions, I find, I must inadvertently have dropped something yesterday about having indited a few effusions in the metrical line, in which the consecrated name of Eugénie was recorded; believe me, it was not profaned, it was written on a rainy day when I was, from depression of spirits, more fit for what is called the *camisole* in Bedlam, than even a cradle at the foot of Parnassus. I am now ashamed of them; we all have our little vanities, and upon looking them over this morning, I find so many faults and disabilities in the abrupt attempt to do justice to their difficult theme, that they must be corrected, curtailed, and amended, before they are prostrated before your mutual eyes.

You tell me she has been *screaming* to see them: pray assure her from me, that she must not interrupt your evening siesta with these impatient ejaculations; that they are perhaps unworthy of her attention; but, as she desires a survey, I can refuse her nothing—they shall be transmitted the instant they are rationally revised. Good night, good night.

Yours very sincerely,

À Madame ——, G. B.
Luc-sur-Mer.

The lines were accordingly "corrected, curtailed, and amended," and sent a few evenings after with the following note.

In Prison, July.

My favourite pet brute, Cerberus, is going to take a stroll by moonlight, and I cannot neglect the opportunity of tying a note to his iron collar, *à votre adresse*—it is in pursuance of my promise, I send you enclosed, what I had the indiscretion to tell you I had written on a desolate rainy morning, it is nonsense to endeavour ameliorating such namby pamby, and I submit it to your mercy and that of Mademoiselle Eugénie, in the barbarous state in which it dropped primitively from my disordered brains. I have only omitted a few

stanzas, which, as I could not understand myself when I afterwards looked them over, it would be too unjust, and hard upon you both to record. Good night: the *dog* is waiting with impatience, playing with his keys as if they belonged to your watch, and they make my head ache.

Ever yours,

À Mademoiselle ——, G. B.
Luc-sur-Mer.

I must beg the reader's kind excuses, if I inflict another letter upon him, before putting him in possession of these "curtailed, corrected, and amended stanzas." Night brought with it reflection, and the imprisoned poet determined that further revision was necessary. They were afterwards inclosed, and sent with the next letter.

In Prison, July.

Not a word yet from England; but I hear, not however *officially*, that things are *at length going on favourably*. This reminds me of your consolatory prediction, two months ago; and I shall never be able to express my gratitude to you for its most amiable and friendly augury.

The shadow of my poetic spirit haunts me still, and will not suffer me to rest, till I have

exorcised it with further castigation; the doggrel I sent you the other evening was transcribed at dusk, and that *dim* period is *darkness here*, which induces me to fear that my autography may have been as flagrantly *en dépérissement* as my minstrelsy;—let my retiring vanities be peacefully appeased in their *adieux*, by the ultimate effort at correction, now that meridian beams are shining in upon me, and my senses are better *réglés*—particularly that of sight. In her second shroud, I submit to your forgiving inspection, the remains of a deceased muse, that I have already intimated to you were interred on a rainy morning; they are the only particles I could preserve from their confirmed decay; the rest were in a deplorable state of decomposition, and utterly unworthy of being embalmed by your *lecture*;—have the charitable grace to bestow an Ave Maria over them.

I am almost enjoying this partial sunshine that is glancing in at my *grille*, though it may revive other thoughts of other days; would to heaven I was once more delivered from the noxious vapours of this earthly Phlegethon! The most adverse destiny shall never entrap me again! On Wednesday I will send you the history of an *outré brigand*, who I saw the day before yesterday attempt to escape, even with his load of chains, over the wall of *our garden*;

he is a remarkably good-looking animal, mild, too, in his manners, and has frequently moved my humanity, even to assisting him in my humble way.

I shall remember, to my last hour, his cries and struggles to avoid the additional irons that were forced upon his arms and throat, even to the arrival of six *des militaires*, when he was *quieted* to insensibility, and conducted to his eternal subterranean cell. And yet I exist in close adjacency to these outcasts!

Cerberus *le porte-clef* told me, when he left my last letter at your gate of Paradise, that you were still gathering sea-breezes, shells, and dust, on the shores of Luc. Your friend D* * * * annihilates me with *petits soins;* he sent me word the other day, that he regretted his visit to the country, because his absence would deprive him of seeing me.

I hear Mademoiselle Eugénie is advancing in the knowledge of pure Celtic, which they say is always best taught and learned by the eyes! Pray remember me devotedly to her.

Yours, very sincerely,

À Madame ——, G. B.
Luc-sur-Mer.

It will be proper to observe, by way of explanatory remark, that Eugénie, to whom these lines

were addressed, and who was so rapidly advancing in the knowledge of "pure Celtic," the power of teaching which the Beau so drolly and wickedly ascribes to the eyes, was only fifteen, and with her "truant sisters" then on a visit in England, formed a constellation which he always specially admired. They were of gentle blood, in Brummell's eyes almost an indispensable qualification. Eugénie, the youngest of the three, and who replaced his absent favourite, was as simple and unaffected as the snowdrop; and though as yet merely an opening flower, the outline of her fairy form gave promise of future elegance and beauty; and no doubt revived the memory of some of the graceful beings who formed the brilliant "*coryphées*" to which he alludes in several of his letters.

TO EUGÉNIE.

LINES WRITTEN IN PRISON ON A RAINY MORNING.

O'ercast in gloom arose the day,
No genial ray
From heaven, to cheer the fetter'd or the free;
Mute was the slumbering scene around,
And hush'd each sound,
Save the soft plaintive orison of Eugénie.

On fancied roses she had slept,
But waking wept

To find so soon the charm'd illusion flee;
That dreamt of absent sisters dear,
Approaching near
To hail the morning's dawn with smiles to Eugénie.

'Twas breathed in accents low,
As southern zephyrs blow
O'er banks of violets, or the faint aërial lullaby
Of music's distant notes,
That in the silent evening floats
In cadence dying on the ear, the plaint of Eugénie.

"Alas!" she murm'ring said,
"The world to me seems almost dead;
No social echo of our home's forsaken gaiety,
No thoughts reciprocal express'd,
Affection's fairest test,
To vibrate on the heart, or sympathize with Eugénie.

"Fast falling showers,
In shadows dim the ling'ring hours;
As if they sought to mourn with kindred memory and me,
Weep o'er the dreary space,
And the bright promise of the vision chase,
That flatter'd with delight the fairy dream of Eugénie.

"Still one revered remains,
Who when the tremulous voice complains,
Pleading the grief of those away with fond humility,
Will not the suppliant advocate disdain,
Nor long refrain
To mingle mutual feeling with the hopes of Eugénie.

"Ah! mother justly dear,
Dispel each latent adverse fear

That clouds the happy compact of our filial trinity;
Towards thee in undivided love,
Our supplicated union prove,
Let them return; it is the prostrate prayer of Eugénie."

This brief soliloquy address'd,
Was from a neighbouring nest
O'erheard, a redbreast listen'd on its shelt'ring tree;
With friendship's votive wings
To me the tender tale he brings;
Some natural tears he shed, and sigh'd the name of Eugénie.

Trembling the poor bird fled again,
He heard a chain!
Raised his light pinions in the pride of cherish'd liberty,
And left me lone and sorrow'd
With the pensive strain he borrow'd,
And doubly fetter'd with the downcast cares of Eugénie.

Eugénie is now a star in the East; and such was the effect of her beauty in maturity, that it is said the very surf at Madras was lulled in admiration and astonishment when she first made her appearance on that angry shore: as for the catamarans, they crossed their arms as well as their legs, and sat staring in amazement as she landed (was ever such a thing heard of before?) in the ship's gig.

CHAPTER XX.

The *outré brigand*—His attempt to change his quarters—Fanny Kemble's Journey in America—The Beau's letters to his friends—Monsieur le Baron de Bresmenil—His dinner to Brummell in prison—The abstraction of the brandy bottle—Brummell's pathetic appeal to the turnkey Brillant—The felons' departure—Mr. Armstrong's mission successful—The triple murder.

THE "*outré brigand*" mentioned by Brummell in the letter which accompanied these verses, was a rogue of the name of Auvray, condemned to the galleys for twenty years for stealing, when confined at the Beaulieu for a previous offence, some trifling article from one of his fellow-prisoners. On the morning referred to by Brummell, this light-fingered and light-heeled young gentleman, instigated by the tender passion, or a love of fun, scaled the wall which separated him from the women's court-yard, a feat worthy of being recorded, for the wall was twelve feet in height, and the fetters attached to his left leg weighed fifteen French pounds. Once on the top, which he gained by a jump and a scramble, he dropped himself down on the other side, and ran up to the women's apartment, from which (the inmates being at their toilet) screams of surprise

were heard. The next moment he was in the hands of the turnkeys, having scarcely had sufficient time to throw a glance at the houris whom he had so unceremoniously honoured with a visit. Auvray made no resistance until his captors endeavoured to adorn his right leg with another bracelet of fifteen pounds, to prevent such itinerant practices in future; he then made a most desperate resistance, and submitted only when his blood flowed freely from a blow given him by one of the jailors with his bunch of keys. Brummell, who witnessed this scene, was very angry at such a piece of brutal cowardice, and said to his companion Godefroi, "Cet homme est brave, dans un siège il eût été un héros! je le plains." In the next letter, which is the last but one of those written from prison, his gossip opens with a pungent critique upon the work of a lady whose maiden name, and the associations connected with it, should have protected her from such censure; but the concluding paragraph of the succeeding one implies that he had relented a little from his severity.

In Prison, July.

Mes remercîmens to you, I have often repeated, are infinite, but almost exhausted. I restore Mrs. Butler to your protection: that name is more *convenable* to her language than Fanny Kemble. I

began to be fatigued with her *postiche* sensibility, and, as she wishes one to believe, her natural refinement: perhaps more recommendable qualities will be elucidated under your discerning supervision. Have you any thing else arrived to relieve the absolute vacancy of my studies?

You will say that I am puffed up with my own solitary consequence, which is usually generated by living almost constantly *tête-à-tête* with oneself; and that I vainly imagine people are voluntarily to impart their thoughts and even their whereabouts to me, because I am in local durance. It is not, however, so with me; there are but few of whom I think myself, fewer, I am sensible, who ever think of me: *you*, and yours, are exceptions, that it is not only a consolation, but a pride to me, to remember almost every hour; for you have invariably extended to me every kindness: forgive this egotism, it is as barefaced as Fanny Kemble and her *me's;* but I cannot reconcile to my sequestered vanity why **** disguised her intention of precipitately leaving Caen. If it was only the abrupt vagary of the moment, excited by meridian beams to court the cooler atmosphere of the sea-shore, (where, by the bye, there is no friendly umbrage saving that of the parasol,) I will forgive her the desertion, and implore her absolution of my tran-

sient worldly vanities; but it is impossible for amiable beings, like her, to be lost in sight even for a day.

I have been lately infested with a *good-natured friend,* who has favoured me with the *cancanneries* of the graceless reptiles that adorn this town; those who are amusing themselves in chains at *saute de grenouille* under my window, are saints in comparison.

If Mademoiselle Eugénie has any narcotic, or other composing nostrum, that will speedily propitiate oblivion, pray tell her to let me have some, I can find none here—in exchange, I will send her back all my recollections; if she has any vanity in her composition, she would jump at the proferred compact; they are replete with admiration and praise of her, and as they are reflected from her living self, they form a most enchanting biography of two months, in the shape of a romance: if she refuses them, they will be consigned to the Styx, which I shall soon pass over.

If you have a vacant instant from the Nereids, (I beseech you to avoid the Tritons,) do let me learn *de vos nouvelles.*

Ever sincerely yours,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Luc-sur-Mer.

Much of the cheerfulness and occasional gaiety that Brummell displayed during the period of his imprisonment was forced; his companion told me that he frequently found him in tears: once only did he throw off the load of anguish, which, indifferently concealed, he must always have felt in a greater or less degree. "On that day," said Monsieur Godefroi, "he seemed to recover the elasticity of spirits he must have possessed in his youth, and the originality of his character came forth in such bright relief that I could easily comprehend why he had been so celebrated, and his society so much sought after by the great and talented of his countrymen." The reason that led to this unbending, this change from his usual apathy of demeanour, to an almost juvenile exhibition of his entertaining powers, was a good dinner—at all times a great softener of his heart; but, when starving upon "the skeletons of pigeons, mutton chops not larger than half-a-crown, and biscuits like a bad halfpenny," it must have been particularly acceptable; it was not marvellous, therefore, that his blood should circulate more rapidly at such a prospect, especially as the banquet was gratuitous. The gentleman who gave him this *fête* was Monsieur le Baron de Bresmenil, a nobleman of large fortune, living in the

environs, who, in a fit of the spleen, or of fun, had been guilty of high treason on the high-road —that is, he had saluted from his *cabriolet de voyage* some zealous supporter of Louis-Philippe with cries of *Vive Henri Cinq;* which, being in defiance of the one-thousand-nine-hundred-and-ninety-ninth article of "la Charte," chapter two-hundred-and-sixty-three, page six-hundred-and-seventy-four, he was sentenced to lose his liberty for five days—and, fortunately for Brummell, they were passed in the prison of Caen. Gaily were these five days of political martyrdom spent, and, before leaving his less fortunate companions, the Baron, with a very laudable spirit of hospitality, obtained the Governor's permission to give this dinner, and to invite a few friends with whom Brummell was also acquainted.

It was a princely repast: Monsieur Longuet, who has been already mentioned, received *carte blanche,* and, from an amiable feeling of courtesy on the part of Monsieur de Bresmenil, Brummell was desired to choose his favourite *plats,* and that gentleman ordered such others as were most likely to please him. When therefore the dinner was served, and the covers had been removed, a look of extreme satisfaction lighted up the Beau's features, and, as the bee wings his flight from flower to flower,

sipping sweets from each, so did Brummell wander from *entrée* to *hors d'œuvre*, from mushroom to truffle, and from the *homard* to the *fruits glacés*; Chambertin and Laffitte replaced his daily brandy-and-water of the previous weeks, and the iced draughts of the sparkling Aï, rolling gently down his throat, put the crowning stroke to his happiness. He rose above his misfortunes, and great was his good humour, he related much—he related well; anecdote after anecdote of his early life followed in quick succession, and, while wrapt in all the imperturbable *sérieux* of a good narrator, he threw his companions into fits of laughter. But, as in a palace, so in a prison, there is no happiness without alloy. The dinner over, coffee was brought in, and, Monsieur le Comte de Roncherolles, a very kind friend of Brummell's, announced for the *chasse* a bottle of his old *eau-de-vie d'Andaye*, which his celebrated acquaintance had many times, and under more agreeable circumstances, acknowledged to be perfect. Brummell was in raptures—"Fetch the bottle," he cried to one of the three young thieves who waited, "fetch the bottle: my dear de Roncherolles, no cognac that I ever tasted can be compared to yours of Andaye."

One of the petty larcenists immediately left the room for the brandy, but did not return; another

was sent to hasten him, and the third, but neither they nor the brandy made its appearance: the revellers, at length, became impatient at the delay, and shouted for their attendants, who arrived with the pleasing intelligence, that the brandy of Monsieur le Comte had disappeared! This declaration was received with a burst of indignation; and the Baron, tall, and made like a Farnese Hercules, threatened to throw the three footmen out of the window—forgetting, in the height of his anger, that it was well-furnished with bars to prevent his own exit. At this juncture, and in the midst of the fray, Brummell, disappointed and trembling with passion, rose hastily from his chair, and, spreading out his arms towards the supposed delinquents, with the gesture of a person who commands and yet entreats, shrieked out, "Malheureux! avez-vous à vous plaindre? on ne vous a que trop bien traité. Scélérats, rendez-moi mon *pousse café*." This energetic and pathetic address actually drew tears from his own eyes, and a chorus of execrations from the guests; the more so as one of the party, who returned at the moment from making a search, informed them of what the attendants feared to relate—that the turnkey, honest Brillant, to whose especial care the *cognac* had been confided, had drained it to the last drop, and was lying insensible and snoring

in a corner. The empty bottle was lying by his side; the sheep had been confided to the care of the wolf! Thus ended the Baron's dinner, which offered a striking example of the chances and changes of life—at the same table were assembled a famous courtier, once the companion of a King, a Count, a Baron, a newspaper editor, and an old butler, for Monsieur Bassy was of the party. Melancholy to say, three of these individuals were subsequently afflicted by aberration of intellect, and two of them, Brummell and Bassy, died in the establishment of the Bon Sauveur.

The last episode of Brummell's prison life was, witnessing the departure of those criminals who had been condemned to the galleys at the previous assize. Amongst the more celebrated, was Ansieu, who, in an affray with the turnkeys, had part of his nose taken off by a sabre cut; Coursière, one of the most clever of the Paris thieves; Auvray, and the *ours* Mazoyer. At day-break, these *forçats*, and their companions, were marched into the turnkey's room, where fetters, of fifteen pounds weight, were riveted to their legs; to the loud knocks and ring of the hammers which adjusted their irons, was added a chorus of their own composition in the thieves' language, the burden of each couplet being adieus to their comrades

who remained. These were accompanied by maledictions in honour of the judges, the turnkeys, and the rural guards, who were to accompany them to their destination. Coursière was the poet of the party on this occasion, and to him were confided the solo parts, which he gave in a stentorian voice, to the well-known air of "C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour," &c., to which the chorus vociferated by the whole band was, "C'est au bagne, au bagne, au bagne, amis, nous y allons."

The first burst of this discordant singing roused Brummell from his slumbers, and on descending to his breakfast, he said to his fellow-prisoner, "Mais, Monsieur Godefroi, je me suis cru ce matin au forge de Vulcain: quelle musique infernale! mes oreilles en sont encore déchirées!" When these felons left, Brummell presented a man of the name of Juel with two francs, I believe principally because his manners were much more distinguished than those of his companions.

Towards the middle of July, the unfortunate prisoner's prospects began to assume a brighter aspect. His friends in England, though anxious to assist him, were averse to going round from door to door, a difficulty which was overcome on Mr. Armstrong's arrival; for, being unembarrassed by any feelings of delicacy, he undertook the collection

of the several donations entirely as a man of business; and carried it through with the more energy and activity, as he was himself again a creditor, for upwards of two hundred pounds.

But Brummell calculated upon the generosity of his former acquaintance with greater confidence than he was justified in doing; for, having already assisted him, they were not likely to be impressed with very strong feelings of compassion: and even from those friends who had on former occasions so generously relieved him, no great exertions could fairly be expected; for his embarrassments had been so often represented to them, and sometimes with more colouring than the case required, that several of them looked on with apathy.

The generous feelings, however, of the more humane were roused. The Beau's sheet-anchors, whenever distress visited him, were the present Duke of Beaufort and Lord Alvanley; and the influence of these noblemen, particularly the latter, induced several persons to subscribe to the fund for his release, who probably would not have done so without such interest had been made in his favour. The subscriptions of the noblemen and gentlemen who now came to his rescue, were accompanied by a generous donation of a hundred pounds from his late Majesty, who knew, I believe, very little of

Brummell; but his deplorable condition was brought under his notice by General U——n, through Sir Herbert Taylor. This charitable action is one of many like it, which that kind-hearted king performed in private. A pony each was also given by the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Sefton, General Upton, General Grosvenor, Colonel G. Howard, Colonel D. Damer, Mr. Greville, Mr. Chester, and Mr. Standish. To these sums were added two hundred pounds of the public money, by Lord P——n, in consideration of the loss Brummell had sustained by the abolition of the consulate. The liberality of these gentlemen enabled Mr. Armstrong to compromise, not only the debt to Mr. Leveux, but also those owing in the town of Caen; and the annual donations then promised by the Duke of Beaufort, Lords Sefton and Alvanley, and Mr. C. Greville, gave assurance of his having something to prevent a recurrence of similar difficulties. This well-timed assistance saved the Beau and his family from the mortification which was nearly brought upon them, by a most injudicious proposition, that a statement of his case should be sent to the clubs, more particularly to Brookes's and White's, the scene of his triumphs and of his ruin. Fortunately a different course was adopted, and the world of fashion was saved the disgrace of seeing their former idol a

mendicant, where he had reigned more absolute than, happily for the national comfort, his friend, who lived in the ugly red building at the bottom of the street, in which these hotbeds of politics and the great legal hell are situated.. During the short period that was required to give effect to the arrangements with his principal creditor, he regained much of his usual spirits; and the following note is the last that he wrote from his cell.

In Prison, July.

You will soon be as well acquainted with our "Newgate Calendar" here as myself. I send you "l'Ami de la Vérité," because it contains the account of a triple murder of the most horrible description, committed by a wretch who has just been surrendered by the *gens d'armes* to this last receptacle of his living days. He is rather a decent-looking reprobate, and I could not discriminate, by his countenance or manner, the least trace of compunction or shame. He seems so quiet and *insouciant* of his enormous delinquency, that I shall seek an early occasion to make him confess the whole detail of the circumstances attending his crime; for I understand he is very accessible upon the subject, and is even *proud* of relating them. God of

heaven, what creatures bearing human faces and forms surround me! This instance, however, is the most atrocious within my immediate cognizance; and I have already made up my mind to hear his dreadful tale, the first time I find him alone at the *grille* which separates our departments. The various histories of others, almost equally nefarious, they have unreservedly related to me *vivâ voce;* for, when once their existence is condemned, they appear perfectly unconcerned who may know the worst—a few *sous* always obtain their explicit confidence. I have made constant memorandums of many *entretiens* with them when I was released from their proximity.

Adieu; as Fanny Kemble says, "do not forget *little* me." The poor spoiled girl is a sad egotist; but if you could see her face, you would forgive her.

Yours, very sincerely,

À Madame ——,
Rue ——.

G. B.

The triple murder to which Brummell refers was committed by Pierre Rivière, of the commune of Aunaye: he was the murderer of his mother, at the time *enceinte*, his younger brother, and a sister, a

mere child. The jury brought in a verdict of insanity, and he was subsequently confined in the Bon Sauveur, and died there before, or a short time after, Brummell was placed in that establishment. When Rivière was searched, a crucifix and a small sum of money were found in his pocket; the latter he immediately placed in the hands of the head turnkey, fortunately not Monsieur Brillant, saying to him with much good sense, and but little appearance of aberration of mind, "Qu'il n'était pas prudent d'avoir sur lui dans la compagnie où il allait se trouver ce peu d'argent, qui pouvait lui être si nécessaire dans sa position!" His features were regular, and his countenance altogether was one of much benignity and softness.

The *curé* of Aunaye, who came to see him soon after his committal, was astounded at the crime, for he had always known him to be an industrious and well-conducted lad, kind in his disposition, and attentive to his religious duties. Previously to his trial, he employed himself in preparing a statement in explanation of his conduct in this horrible tragedy. As his labours advanced he showed them to the *juge d'instruction*, before whom he often desired to be brought: he also studied mathematics, but with his fellow-prisoners he never conversed. Brum-

mell, like his friend George Hanger, liked to hear the felons recite their adventures, listening eagerly to their accounts of the most atrocious crimes, but his curiosity did not lead him further; he was no Selwyn.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Beau is restored to liberty—Presents himself at the General's the same evening—Brummell and his friend the Judge—The hereditary toothpick—Lines to the guillotine—Letter to Mr. Godefroi, with a present of some game—The table d'hôte at the Hôtel d'Angleterre—The two gourmets—The Beau's letters to his young friend in England.

On the morning of the 21st of July Mons. Youf, an attorney, came to the prison, and notified to Brummell that his debt to Mr. Leveux had been paid, and that he was at liberty to leave when he pleased. To the astonishment of every one, however, he received the information without manifesting the slightest surprise or joy, or indeed any emotion whatever; and, at five o'clock in the afternoon, after an imprisonment of two months and seventeen days, hope and fear alternately predominating, and having experienced with apparent calmness many humiliations, he left his dungeon with the same forced *insouciance*, and returned to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where he once more settled himself in the same rooms he had occupied previously to his arrest.

On the evening of this very day he presented

himself at a large *soirée* at the General's. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the company when he made his appearance, for they had not heard of his release; but as he advanced towards the centre of the room, every one rose simultaneously and congratulated him on his good fortune. Brummell, with much complacency and an air of nonchalance, bowed his thanks, and said, "Messieurs, je suis bien obligé pour votre bonté, et charmé de me trouver encore une fois parmi vous; je puis vous assurer que c'est aujourd'hui le plus heureux jour de ma vie, car je suis sorti de prison," here he paused, and then gravely added, "*et j'ai mangé du saumon.*" But the gaiety that he displayed after his imprisonment was all assumed: it was put on to hide his real feelings, which must have been most painful and distressing.

"I regret," said Madame de T——, "having lost several letters, and some poetry, that he sent to me at this period; elles étaient empreintes d'une tristesse qu'il ressentait dans la solitude, et qui lui permettait de réfléchir au passé si brillant, au présent si triste, et à l'avenir si effrayant pour lui; tristesse qu'il affectait de rejetter loin de lui, dès qu'il était dans le monde, ayant l'air de braver la fortune, et de rire de ses coups."

The description given by this lady of Brummell's feelings when satire, and a worldly pride hitherto

inflexible, had bent under the stern and unerring influence of conscience, is no doubt correct. Many circumstances confirm this supposition; but perhaps the strongest testimony that can be adduced to prove that the poor Beau had moments, nay hours, of regret and despondency, and that he brooded over what might have been his position, and what it then was, is the circumstance of his having inserted the following lines in his common-place book. The page on which they were inscribed was fretted by frequent reference to them, and the asterisks placed against the first line in the margin plainly indicate that he often applied portions of them to his own feelings.

" Doom'd as I am in solitude to waste
The present moments and regret the past,
Deprived of every joy I valued most,
My friend torn from me, and my mistress lost—
Call not this gloom I wear, this anxious mien,
The dull effect of humour or of spleen.
Still, still I mourn, with each returning day,
Him snatch'd by fate in early youth away;
And her, through tedious years of doubt and pain,
Fix'd in her choice, and faithful—but in vain.
Oh! prone to pity generous and sincere,
Whose eye ne'er yet refused the wretch a tear;
Whose heart the real claims of friendship knows,
Nor thinks a lover's are but fancied woes—
See me, ere yet my destined course half done,
Cast forth a wanderer on a world unknown;

See me neglected on the world's rude coast,
Each dear companion of my voyage lost;
Nor ask why clouds of sorrow shade my brow,
And ready tears wait only leave to flow—
Why all that soothes a heart from anguish free,
All that delights the happy palls on me!"

It would naturally be supposed that, on being released from jail, Brummell would be all attention to those who had been useful to him during his imprisonment, and to a few of his intimates, French and English, he expressed his thanks for their kindness; but others he neglected altogether, and in general he appeared to think that by assuming an air of flippant indifference, he could throw a veil over the events of the last three months which had so much humiliated his vanity.

One of his *table d'hôte* acquaintance had, in his legal and official capacity, been of great service to him, and yet he was particularly neglectful to this individual, who was not without a fair share of repartee and professional acquirements; but the Judge was weak enough to pique himself excessively on his horsemanship and dress instead, both of which were execrably bad—no tailor ever rode worse, and no tailor's block ever exhibited such a white macintosh; it was so stiff, that when in the saddle he rattled like an armadillo out of repair. These were weighty objections to

cultivating his society; but Brummell had a stronger and far more legitimate motive for disliking him: Monsieur B. actually kept a toothpick, a permanent pinchbeck toothpick! which, from its antique appearance, was evidently an heirloom, and had probably belonged to his great-grandfather, and must therefore have been used to pick the ivories of four generations—disgusting idea.

Such a habit any one would think atrocious, but the offence was venial to what follows: daily, after dinner, had the Beau seen the "scoundrel," as he called him, premeditatedly—not in a fit of absence, pick his nails and his aural organs, with the same instrument! *Corpo di Bacco*, this was indeed a most horrible practice; and no wonder that the remembrance of these enormities entirely prevented the development of Brummell's gratitude: not only did he never call upon him after his troubles were over, but he never even sent him his card. About a fortnight, however, after he had regained his liberty, he met his learned acquaintance in the street, and, though he had not cared to take the trouble of calling upon him, he had no objection to *faire les frais* by a speech, he therefore appeared delighted to see him, and said, "Ah, mon cher Aréopagite, je suis désolé de ne pas vous avoir fait

ma petite visite; mais le fait est, que mes cartes de visite, qui se font toujours à Londres, ne sont pas encore arrivées." "Vraiment!" replied the angry and neglected gentleman, with as graceful a bow as a very stiff neckcloth, and the white macintosh, would permit him to make: "Ne vous dérangez pas, Monsieur Brummell; si vous m'aviez fait cet honneur, je n'aurais pas pu vous le rendre; car pour le moment je suis aussi sans cartes, et les miennes se font en Chine." I am afraid there is good reason to suppose that Brummell was not particularly grateful to those who assisted him; or, if he was, he did not certainly show it in his conversation. "Shortly after his imprisonment," says one of his Caen acquaintances, "I asked him if he had been as intimate with the Duke of C——e as he was with his other brothers;" when he replied, "The man did very well to wear a cocked hat, and walk about the quarter-deck crying 'luff;' but he was so rough and uncivilized that I was obliged to *cut* him. You may believe this when I tell you that he used to recount the amorous exploits in which he was engaged at Portsmouth, to the bishops and the ladies of the court at his father's table, and this to the inexpressible delight of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York." The reader will bear in mind, that this incredible story was told

after the late King had subscribed one hundred pounds towards effecting his release from prison, and it shows how little amiability was left in the mind of him who had been a recipient of his bounty; but the Beau was a *man of the world*, and also a wit.

Though Brummell was overmatched by the Judge, his criticisms were, generally speaking, quite as cutting, and his spirits apparently as good, as they had been before he was placed in durance. The letters which he wrote in the latter part of 1835, and early in 1836, do not betray any great falling off in liveliness or piquancy: the following was sent with a present of game to a lady who had been kind to him during his imprisoment:—

Hôtel d'Angleterre, Friday.

Une petite couvée de perdreaux, vivant ce matin à l'aube du jour, font vol *sans haleine* à votre cuisine.

When I had last the pleasure to see D****, a week since, I was anxious to thank him for all his past kindness to me; but the past still lingers upon my memory, and nothing but time, and other suns, and other scenes and occupations, ever can do me any effectual good.

During the early period of my purgatory in the

other world, there was, as you may have heard, a destructive *incendie* in a magazine of wood beneath my iron window. All the administering demons of these nether regions were upon the *qui vive* at this congenial *fête*, and awaking from deceitful dreams of former Paradise, I rose from my straw, and attended their passage, which was through my cell, to the outward summit of the prison. Amidst the disheartening tumult that was raging, I distinctly heard a hoarse bewailing voice, in fear and tribulation frequently ejaculate, "Ah! mon pauvre bijou! Ma chère guillotine! La leste coquine, elle va me quitter!" I requested one of the fallen angels at my elbow to tell me whence came that extraordinary lament? He replied, laughing, "C'est l'amen de ce vieux gueux Joseph," who was, and had been, during twenty years, "bourreau en chef," that he numbered upon his sanguinary fingers twenty-three human heads, and that he was more fondly attached "à la machine enchérie" than to his two sons, who were "aux galères à perpétuité,"—that it was his only hope and means of existence. Such is the theme and pretext for the four lines paraphrased from "tes yeux bleus:"—

C'EST LE BOURREAU QUI PARLE.

Rien n'est plus touchant que tes baisers ravissans,
Chère Guillotine, par tes caresses de fer!

Ah ! puissent ces feux n'enflamment, ni le cruel sort condamne,
Comme toutes tes victimes, tes beaux jours aux Enfers !

I fear it is beyond expectation to encourage the thought of prevailing upon you to look in at the General's *caserne ce soir* for a charitable hour. In the meridian of sunshiny liberty,

Still your *fidèle prisonnier*,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Rue ——.

As the reader may wish to know what are the lines that Brummell refers to, I have transcribed them here; but from memory, and therefore they are probably incorrect; they have been ascribed to Voltaire:—

" Rien n'est plus beau que tes yeux bleus,
Enfant ! l'azur des cieux sourit sous ta paupière :
Ah ! puissent tes yeux bleus ne voit que la lumière
De jours purs, de jours doux comme eux."

The next letter is to Monsieur Godefroi; it was accompanied by some partridges that Brummell sent to him, as a little acknowledgment of the various civilities he had received from him in prison.

Hôtel d'Angleterre, Lundi.

Grondez, mon cher Monsieur Godefroi, le perfide chef de cuisine et non pas ma fidèle mémoire,

d'avoir tant retardé l'offre d'une petite couvée de perdreaux, couchée dans leur muraille de croûte. Le faquin m'a dit qu'ils étaient encore trop enfantins pour être étouffés dans un pâté, et peu digne de mériter l'attention d'un appétit recherché. Faites-y indulgence.

Ayez la bonté d'adresser mes amitiés au preux père Bassy, et faites-lui en partager au moins *une cuisse ;* ce lui sera peut-être le seul attrait féminin qu'il puisse caresser dans sa retraite actuelle.

J'avais, je vous assure, la louable intention de passer chez vous ces jours derniers—mais un arrêt tout inattendu de mon ci-devant créancier le rheumatisme, m'a empêché de faire le pas en avant vers votre hôtel.

Je vous prie de me prosterner, moi et mes tendres souvenirs, aux pattes veloutées de Mademoiselle, Minette, elle est parmi ma haute connaissances dans ce Pandémonium terrestre. Ayez aussi l'indulgence de faire passer ma considération distinguée au respectable Adolphe Lavigne, et à son jumeau Baptiste ; n'oubliez non plus le Nestor Frémont, ni cet enfant gâté d'imbibition spiritueuse Brillant.

Vous serez content d'entendre dire qu'on a dernièrement vu perché sur la diligence, faisant

route à Honfleur, notre ci-devant Lafleur, le Maréchal Paul Lépine, gai comme la voiture qui le transportait, l'Hirondelle! environnant de son bras d'Achille la belle taille d'une Princesse de sa trempe et de sa capture, dont la tête auguste était couronnée de trois plumes, rouges à l'enfer comme la défiance de ses joues éclatantes; ainsi montent progressivement de la fange les héros de votre patrie!

Est-ce que le cannibal qui immola sa mère, sœur, et frère, a été encore jugé? Si vous avez le procès, faites-moi le plaisir de me le prêter.

Toujours sincèrement à vous,

À Monsieur Godefroi, GEORGE BRUMMELL.
l'Ami de la Vérité.

Brummell's imprisonment did not decrease his notoriety, and the summer tourists, in search of churches and the tapestry at Bayeux, invariably passed a day at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and dined at the *table d'hôte*. "Put me opposite to Mr. Brummell," was the constant request of these travellers; he was really a very good decoy, for he frequently joined in conversation with them, and told some of his old anecdotes with pleasant good-nature. The landlord, if he saw that his guests were ignorant that he had such a distin-

guished character in his house, never failed to make them aware of the fact: they were, however, decoyed to a capital dinner, for the hotel was, and is, the best in the town, the cookery unexceptionable, and at least twenty dishes, including fish of two or three kinds, often made the circuit of the table.

Brummell's love of eating and drinking were not diminished, and, as he had not the means, or credit, to indulge the latter at his own expense, he was far from averse to doing so at that of others. He, who had once been so exclusive, and a model of gentlemanly reserve, would now accept wine at the *table d'hôte*, from perfect strangers; Champagne was his favourite beverage, and, enlivened by its influence, he was still able to repay his entertainer with a few excellent stories. A man with a gaudy waistcoat, a cravat of embroidered satin, and a handful of pearls in his pin, with whom, in former days, it would have been his death to dine—he was now very glad to see sit opposite to him, for he was pretty sure of sharing his bottle.

About this time, Mr. M****, afterwards Lord F****, made the hotel his residence; and as he was quite as great a *gourmand* as the Beau, the guests used to be not a little amused by the "war to the knife," which took place between

them. Many were the stratagems brought into play by the two *gourmets*, in the endeavours of each to possess himself of the most delicate morsels. The wings of the fricasseed chickens were always in great request, and as his Lordship's son, a very good fellow, but now no more, followed in his father's footsteps, Brummell, with two to one against him, was often left with the neck, or a drumstick: when this happened, his disgust was great, and giving a stern look, first at his youthful adversary, and then at the bones, he would send the dish indignantly away.

His next letter was a perfect specimen of that accomplishment, generally supposed to be peculiarly characteristic of the epistolary intercourse of ladies—the art of writing a letter about nothing. It was addressed to the elder of his young friends, who was still absent in England.

Thursday.

You are, I am told, in serious dudgeon with me, for having neglected one of my most flattering avocations, that of writing to you. If I was conscious of meriting this reprehension, I would solicit forgiveness on my prostrate knees, though it might be an idle position with this distance between us. May it please your more indulgent

consideration to learn, that during many a lingering week, I have not possessed a stray sentence of interest to impart to you, from these desolate regions of *ennui;* and, that if I had vainly attempted to divert your attention with my local *fades* jéré-miades, you would have found them as dreary and insipid, as the monotonous sorrows of your old friend and pagan idolater, Werter. You are too amiable, and too merciful in your judgments, to attribute the neglect of my accused silence to the imputation of forgetfulness of you; believe me, and I speak with simple truth, the deep interest that I have always felt for you has never deviated from my remembrance; and if you could suppose that your lamented absence from this place has for an hour escaped my best thoughts, you do me an injustice.

I had for months cherished the hope that you would, ere this, have returned. That expectation is still, I find, to be procrastinated during another month: you will then really revisit us; and none will welcome your restored presence with more honest cordiality and implicit faith in your kindly feelings towards me, than

Your very sincere friend,

G. B.

To Miss ——,
—— Park, Sussex.

CHAPTER XXII.

Brummell's young favourite returns to Caen—Letters to her—The Beau recommences his drawings for her—The late Duchess of Rutland—French poetry—Lady Warwick—The picnic at Norwood—The fortune-teller—The two friends—Lady B——n—Brummell's criticisms—The broken bow—Parting letter to his friends—They leave Caen.

In the autumn, the young lady, to whom the preceding letter was addressed, returned to Caen, and he lost no time in showing the pleasure he felt in again seeing her, by recommencing his occupation of drawing for her album.

Saturday.

You are, I dare say, anxious for your album, and I am mutilating its pages in attempting to draw and write upon them. I know not how it is, but I cannot design upon leaves that are bound.

Yesterday, I sketched three figures—you, and * * * *, and * * * *. I then got out of temper with my labours, and tore out the leaf: do not be angry with me for this piece of delinquency; I will make it up tenfold to you upon more propitious paper. I am wishing to portray you and * * * * together, but though my memory is accurate in regard to

yourself, I have not **** sufficiently impressed upon it to achieve anything that would gratify you. Let me but still have health, and you shall, *sans vanité*, be contented with me. I have no drawings left in my possession—they have all been given away, perhaps to thankless persons—except a few miniatures *encadrés*, perfectly uninteresting to myself as well as to you. The only one left is a half-finished crayon, which I began some years ago, as a model for another, which I accomplished afterwards in colours; it is the late poor Duchess of Rutland; we were great friends in those days, you must know, and so, indeed, we remained till her death, ten years since. Pray have a respect for her, and protect her, now she is no more—at least, in naming her, do not let her be approached by sacrilegious eyes and hands: of course I do not mean **** and ****, for I have every confidence in them; but there are others who sometimes surround you, and, I can assure you, when the original was living, she was never profaned by the familiar contact of *gens de cette trempe.*

I would rather have written the two copies of verses addressed to you, than all the rest of the contents of your album; they are pure, natural, and beautiful poetry; and I am quite in love with **** for having so delightfully done you justice. As to

the rest of the productions, they are generally of that ephemeral embroidery, of that *postiche* pseudo-class of dissembled French sentiment which has nothing to recommend it but the crowquill; and has neither heart, nor soul, nor genuine meaning, nor, above all, delicacy in it.

Ever yours most sincerely,

À Mademoiselle ——, G. B.
Rue ——.

This is a severe critique upon the French poetry in an album, but there are many persons who will not think it too much so. Even the stanzas of their great poet, M. de la Martine, are rather *somnifères;* beautiful, indeed, when read line by line, but as good as an opiate when taken *en masse.* The Beau cuts up the matter as keenly as Lord Byron did the sound of their rhymes, when, in alluding to this subject, or, rather, to their poetry in general, he called it "that whetstone of the teeth—monotony in wire!"—one tone, and that tone a wire one! Alas! Another drawing accompanied the next letter.

Wednesday evening.

Daignez agréez l'offrande d'une esquisse pour votre album. I have been the better part of a month about it, early as the lark, and industrious as the bee; my anxieties, however, as usual, have turned out adversely. I am discontented with it; it is too

deeply shaded, and that fault has been unavoidable from the *maudit papier qui buvait*, as they say, whenever my contending crayon came in contact (pretty alliteration) with its spongy surface. Receive it as it is; the only merit to which it may pretend is, its being *original;* as you said of some of my other productions, I never *copied* anything or *anybody*. I am going on with two others in all the colours of the rainbow, and with happier sunshine in their countenances, which will be *plus digne* of your acceptance.

Do not consider me impertinent or *irregular*, but *you* are the only person existing for whom I would give myself this trouble, and you deserve it, at least I think so, which will do as well. Deny me not your thanks for the drawing; and if you are the same amiable creature that you used to be in our earlier acquaintance, tell me, that I may still cherish the faith of existing *sempre* in your continued friendship.

You were, I trust, amused yesterday evening, *au cirque;* you must, no doubt, have been so, by the *refined* society around you. I will simply, yet humbly ask you, Were you, during your absence in England, exposed to the intercourse of any compeers resembling it? You will, I am confident, answer, with a forgiving smile—Never!

I have just received your charming note. I

shall not attempt to answer it till I have taken my laudanum, and surpassed the prolonged doze of the Seven Sleepers; to go without it would be suicide, from neglecting the high fever excited by your flattery. Pray have the kindness to whisper to Madame, (and if she has forgotten the circumstance I shall be equally contented,) that *ce juif d'Ison* made me pay him for Pantaleone's *billets;* she might consider me also an Israelite, if I mentioned the subject personally to her. The best of nights to you.

Very sincerely yours,

À Madęmoiselle ——, G. B.
Rue ——.

In 1835, the same *soirées* and the same whist parties were held as in preceding winters, his own habits were also the same; he got up, and spent two hours in his tub, and two hours before his glass; he read or drew, or wrote notes to his lady acquaintances, dined, "took tea" with a friend, and went to bed. Thus it happens that there is nothing for me to record. I have only the said notes to lay before my reader. The first was despatched to a lady, whom he has denominated elsewhere the "Mother of Pearls." It was accompanied by some relics that had been presented to him by two of his titled and fashionable friends of "*langsyne*," and which, though transferred from

his own keeping, he evidently still valued; for he also valued those on whom he bestowed them.

Thursday.

During the morning of yesterday I called, *chez vous*, without being admitted. I must, therefore, transmit the scraps you desired by the unhallowed hands of my Frontin. I have not yet waded through the heap of manuscripts in my possession; it is an unpleasant occupation, to disturb the dormant remembrance of days that are gone by; but as I proceed, you shall have more of these documents, if you wish it.

Upon ransacking other *débris* of former times, I cannot find any note-keepers in better preservation than the two wrecks you now receive. Their only recommendation may be, that the green one was worked by Lady Sarah Saville, subsequently Lady Monson, *ensuite* Lady Warwick;* the other, of the dove tint, like her eyes, was the travail of Lady Foley;† both of them, at that halcyon period, blooming in surpassing beauty! now, perhaps, faded, like their *cadeaux!* My only excuse, in

* The present Lady Warwick, daughter of the second Earl of Mexborough.

† The present Dowager Lady Foley, daughter of the second Duke of Leinster.

offering to you and Mademoiselle **** these recollective relics, is, that they may prove *échantillons* for any you might provide, through the gentle *travail* of those in your family, whose fair hands are as *blanches* and competent as those of the prototypes I recall.

The General's dull as a funeral last night. The *dodu compatriote* looking as faded as the flowers in her hand, drawling through the mazy dance, like a pied raven, her throat white, and her body black:—*malgré* the melancholy of her weeds, I observed, that whenever she had to *déployer le pas en face de son amie*—she most indecorously burst into laughter. You are, I trust, both again in pristine well-being. I understand **** had no loss from her absence last night; that harbinger of favourable reports and conciliatory truth, T****, told me, that it was dreadfully dull, and that Madame G***** was flagrantly *outrée*. Dr. K——'s punch was a salutary antidote for his poisonous drugs; and I find myself to-day *en première jeunesse*. Why do you patronize that Dr. ——? If you have any favourable "Canterbury Tales" to *épancher*, pray let me into the secret.

G. B.

A Madame ——,
Rue ——.

Brummell affected to have had a great admiration and friendship for Lady W * * * *, and this was probably the reason why he remembered the following anecdote, with so much precision as, nearly half a century after, he detailed it to me. We were talking of the various coincidences that sometimes take place in the fulfilment of gipsy predictions, when he said that the most extraordinary instance of the kind he had ever heard of, he himself witnessed; and that Lady Sarah S**** was the heroine of the story foretold. It appears that her Ladyship and a large party, of which the Beau formed a conspicuous item, proceeded, one summer's afternoon, on a picnic to Norwood.

In those days, that rural spot, now covered with bricks and mortar, was a great *rendezvous* of the daughters of prophecy, who were always lurking under the greenwood tree, and in its sequestered glades, equally ready to cross the hand of the high-born dame, or of the humble spider-brusher. After their repast *al fresco*, the "familiarisers with wasps and ear-wigs" rambled about, and, as usual, one of the swarthy Egyptians came towards the party, and offered her services. Lady Sarah accepted them, and the gipsy, taking her hand, and examining the lines, told her, with an accuracy of detail quite surprising, that she would marry a nobleman, the

description of whose person corresponded exactly with that of Lord Monson; she also predicted his death, and her ladyship's second marriage, stating the time that would elapse between the two events, every circumstance of which came to pass in the manner which she had prophesied. I have heard Brummell tell this story more than once; it seemed to have made a deep impression upon him: indeed I feel almost certain that he was rather superstitious on the point. The remaining letters in this chapter were addressed to the same lady as the preceding one.

Monday.

Du Pille has just left me; he will be *charmé* to be with you to-morrow evening, and I will bring him at half-past eight. Monsieur de Valmont told me he was dying with anxiety to be *prié* to your *soirée*. He said he had in the morning met a Monsieur O'Gradig, (he pronounced the name as you do Zadig,) who promised to intercede with you for his admission. He requested me to add my endeavours to O'Gradig's solicitation. You may, perhaps, have seen this *chevalier* at Luc during the last or the previous summer. I can only say of him that he is a Norman gentleman, well known to all the French residents here. He is also young and gay, though his personal recommendations are rather

dilapidated, and there is no fear of his making any serious impressions on your fair daughters.

Ten days since, I sent to Paris for Bulwer's last production, which I saw advertised—not yet arrived: also I desired the "Prairie," by Washington Irving, announced, but I do not believe published.

The "Two Friends" dreadfully tedious. I wish you well through their acquaintance. Lady B****n, in the wane of her days, like all reformed saints of her class, is getting too severely penitent, and suffocates one with assumed morality. If you have still a book unread by me, illuminate me by the loan of it.

Le frère lai, Mr. W * * * *, on his way to matins, told me you were favourably convalescent this morning: he went so far as to say, that an hour's airing on the Cours, in the *civière de l'Hôpital*, would by no means be detrimental to you.

Send back my missive to seal in the morning, for I dine out to-day, and pass my midnight with Madame de Temps; and I shall be *trop épuisé* to crawl out of my shell in time to call *chez vous* with the summons of chanticleer.

Always yours,

G. B.

À Madame ——,
Rue ——.

Thursday.

You cannot, in reference to ——, mean to designate me as your treacherous Guy Faux, when you date your note the morning of the gunpowder plot. I can assure you I am too faithful a Protestant in my professions.

Our blanchisseuse tells me this morning, with tears of turpentine trickling down her cheeks of deal, that "Madame * * * * va bientôt partir jamais à revenir parmi nous." It is deplorable how this class of persons enjoy the propensity to remind one of disagreeable subjects. The man in the street tells me you purpose taking up your future quarters at B—— towards Christmas: if this is authentic, without whispering it in *Gath*, I shall be there before you.

Always your shade,

À Madame ——, G. B.
Rue ——.

Tuesday.

I hear that you have been indisposed: if that is the case, do not go and throw yourself away on Cautez's fiddle this evening.

Yesterday I was reposing in amicable *tête-à-tête* with "Japhet," when I heard the Venetian ballad of "La Biondina" humming upon the stairs; in

walked Alfred de Launay with the Quotidienne in his hand, to show me a paragraph in which I was named. I send it to you for your amusement *à déjeûner*. It is the most preposterous fabrication that ever was transcribed; no truth, no humour, no accuracy of date in the period. Return the paper to me when you have read it, as he is anxious to repossess it.

Whenever from inadvertency, for I am incapable of the intention, I have been guilty of any impropriety or unbecoming bad taste, I am vexed till it is acknowledged by myself, and, if possible, expiated.

I had forgotten that the contemptible *jeu de mots*, "Broken Beau," was extant *au pied de l'esquisse*, which I had taken the liberty to offer for your album, till D**** asked me yesterday what the meaning was in *French;* of course I answered simply, "l'arc cassé." These ridiculous words were written in a moment of haste, and with no other idea than being laughed at by *you* as a *mauvaise plaisanterie*, not to be seen by others. I entreat you *instantly* to erase the words in question, or throw the sketch into the fire. I will make you a hundred others in lieu of it.

If you are out to-morrow when I call, send me the book in the evening. To-day I am too much subdued by the shadows of Valombrosa, at Madame

de Seran's last night, to hold up my head if I saw you. I shall take to rouge if this goes on.

Most sincerely yours,

À Mademoiselle ——, G. B.
Rue ——.

The frontispiece of this volume is a fac-simile of the *esquisse* to which Brummell refers in the preceding letter, and which he might, with more propriety, have denominated an elaborate drawing, for it was in hand several months; and when the reader is reminded that it was done when he was nearly sixty years of age, and in spectacles, he must, I think, admit that it is an admirable performance—the finish of it is nearly equal to one of Gerard Dow's birch brooms. Though Brummell says that he never copied any one, or any thing, *this* effort of his pencil was, I believe, taken from some miserable French print. If the hands were original, it is difficult to say why he made the fingers so much resemble claws; unless he meant to insinuate that poor Cupid, in the depth of his affliction, was actually lacerating his own flesh.

The anxiety he displayed to repossess this drawing, arose, perhaps, from the disinclination he felt to have his pun seen by the lady's friends. In Granby, Lister assures us, that when the pragma-

tical Mr. Bennett let one off, Trebeck rewarded him with a look that ought to have annihilated him, for that, in his estimation, such a species of wit was the extreme pitch of bad manners; and, in truth, Brummell did not often indulge in puns. He showed, however, great want of judgment in requesting that the drawing might be returned, and his entreaty was of course negatived; for the lady whom he thus favoured was young, very young, and naturally refused to part with a Cupid whose bow was broken. Since that period, however, the weapon has been repaired, the tears dried, and the fair possessor has fallen a happy victim to the young urchin's malice; while the *esquisse* still remains in her album, a striking allegorical memento of the poor old man who drew thus playfully, but, alas! truthfully, a picture of himself and his broken fortunes. The anecdote of which he speaks, as appearing in the Quotidienne, was that of, "George, ring the bell."

January 1st, 1836.

The infidels have frustrated my expectations; they have sent me but *one* annual from Paris, and they prevaricate by saying,, no other has been *imprimé*.

Que faire? You are sensible that *la Signora* **** is my nearer friend, I will not say, favourite; for

that would be comparative and familiar. *De plus,* she may be more immediately deficient in the disposition and the means *à chasser de sa souvenance l'ombre et l'ennui qui la désole.* The moon emaciates just now, sympathizing only in profile; and they say, novelty is the earliest heaven of melancholy—it will be but an inconsiderable time I shall languish in disappointment at being the debtor to Mademoiselle ****.

There is a *gentleman* starting for Albion on Friday or Saturday; he swears he is the soul of probity, and I do not think his physiognomy would hang him. He will take charge of the *paquet,* and salute the book at the *douane* that they are for his nearest relations, and that the *jupon en soie* has experienced twenty gallopades. You must address them in your own autograph, for I would not denote my ways of confidence to the walls of Babylon.

My nervous *compatriote* has just come in; he has lived so long at Madrid, that he dreads the Inquisition even at Southampton. He consents to take over the annual, and a note enclosed in it. His courage declines about the *jupon,* though I have sworn there is no lace, heresy, or treason, concealed in its folds. Send, then, back the book, that I may entrust it to the provident traveller.

The author of the pretended tour is a Russian prince, Mouska Pouska, the greatest impostor that ever existed; no dentist, that was always supposed to excel in fabrication, could possibly equal his misrepresentations about English society.

Mine was the "Rake's Progress" last night, and I have but this instant escaped from sepulture, while the sexton was asleep: I am still in my shroud, and incapacitated of writing to the living in this twilight.

Yours very sincerely,

A Madame ——, G. B.
Rue ——

The following note is the last that Brummell wrote to one of the most intimate and kind friends he had at Caen, and, with the exception of a few letters to Mr. Armstrong, it closes his correspondence.

Saturday.

It disappointed me much not to shake hands with you *en adieux* yesterday: it was, perhaps, the last occasion I shall find in this world, to express my devoted gratitude to you and yours, for all your kindness towards me: may we meet as good friends in the next! Pray remember me, with all humility, to * * *, and while you enact the *chaperon*, with all commendable discretion, do not forget the spirit

of indulgence for youthful feeling that pervades the lines in my old album, "Oh! let the young enthusiast stray:" tell her also, for it is the simple, unassuming truth, that wherever I may hereafter sojourn, far away, she will never for an hour be forgotten by me. Adieu! and may you all be happy! God bless you.

Ever sincerely yours,

À Madame ——,
Rue ——.

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

The following are the stanzas to which Brummell here alludes; they are inserted anonymously in his album:—

Oh, let the young enthusiast stray
Through fancy's rainbow-tinted way;
Let her light footsteps gaily rove
The fairy paths of joy and love;
Let her the world delighted view,
And think the flattering vision true,
Think every heart she e'er has known
As pure, as artless as her own!

Why dim the lustre of her eye?
Why draw the unnecessary sigh?
To her, young life seems full of charms,
She dreams secure in pleasure's arms;
Fancy and hope their gifts dispense,
Angelic guards of innocence;
Awhile life's hateful truths forego,
Nor wake her to a world of woe!

But, when maturer age appears
With cautious step, and crown'd with cares,
When first the long-worn path she tries,
Where sorrow, like a serpent lies,
Lurking beneath some fond delight,
And rears her withering form to light;
When, shuddering at the direful view,
She turns her tearful eye on you :—

When, doubting, with her hopes at strife,
She trembling asks, if such be life?
Then clasp thy daughter to thy breast,
Then soothe thy mourner into rest;
In gentler terms the truth unfold,
Th' unwilling truth, that must be told,
The fated ills life must endure,
And comfort, when you cannot cure!

CHAPTER XXIII.

Melancholy prospects—The state of Brummell's affairs—Letters to Mr. Armstrong—"Le vernis de Guiton"—A revolution—The black cravat—Brummell's description of his position at this period—His new dressing-gown—"Le commencement de la fin"—The memory fails—The dinner at Mrs. G——'s—Brummell's appearance at the *table d'hôte*.

With the departure of this family, the correspondence which had so much contributed to enliven many of Brummell's lonely evenings ceased entirely, for that which he had hitherto kept up with other friends became, by degrees, much less frequent, probably in consequence of his growing infirmities. The remainder of my task is to relate an uninterrupted narrative of misfortunes rapidly succeeding each other, and increasing in severity—an accumulation of distresses, in purse, of body and of mind. The allowance remitted to Mr. Armstrong by his relations and friends, for his maintenance, was one hundred and twenty pounds per annum, and half of this sum was paid to the landlord of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, for board and lodging; only sixty pounds therefore remained, for wine, firing, washing and clothes, besides the inci-

dental expenses of sickness, and various others, which his peculiar habits involved.

This income would certainly have been sufficient for many a single man in France, but it required to be managed with strict economy, and would not provide the multitude of *et ceteras* necessary to the Beau's comfort. On leaving his prison, he immediately fell into his old habits on almost all points; he had, it is true, brought himself down to one complete change of linen daily; but he could not find in his heart to renounce his primrose gloves, *eau de Cologne*, oil for his wigs, and patent blacking. Various and repeated were the remonstrances that were made to him, but with little effect; bills for those articles were run up without a thought, and it was not till their amount threatened a repetition of the events of the summer of 1835, that he paid any attention to them. The following notes are specimens of his repentance, on such occasions.

November, 1836.

My dear Armstrong,

Mulet, the boot-maker, has this instant been with me, in an insolent manner, and says that as you have refused positively to pay his account, or the principal part of it, for *vernis*, he shall

proceed against me for the amount of this debt, without it is settled the present day. Send me the money on *my own account*, and let me instantly settle it. I have, so help me Heaven, not four francs in my possession, and it will utterly destroy me to see a bailiff enter my room, or assault me in the street.

I will enter into any promise with you upon the subject of this d—d polish, that you may demand, if you will instantly enable me to pay this scoundrel.

Most truly yours,

G. B.

À Monsieur Armstrong,
Rue St. Jean.

This *vernis de Guiton*, which was five francs a bottle, he used to have ordered for him expressly from Paris.

December, 1836.

Dear Armstrong,

Do not any more be out of temper with me. I do not deserve it from you; I have never trespassed upon the rules of economy which you dictated to me, excepting in one instance, and that has been that d—d execrable blacking. I have now relinquished it for ever!

You are of too good a natural disposition to

be displeased with any part of my conduct in this place, during our more intimate acquaintance in this last year. So help me Heaven, I have never trespassed from the economy you dictated to me, and when I have solicited assistance from the utter want of necessaries, the request has never been solicited by my applications but from positive need. Let our good friendship remain between us as it has ever yet done, and you will never have reason to repent it.

You must not be again exasperated with me, when I make solicitations for your most friendly assistance, for you shall not have reason for it; and at this moment, I am not ashamed to tell you candidly, that I have not two *sous* remaining of the twenty francs you had the goodness to send me.

Most sincerely yours,

À Monsieur Armstrong, G. B.
Rue St. Jean.

The last of these letters relates to his speculations in the lottery, a species of gambling, in which he frequently indulged both at Calais and Caen, and at the former place with considerable success.

Dear Armstrong,

You have hurt me more than I can express

by your note to me this morning. I put down this infernal debt to the lottery-office, because I would conceal nothing from you—it amounted to its present amount, from my inability to pay *three* original *mises*, and I desisted from continuing to add to the insane obligation at the close of the last year. I am, believe me, sensibly ashamed of myself for this act of past folly—and if you overlook it, and still promise me your services, both here and in England, I give you my sacred word of honour, I will never again commit such an extravagant and senseless error.

I will endeavour to write, the instant I am restored to calmness, to the Duke of Devonshire, and, with your permission, I will send you the letter for conveyance to England.

It would afflict me to suppose that my immediate unfortunate affairs interfered with your better interests in other quarters; * but do not allow the precipitate anger of the moment, in regard to the past insanity of speculating in the lottery, to damp and destroy your friendly efforts to save me. Write to

Yours,

G. B.

À Monsieur Armstrong,
Rue St. Jean.

* Brummell here alludes to the Vice Consulship, which Mr. Armstrong obtained through his interest.

Such were the solemn assurances the Beau gave of future retrenchment; bills for luxuries and superfluities were, however, continually presented to Mr. Armstrong for payment; and he was at length obliged to check this expenditure, by giving out in the town, that no such accounts would be settled by him, but such as he thought reasonable, on being submitted to his supervision. He also obliged the Beau to reduce his washing, which was an expensive item; such cleanliness as a shirt and neckcloth every day being, in his eyes, great extravagance, when to Brummell they were indispensable. Not long after this a great change took place in his personal appearance. A lady told him, in a jocular manner, that his looks would be improved by a black cravat: he went immediately to his purveyor, and, having obtained his permission to purchase one, to the amazement of his friends—he had now no enemies—he appeared the next morning in the Rue St. Jean, in what had all his life been his particular aversion—a black silk handkerchief!

The lady's advice, though carelessly given, was good; for his white neckcloths, at this period, were always soiled, and covered with snuff; and it was perhaps the consciousness of the change in the appearance of his linen, that induced him to fall in with it so easily. His tie, the one, the only one,

that he had clung to with affection all his life, was now dissolved; and Brummell may be figuratively said to have expired that day—starch and cambric had become to him matters of history. I am very sorry it is not in my power to give those of his admirers who are curious in chronology the exact date on which this startling incident took place. The decayed and diminished state of his wardrobe, that he had now no prospect of replenishing, was probably an additional reason for such a dereliction of former principles; for, judging by the next and last note that I was able to collect of the unfortunate Beau's, it is very likely that his superfine cambric cravats, those that were possibly the gift of his friend King Allen, had now become mere visions of the past.

DEAR ARMSTRONG,

It is, I can assure you, with the greatest reluctance I am compelled to solicit occasional assistance from you; but I told you the truth yesterday, when I represented the abject condition of my linen to you. I have not a single shirt that will hang to my back, nor are my socks and drawers in a better state.

After what you have most kindly done for me, I cannot attribute my almost total want of the

means to purchase any necessary, however trifling, to a disinclination on your part to serve me. I would rather be d—d, than ask for anything that was not readily accorded; and therefore I can assure you, that it is with pain I have latterly been obliged to make requests to you. After the experience I have met with in this place, I have a horror of contracting new debts; and yet, during the last two months, I have not possessed five francs for the most indispensable purposes. I am in ignorance as to those who, through your mediation, have befriended me on the other side of the water, nor do I know precisely the amount of their contributions; therefore I am unable to write to them my thanks for what they have done, or to make them acquainted with my continued destitute situation;—the belly, indeed, is filled, but the hand is empty, and the back and limbs unprovided for.

I have not heard from any one of them, excepting, as you know, from my sister; and I could almost suppose she was laughing at me, when she says she hopes that I "have everything comfortable about me." Surely, my dear Armstrong, I had better immediately write to her, to Alvanley, and to others: they may imagine I am living comparatively in comfort, if not at ease, and the

positive reverse is the case; and I see it cannot last long with me.

Yours,

À Monsieur Armstrong,
Rue St. Jean.

G. B.

Brummell's necessities were partially attended to; but his caterer's taste in habiliments does not appear to have met with his approbation; instead of a shawl dressing-grown, that he had applied for, suitable for winter wear, a cotton one was sent to him, of an ordinary description:—this he had no sooner unfolded, than he rushed angrily to the window, and threw it out; and in its gyrations and flutterings, on its way from the third story to the pavement, it as seriously alarmed the passengers and horses of the Bayeux diligence, as it had disgusted its owner up-stairs. After reading the preceding note, no one can suppose that Brummell was comfortable; certainly not, according to the construction that he would put upon the word;—but his sensitiveness on such subjects was not destined to be of much longer duration.

Though he could, in the winter of 1836, collect his ideas sufficiently to write a letter, or speak with point on any subject that struck him forcibly, those who knew him intimately observed that his imprisonment had shaken his intellect to an extent

hitherto quite unsuspected. In speaking of that unfortunate episode in his life, he would point to his head and say that he had received a blow there from which he should never recover; and it was now evident that his mind was becoming gradually but seriously impaired.

His memory was the first faculty that failed him; and, in the early part of the following year, his good and mediocre stories were told over and over again to the same person: in the words of his own letter to his young *protégée*, he became "drawling from prolixity." This is doubtless one of the usual infirmities of age, but of *old* age; whereas Brummell was at this period only entering his sixtieth year, though he had the appearance of a man of seventy-five. His fits of absence became daily more frequent, and the remarks he would sometimes make, when in this half-conscious state, were truly ludicrous, if the term may be used under such distressing circumstances; but it was almost impossible to suppress an occasional smile. One evening, absorbed in the contemplation of a blazing fire at the house of a friend, and sitting next to two ladies, who were carrying on a desultory conversation near him, he heard the lady of the mansion gently chide her companion for having left her daughter by the sea-side alone, upon which he broke silence by

audibly observing to himself, "there is no necessity for being alarmed; she is too plain for any body to dream of running off with her."

As his mind became weaker, he frequently forgot to whom he was speaking. In an English family, the members of which were extremely hospitable and kind to him, (not only from a humane feeling, but from his having been known to his friend when the latter was in the Guards many years before,) he wandered to a degree that gave rise to a most awkward scene. One day this gentleman gave a large dinner party, to which Brummell was invited, and his wife, who was proud, and justly so, of her talent in storing her larder with good things, had been indefatigable in her endeavours to make this particular entertainment pass off well. She had superintended and organized the *fête;* she had, like many ladies in France, gone to market herself and chosen her own turkey; and lastly, she had solemnly charged her cook not to put the fish on till the company had arrived.

Every wish of her guests, and every *contretemps* had been anticipated with truly English good nature, and as the dinner was announced she very naturally flattered herself that every one would find every thing more than complete; and therefore, when she entered the dining-room, in all the confidence of

presumed success, she threw a complacent and approving smile across her well-provided table. Brummell, who led her to the scene of her triumph, sat next to her; but he had scarcely taken his place when he commenced criticising every dish that steamed before him. "What is that?" he inquired, pointing to one near him. "*Filet sauté aux champignons*," replied his opposite neighbour: he tasted it, and immediately sent his plate away, murmuring "how tough!" Another dish he condemned as cold, and a third as execrable; and looking at the bottom of the table remarked, in a loud aside, "What a half-starved turkey!" The host looked indignant, the guests surprised, and, gentle reader, the lady—the lady wept! At length Brummell's peevishness and grumbling subsided, and he ate—ay, he ate voraciously.

The fact was the poor fellow had been all this time under the delusion that he was at the *table d'hôte*, where he never failed to find fault with every thing, though, as I have before said, the fare was excellent, and where, *malgré* his complaints, he consumed enormous quantities of food.

His vagaries frequently attracted the attention of every person at the public table, and brought all eyes upon him. Sometimes he would transfix the portion of *fricandeau* before him with his fork, and

elevating the larded morsel in the air, stare wisely at it, shake his head, and exclaim, "Bah!" but in the next minute the condemned slice of calf had disappeared. It may easily be imagined that these exhibitions, though they might for a moment divert the lookers-on, were never pleasing to the landlord, who, according to the French custom, was always present to do the honours.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Brummell's indifference to his personal appearance—The state of his wardrobe at this period—His whims—Method of gratifying them—The gibes of his acquaintance—Lines written on him by an English schoolboy—A mystery—Brummell's reply to Colonel G***—Increasing infirmities—His singular evening parties—A woman hired to attend him—Replaced by one of the waiters of the hotel.

BRUMMELL also became totally indifferent to his personal appearance: not only were his clothes shabby and out of repair, but he was dirty. His tailor told me that, towards the close of his career, he had sometimes observed him in the street with his coat in holes under the arms, and his trousers torn. "J'avais honte," said Monsieur ****, assuming a dignified air, "de voir un homme si célèbre et si distingué, et qui s'était crée une place dans l'histoire, dans un état si malheureux; and though I could not afford to give him clothes, I frequently requested him to send me his things, and mended them for nothing." On such occasions poor Brummell was under the necessity of remaining in bed till his trowsers were sent home to him by the friendly tailor, for he had only one pair. The waiter who usually brushed his clothes, said that he was without a second pair

during the last two years and a half that he remained at the hotel, and that he had observed Brummell occupied in mending them at least a year before he became imbecile.

The landlady of the hotel likewise informed me, that his linen was "*en lambeaux*," his boots *percées*, He had, indeed, passed the point at which he had been the personification of a broken-down gentleman; his manners were, it is true, the same as ever, but he who had been the perfection of neatness and cleanliness, was now the very reverse —he was a complete sloven: in winter, however, his old cloak, which he constantly wore, covered all his rags, and then his appearance was not so wretched.

Though he had long given up his darling *vernis de Guiton*, nothing could induce him to forego *eau de Cologne*, oil for his wig, and *biscuits de Rheims*, for his luncheon; and as he could not obtain credit for these coveted articles, for Mr. Armstrong declined paying for them, he used occasionally to beg them at the shops where he had formerly dealt. As long as he could get out he went to a confectioner's in front of the hotel every day at two o'clock, to eat two of his favourite biscuits, which were always flavoured with a glass of curaçoa, or maraschino: for some time, they were

paid for with a bow, but this polite remuneration did not long satisfy Monsieur Magdelaine, and Brummell, to satisfy his penchant, now a passion, was obliged to sell or pawn the few valuables he had left.

For this purpose, and also to procure perfumery, he disposed of a handsome gold repeater to an Englishman of the name of Pitt, a tulle manufacturer of the town; it had originally cost eighty guineas, and was now sold for a very small sum: who negotiated the sale, or how he became acquainted with Mr. Pitt, no one appears to have known: he was not likely to have come personally in contact with him.

Some porcelain vases, another watch, seals, and a chain, and other articles of jewellery, were parted with in like manner, and even his last silver snuff-box was pledged to Monsieur Magdelaine, to indulge his puerile passion for *biscuits de Rheims*. The box was redeemed after his death by Mr. Armstrong, and is, I believe, still in his possession. It was singular, that he never would dispose of these articles of *bijouterie* to his equals—friends that he was daily in the habit of seeing. A gentleman once offered him a handsome sum for his ormolu greyhound, but he refused it, saying, "if you are interested about it, pray accept it; but I

don't *sell* it." A few years before, he was not so scrupulous, and at a still later period he did not object to receive, nay to beg for money from his friends: one young Frenchman, of my intimate acquaintance, assisted him with many a five-franc piece. The decay of his intellect when it really began to fail, was rapid, and at the close of 1837, the period to which the foregoing remarks particularly apply, poor Brummell had quite ceased to be a wit—he was only half-witted. Many of those who had previously sought his society with eagerness, now studiously avoided him; for he was, in the idiom of our language, a great bore, and the sarcasm that he once unmercifully dealt to others, was now levelled at himself—in utter disregard of his mental helplessness. A *ci-devant* French associate, who was sitting next to him at a Philharmonic concert this winter, alluding to the perpetual movement of his lower jaw, which had become habitual since the loss of his teeth, addressed him thus, "Mon cher Brummell, s'il faut absolument que vous mâchiez, du moins mâchez en mesure." At the *soirées* which he occasionally attended, previously to his disappearing from society entirely, some of his acquaintance would ask him in a satirical tone, "how he got invited?" and he was doomed to see himself the sport of an

English schoolboy's pencil, whose caricature of him was lithographed, and distributed about the town; the same youth also wrote the following doggerel verses, which were circulated with it.

" Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold;
My pins are weak, and I am growing old;
Around my shoulders this worn cloak I spread,
With an umbrella to protect the head,
Which once had wit enough to astound the world,
But now, possesses nought but wig well-curl'd.
Alas! alas! while wind and rain do beat,
That great Beau Brummell thus should walk the street!"

These gibes were all so many nails in his coffin, for he had still the consciousness to feel, though not the power to reply to them; and latterly, as he crept, in the evenings, with tottering and feeble steps, along the side of the street, supporting himself by the wall, on his way to the house of Mr. B——n, the very children mocked and jeered him, so odd and deplorably forlorn was his appearance. This gentleman's door was open to him to the last, as it had been ever since Brummell arrived in Caen, and his absence, of an evening, though dirty, and any thing but entertaining, would have made a blank in their domestic circle. " How can you admit such a driveller?" said an ill-conditioned cur to the kind-hearted lady of this hospi-

table mansion. "He is never in our way, sir," she replied, "and though it is true he is no longer the amusing character he used to be, I like to see him take his seat before my fire." On these occasions poor Brummell slept soundly, and he was never disturbed till the refreshing gunpowder was poured out.

An event occurred during this winter which proved that there was still, in some distant quarter, one, who either took an interest in his condition, or had an unaccountable curiosity to see the ruin before it fell. This was a lady, who arrived one cold and gloomy morning, without equipage, servant, or luggage, at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. The stranger was of a certain age, and plainly dressed, but her air and manners indicated that she had moved in the highest circles. Seeing this elegant apparition pass the window of his *bureau*, the watchful landlord went out into the yard to her rencontre, when she requested that he would show her to a private room. He did so; and was about to retire; but she desired him to remain, and requested to know if Mr. Brummell was still living in his hotel? "I am most anxious to see him, sir," said the lady; "can you put me in the way of doing so, without the chance of his seeing me?" "Nothing can be more easy, madam,"

replied the landlord, somewhat surprised at such a demand: "at five o'clock Mr. Brummell invariably descends from his room to the *table d'hôte;* his apartment is on this very staircase, and he must pass yours; I will, therefore, with your permission, rejoin you at that hour, and, when I hear him coming down, I will go out and meet him; if you then station yourself at your own door, you will see him distinctly, for he always has a light in his hand." True to his appointment, Monsieur Fichet met Brummell, and held him in conversation for a few minutes, on the stairs, in a convenient position for being scrutinized; on returning to the incognita's room, he found her in tears and much affected, and it was some time before she could thank him for his civility—this over, she paid her reckoning, and left the same evening for Paris, by the *diligence!*

Who was this mysterious being? Perhaps one of the *passée* leaders of fashion, some inexorable *ci-devant* Lady Patroness of Almack's, who had imposed upon herself a pilgrimage, not indeed to the shrine, but to the remnant, of that finished character who had contributed so much to the *éclat* of these exclusive *réunions*. Perhaps it was Lady J——y, or Madame de Bagration, or perhaps a "chatte metamorphosée en femme;" one was

as likely as the other, for the affair is involved in mystery. Two or three months after this occurrence, the shabbiness of his dress, and the otherwise neglected state of his person, daily grew worse: it was perhaps this that made him cease to pass his evenings at houses where, from humane feelings, he would still have been made welcome.

They were now spent at some obscure *café*, near the Place Royale, where his yet taking manners enabled him to obtain, on credit, what had always been a great luxury to him, a cup of coffee—that is, a second cup: this he could not get at the Hotel, one being the allowance that was contracted for in the agreement for his board. Sometimes the old woman who kept this *café* would request him to pay his account, when Brummell, looking out of the window, and at the sky, used to reply, "Oui, madame, à la pleine lune, à la pleine lune;" and this, with one of his distinguished bows, (for the machinery was the same, though the mind was gone,) always satisfied her:—her bill, which was paid at his death, amounted to sixty francs.

A few months after this, his memory was so defective, that he did not recollect what he had been saying for two minutes together. His friend, Colonel G****, who called one morning to see how he was going on, told him that Mrs. G****

always made particular inquiries after him: Brummell appeared pleased at the compliment; but, in a few seconds, he became totally unconscious who was speaking to him, and remarked, in a confidential tone, "Ah! Mrs. G**** inquires after me, does she? I saw her yesterday, and do you know, between ourselves, she very often pays me a visit; but pray don't tell the Colonel—he is such a jealous fellow."

It would be painful as well as tedious to detail all the different stages of mental decay through which this unfortunate man passed, before he became hopelessly imbecile. One of the most singular eccentricities that he exhibited was the following:—On certain nights some strange fancy would seize him, that it was necessary he should give a party, and he accordingly invited many of the distinguished persons with whom he had been intimate in former days, though some of them were already numbered with the dead.

On these gala evenings, he desired his attendant to arrange his apartment, set out a whist-table, and light the *bougies*, (he burnt only tallow at the time,) and at eight o'clock this man, to whom he had already given his instructions, opened wide the door of his sitting-room, and announced the "Duchess of Devonshire." At the sound of her

Grace's well-remembered name, the Beau, instantly rising from his chair, would advance towards the door, and greet the cold air from the staircase, as if it had been the beautiful Georgiana herself. If the dust of that fair creature could have stood reanimate in all her loveliness before him, she would not have thought his bow less graceful than it had been thirty-five years before; for, despite poor Brummell's mean habiliments and uncleanly person, the supposed visitor was received with all his former courtly ease of manner, and the earnestness that the pleasure of such an honour might be supposed to excite. "Ah! my dear Duchess," faltered the Beau, "how rejoiced I am to see you; so very amiable of you at this short notice! Pray bury yourself in this arm-chair; do you know it was a gift to me from the Duchess of York, who was a very kind friend of mine; but, poor thing, you know, she is now no more." Here the eyes of the old man would fill with the tears of idiotcy, and, sinking into the fauteuil himself, he would sit for some time looking vacantly at the fire, until Lord Alvanley, Worcester, or any other old friend he chose to name, was announced, when he again rose to receive them, and went through a similar pantomime. At ten, his at-

tendant announced the carriages,—and this farce was at an end.

At length Brummell became so infirm and childish, that he could not safely be trusted alone. One evening, in crossing the street to his perfumer's, he fell down, and seriously hurt himself; and when he was brought into the hotel, bleeding and covered with mud, the waiter discovered that his left boot was only half drawn on. On another occasion, a great crash of glass was heard in the street, and, on some one going to his room, to ascertain the cause, it was found that he had fallen with the back of his head against the window; fortunately, however, without doing himself any injury. These circumstances made it absolutely necessary that some one should be constantly with him; and an old woman was engaged for the purpose; but a *nurse* she could not be called, for she conduced little or nothing to his comfort; and his person and apartment remained nearly as neglected as ever.

. Brummell, who disliked at all times the attendance of strangers, abominated this old woman, and though he generally treated her with politeness, he would sometimes revenge himself upon her for what he considered impertinent interference. Amongst

other caprices, he would occasionally refuse to go to bed, and in the contentions that then ensued between them, the neighbours on the opposite side of the street could distinctly hear him scream, "Ah! est ce que vous êtes ma maîtresse?"—the discussion ending in her being obliged to call the waiter's brother to her assistance.

This man had been in the army; and was a much more proper person to have the care of him; for, when he attempted to resist the corporal's authority, he always expostulated with him firmly, but kindly; and in general prevailed upon him to submit quietly: sometimes, however, he failed to persuade him; and when Brummell angrily inquired whether *he* was to be his master, he replied, "Oui, je suis votre maître, et couchez vous de suite." This order, given in a loud tone, was sufficient; and taking him gently by the arm, to which coercion the poor fellow made no remonstrance, he conducted him to his bed. It is much to be regretted that the young soldier could not be spared from his duties, as assistant waiter of the hotel, to accompany Brummell in a daily walk, if only in the garden attached to the house; for uninterrupted confinement to his apartments seriously impaired his general health, and gave the last and

most decisive blow to his intellect. François, who had been for upwards of eighteen months in partial attendance on him, assured me, that he saw a great alteration, both in his mind and body, only a week after Brummell had been deprived of his liberty.

CHAPTER XXV.

Brummell's mind becomes quite impaired—Proofs of this—Destruction of his books—In want of a sufficient quantity of fuel—Reply to his visitors—His immense appetite—His personal appearance—Lord Stuart de R——y visits him in passing through the town—Distressing state in which he found Brummell—Stop the pointer—Letter of Mr. Armstrong's to Mr. ***—Preparations for placing Brummell in the Bon Sauveur.

In the summer of 1838 Brummell's imbecility was complete, and he every day gave fresh proofs of this in his amusements, or rather his occupations. One in which he took particular pleasure was to dress his own wig; and the quantity of oil that he poured over it was so great, that when he put it on, generally the wrong side in front, it dropped from his head on to his dressing-gown in streams. At other times he would walk about the room bald, and accuse the hair-dresser of stealing his perruque, for he had only one; but on a search being made in his bed-room it was generally discovered carefully hidden away between the mattresses, or some other very out-of-the-way place.

When reduced to this state, he destroyed piecemeal valuable editions of Shakespeare and Sheridan's works, and many of the *piquant* letters that

he had received from former friends, some of them being from royal personages. Billets also, breathing tender effusions from the seductive pen of Lady * * *, and the fashionable Mrs. * * *, were brought from the recesses in which they had for years lain concealed, and in some of them were enclosed and recorded the silken tresses and delicate distresses of these comets in petticoats. These relics, which had hitherto been hidden with jealous care and becoming reverence from any other eyes than his own, were now rudely disturbed from their long repose, and to receive—what? the tribute of a sigh or tear? Alas! no: the scrapings of a beard three days old. The reader will regret, as the author has done, that notes of Madame de Stael, Charles the Tenth, when Comte d'Artois, and those of many other celebrated characters, were subjected to this desecration, and thus entirely lost. *Eheu! quam mutatus* must poor Brummell have been, when he substituted a manuscript of the authoress of Corinne for his shaving-book!

His chief delight at this time was to sit opposite a blazing fire, of which comfort he seems to have been sometimes in want. It has been already remarked that he was always a chilly mortal, and at Calais, as well as in prison, liked to have a fire in his room, even in the height of summer; therefore,

now that he was old and an invalid, it may easily be imagined he required *bon feu* in the winter. The allowance of wood that he at one time received was a *cotret* a day, certainly not sufficient to keep up a good fire; and he very naturally, in his imbecile state, would, if he could lay hands upon it, put it all on at once, and burn it away in a few hours, leaving himself unprovided for the rest of the day. The report of his being without fuel having come to the knowledge of the English residents, two of them went to the hotel to see if such was the fact: they found that he had a good fire, but could draw no remark nor explanation from him on the subject, and the only observation he made during the interview referred to his attendant, who was making lace in a corner of the room,—"What a cursed old woman that is!"

His other gratification was to eat, which, as his appetite was unnatural, he did enormously. He was known to have partaken of fifteen dishes one after the other. But the quality of his diet was quite immaterial. He ate meat as if it had been bread, apparently unconscious of there being any difference between them; neither could he distinguish beer from champagne. He who had, a year or two before, almost quarrelled for wings of chickens, and sent his plate indignantly away because it was

tomata instead of some other sauce, would now gloat over a beef-steak floating in bad butter and chopped onions, or swallow the coarse fat of a pig, (and, be it remembered, a French pig,) with as much gusto as in former days he had discussed a *pâté de foie gras*, or snuffed the fragrance of the truffles which sent up their odours at Lord Sefton's table. The fillet of veal and Brussells sprouts, which he once drolly described in his youth as "a hamper of greens and half a calf," would now have had more charms for him than one of the culinary successes of his noble friend's five-hundred guinea *chef*, to perfect the flavour of which thirty hams, and thirty days and nights had been sacrificed—for it was a *pièce de résistance*. His meals were now served to him in his own room, as the immense quantities of food he devoured at the *table d'hôte* brought on fits of indigestion that threatened severe illness, and his medical man at length gave orders that only a certain quantity of food should be given to him.

But though Brummell's manner of eating was sufficiently unpleasant to those who sat near him, and the quantities he eat injurious to himself, the principal reason for his being removed from the public table was the deplorable state of his person; so disagreeable had been his presence for some months previously to this measure being

adopted, that he had been placed in a corner of the room as far away from the other guests as possible.

While he was in this state, another mysterious visitor arrived at the Hôtel d'Angleterre; in this case, the stranger was a gentleman, and his motive in coming more of humanity than curiosity. He also requested, as the lady had done, to see him, if it was possible to do so without being seen, and, as there was now no chance of his recognizing anybody, the landlord asked the *inconnu,* to follow him up stairs to the Beau's room. On reaching the landing outside the door, the stranger, however, paused, not liking, perhaps, to trust entirely to the landlord's opinion of Brummell's powers of recognition. Monsieur Fichet, therefore, entered alone, leaving the door open, and said, "Bon jour, Monsieur Brummell; et la santé, ça va bien?" "Très bien, je vous remercie," responded his lodger, as he continued dusting the mantel-piece and two or three shells that were upon it. "Avez vous entendu les nouvelles?" said the landlord. "Non." "George Quatre est mort." "Ah! est-il vrais?" This was his only remark, and, as he took no farther notice of him, Monsieur Fichet joined the stranger, who had in the meantime been a careful observer of the interview, and said "Well, Sir, I touched upon

the point I thought most likely to rouse him, and you see that he has quite forgotten the past; his head is completely gone." "He is indeed, sadly altered," replied the Englishman. "I can scarcely believe, that I have seen George Brummell."

The conversation, as they descended to the yard, still referred to his wretched condition and the state of his affairs, and when it drew to a close the gentleman said, "Sir, I am much obliged to you. I was once very intimate with Mr. Brummell; should he require anything necessary to his comfort that the allowance he receives cannot purchase, I shall be happy to pay for it." "But who am I to write to?" said the landlord. The stranger hesitated for a moment, and then said, "A letter to Lord S*** will always find me by the post," and before he left the town, he had an interview with Mr. Armstrong upon the subject, when he expressed extreme surprise at the comfortless and neglected condition in which he found his old friend.

Distressing, indeed, are the details of Brummell's last days. Six months before he left the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and within eighteen of his death, his intestines became paralysed, every organ of his body being more or less affected, and the functions

of it were not under the slightest control. When he was asked, how he could be guilty of acts too painful to record, he either fathered them on Stop, a pointer of the landlord's, or an Englishman who had the rooms below, and who never came near him; neither did any one else excepting from dire necessity, unless, indeed, it was the English clergyman, or Mr. Armstrong's servant. His old associates had long ceased to call in upon him; their sensibilities or their pleasures having outweighed the dictates of humanity, and he was left entirely in the hands of menials, who had no supervision to dread. There was nothing to stimulate them to take proper care of him, and he was at last utterly neglected; he existed, but every one had forgotten it, even in Caen.

To poor Stop he had always been extremely partial: the grateful animal invariably sat between his feet at the *table d'hôte*, and was never known to change his position to any other part of the room: if Brummell happened to be absent at the dinner hour, his canine friend would place himself opposite to his empty chair, his head peering beneath the table-cloth, and his earnest gaze directed towards the door. No one could allure him from his post, no fragments would he accept from any hand but that of his now imbecile

benefactor; he was the only creature that continued to keep up any social intercourse with him, and his *instinct*, at this melancholy period of my narrative, may be said to have been superior to the *intellect* of his adopted master—for he was cleanly.

The man who had once been such an extraordinary example of personal neatness and the "*arbiter elegantiarum*" of fashionable life, and, who had, only three years before, hoped and begged, that he might not die "from filthiness," was now approaching his end in that very condition; was an object, so loathsome and offensive, that admission into an hospital was the most desirable thing that could happen to him. If anything is wanting to complete this sketch of the wretched state that Brummell was at last reduced to, the following letter, written from Caen at this period, will afford the most painful illustration.

Caen, November 28th, 1838.

My dear Sir,

I have deferred writing for some time, hoping to be able to inform you that I had succeeded in getting Mr. Brummell into one of the public institutions, but I am sorry to say that I have failed; I have also tried to get him into a private house;

but no one will undertake the charge of him in his present state: in fact, it would be totally impossible for me to describe the dreadful situation he is in. For the last two months I have been obliged to pay a person to be with him night and day, and still we cannot keep him *clean;* he now lies upon a straw mattress, which is changed every day. They will not keep him at the hotel, and what to do I know not: I should think that some of his old friends in England would be able to get him into some hospital, where he could be taken care of for the rest of his days. I beg and entreat of you to get something done for him, for it is quite out of the question that he can remain where he is. The clergyman and physician here can bear testimony to the melancholy state of idiotcy he is in.

Yours faithfully,

To ——, Esq., —— street, London.

C. ARMSTRONG.

Poor Brummell was, and had been for the last year and a half, a fit subject indeed for a hospital, for nothing more piteous than his condition of mind and body, during the last year of his residence at the hotel, can be conceived, not only in comparative contrast to his former fortunes, but in positive want of

the necessaries of life. Though the report of his not having a fire at all, which occasioned the visit of enquiry I have mentioned, was certainly an exaggeration, it is nevertheless equally certain that he had not fuel enough; for, to my own knowledge, a French lady, resident in the hotel, often sent wood to his room. It has been already stated that the landlord of the hotel received fifteen hundred francs for his board and lodging; it will, therefore, be for the reader to judge, whether the remaining fifteen hundred of his allowance could, or could not, provide a proper quantity of firing, and supply his other necessities and crazy whims; or, whether it was ill-managed. For several months before he left the hotel, these whims could have cost nothing, as he was never allowed to move out of his room; he could not, therefore, run up bills for *marrons glacés*, *biscuits de Rheims*, or *eau-de-Cologne*.

Half-a-year more, however, from the date of this letter dragged on, and he still remained in this grievous condition; his complication of diseases increasing, and insufficiently provided with everything but food. Though there was a person to look after him, the duties of such a situation were so lamentably ill fulfilled, that it may be truly said, he was destitute of that careful personal attendance, the

scrupulous niceties of which are so indispensably requisite to an aged invalid, especially one afflicted in such a peculiarly distressing manner.

To confirm this assertion I will merely say, that his attendant informed me, that his linen was changed only once a month. Most fortunate, therefore, was it for him, when the arrangements for his admission into the Bon Sauveur were completed, and that the last year of his existence was passed within the walls of that asylum. This institution is one of such magnitude and utility, so comprehensive in its various objects, and so perfectly well conducted, that, before speaking of Brummell's residence there, I shall give a short description of it; thinking it may possibly be read with interest by those who take part in the management or support of similar establishments in our own country.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Public charities in France—Origin of the establishment of the Bon Sauveur —Annihilated by the revolution—Restored, and grants made by the province to enlarge it—The Sœurs de Charité—Treatment pursued in this asylum—Funds for its support—The "Tour aux Fous"—The result of mild measures—Number of patients and attendants—The Abbé Jamet.

THE public charities in France are generally maintained by the Government; it must not, however, be supposed that there are no voluntary ones: under the influence of the religious orders, many have been brought into existence, and that of the Bon Sauveur may challenge comparison with any benevolent institution, public or private, in England. It consists of a sisterhood, not cloistered, and was founded in 1730 by Anne le Roy, a shopkeeper's daughter of the town of Caen. In common, however, with all other convents in France, useful or otherwise, it was suppressed in 1792, and the Nuns, with sixteen insane female patients, were driven with violence from the home in which they exercised their charitable avocations. In the month of October, 1804, the troubled times of the Revolution having passed away, they purchased the house

of the Capucins, and, in the May of the following year, the Sisters of Charity again met within its walls. But it was not till 1818, that the Bon Sauveur became fully developed, when Monsieur de Montlivault, the Préfet, advised, and succeeded in inducing, the Conseil Général of the Department to lend the nuns the sum of ninety thousand francs: the establishment was then enlarged for the reception of the insane, of both sexes, who had hitherto been confined in the central house at Beaulieu, and also to admit the deaf and dumb.

Thus assisted, the nuns and their director, the Abbé Jamet, proceeded to form the present asylum, which is situated in the suburb near the Bayeux-road, and, with building, gardens, and orchards, occupies a space of not less than fifteen acres; the cider, bread, and clothing, with many other articles used by the inmates, are all made on the premises. Within the walls are several distinct edifices, the largest of which is occupied by the insane patients. These unfortunate beings are classed, agreeably to the character of their malady, each class being subdivided, according to the sum each of them pays to the establishment. A few have houses entirely to themselves, with a garden to walk in or cultivate; others rent a suite of rooms, many only one. They are all simply, but nicely

furnished, and so constructed that each individual may be as retired as he pleases. The various duties of this institution are performed by seventy-five Sœurs de Charité, and fifty novices, with a very large establishment of servants; the former, or servants whom they overlook, according to the sex of the sufferer, never quit the patient; the number of attendants on each being regulated by the state of his mind or health.

Valuable, indeed, must be the services of women, who have no interest but that of acting up to those precepts which their religion approves and directs; and who, however highly born, gently nurtured, or brilliantly educated, feel no repugnance in undertaking the most menial and disgusting offices;—truly may it be said, that they illustrate their denomination, and comply to the very letter with the injunctions which the great Author of our faith, to whom their lives are dedicated, laid upon all his followers. What man,—could he be aware that this most dreadful calamity of our human nature, insanity, was to be his lot, or that, like the unfortunate Brummell, with the gleams of consciousness still remaining, he should be doomed to close, in a second childhood, and in a foreign land, twenty-five years of expatriation,—who would not be thankful to think that he might be permitted to enjoy the blessings of this

refuge, and the soothing care of its benevolent supporters? Where is the invalid who has not felt the comfort and happiness of having his feverish lips moistened; and the pillow on which he has tossed many long and weary nights without finding repose, smoothed by the hand of a wife, a mother, or a sister, who will for a moment hesitate to say, that these objects of our commiseration are made more happy, by the presence of the untiring and unselfish Sœur de Charité? And how should it be otherwise? Men cannot feel like self-devoted women; the details of a sick room are *ennuyeux* to them; they tread heavily; the confinement becomes irksome; they sleep when they should watch; and the freshness and tenderness of feeling they possessed when they entered the mad-house become blunted, by having so much misery constantly before their eyes.

The treatment pursued in this asylum is similar to that practised in every well-regulated one in England. All violent measures are completely laid aside, and those patients who are in a tranquil state are allowed to frequent the reading, billiard, and music rooms; while those who are not rich, and therefore have not the *entrée* to these amusements, work in the gardens, follow their own trades, promenade the courts, which are planted with trees, or

play at those games to which, in their rank of life, they have been accustomed. There are, also, carriages for those to whom that exercise is considered necessary, and every kind of bath. The patients who are supported by their friends, dress as they please; those maintained by the charity are clad uniformly; the food, however, is the same for all; there is abundance without profusion, and no alteration is made, either in quality or quantity, without an order from the medical man.

The proportion of single persons admitted into the Bon Sauveur as insane, is different in the two sexes. In 1840, there were one hundred and forty-seven men, one hundred and seventeen being single, and thirty married; and of one hundred and eighty-two women, one hundred and four were single, and seventy-eight married: the proportion of bachelors to married men is as four to one; and the single to the married women, not quite two and a half to one. From the statistics of this institution, it may, therefore, be fairly inferred that marriage acts more beneficially upon men than women; and the Abbé Jamet argues from it, that the difference may be accounted for, by there being less to change in the habits of a woman than in those of a man; her education, and other strong links, binding her to a life of virtue, which

she only continues, not commences, in the married state, and which often brings with it, to her, violent causes of excitement and anxiety. Mrs. Opie's pathetic tale of the Father and Daughter, if founded on fact, is but an exception to the rule, that grief affects the mind of woman more than that of man.

The abbé further remarks upon the same point, "that the difference that exists between the proportion of the insane in the two classes, married and single, which is in this instance so strikingly displayed, arises from several causes. First, some are born idiots, others are of families subject to hereditary madness: secondly, some, while young men, enter upon a dissipated course of life, which impoverishes the mental faculties: and lastly, a great number, in consequence of the conscription, marry late; or dans tous ces cas, la folie ne vient pas du célibat, mais le célibat vient de la folie." This conclusion must have been very satisfactory to the amiable ecclesiastic, and no doubt contributed to strengthen his opinions in favour of clerical celibacy.

The care of the insane, and the instruction of the deaf and dumb, are only two of the charitable uses to which this establishment is devoted. There is also a hospital for the sick and accidents, a girls' school for boarders, and a day school for the poor children in the neighbourhood. The sisters likewise

visit the sick in the town, employ themselves as nurses in the most dangerous epidemics, distribute soup, wood, &c. to the indigent and aged in the adjacent parishes, and medicine from their dispensary.

The expenses of this noble asylum, and a gratuitous reception of a large number of patients, are defrayed by the private fortunes of those sisters who devote themselves and their worldly goods to this purpose, and also the sums paid by rich invalids for their admission: voluntary contributions have likewise much increased the funds.

Before the foundation of the Bon Sauveur, there being no establishment appropriated to the reception of the insane persons of the province, they were left to their fate, which of course varied according to their station in society and their means. The rich, and those who belonged to the middling classes, were taken care of by their friends; but the poor either roved about the country, the wretched objects of derision, or were thrown into a disgusting ill-regulated jail at Caen, and there abandoned. In 1783 might still be seen there the "Tour aux Foux," and to its damp vaults these unfortunate creatures were consigned, principally naked, and having nothing but a little straw for a bed. They were attached to the walls of the cells by heavy chains. Those who were in the upper story of the tower

occasionally let down a canvas bag, into which the passers by dropped fruit and pieces of bread; and the few who recollect the circumstance say, that it was horrible to witness the avidity with which those on the ground-floor devoured the eatables that were thrown to them. When the tower was pulled down, to make way for the erection of the present Palais de Justice, these poor lunatics were taken to the jail at Beaulieu, and it was not till the year 1820 that they were, to the number of forty, happily transferred to the Bon Sauveur.

On that occasion the superiority of mild measures over senseless and cruel violence was singularly and affectingly exemplified. Amongst these forty objects of pity was a woman of immense athletic powers, who had always been confined in a room with iron bars to the windows, and to change her straw it required six men to hold her down; for she had been exasperated until she became, poor creature, as savage as a beast of the forest. It was therefore thought impossible that she could be managed by the nuns, and she was brought to the Bon Sauveur chained hand and foot; but directly the cart arrived in the yard the Superior stepped into it, and exclaimed, as if unprepared for such a sight, "What, a woman in chains! take them off; there are no slaves here; she will in future be as free as

I am." From this moment she was docility itself, and the voice of the nuns, or any one in a religious dress, had complete ascendancy over her. The delight of her companions in misfortune at the sudden change in their position was extreme, and the Superior and the chaplain never entered their rooms without receiving the strongest demonstrations of their affection and respect. In 1841 there were within the precincts of the Bon Sauveur one hundred and seventy-two nuns and novices, five hundred and forty-seven insane patients, and one hundred and sixty-two children, of which one hundred and thirty were deaf and dumb: besides these there were domestic servants, gardeners, stablemen, &c., amounting in the whole to upwards of eleven hundred persons. The number of the insane patients has considerably augmented since that period.

Within the walls of this community, charity—that great moral virtue of the heart, which depends neither on creed nor colour for its existence, and which the Christian, the Mahometan, or the Gheber, the worshipper of the Great Spirit of the prairies, or the worshipper of Brahma, may all agree in reverencing—is exercised in all its purity and force. And whether this virtue be practised by Sir Jemsetjee Jeejeebhoy or an English peer, a French

priest or a Russian Mujik, is immaterial, the evidences of it in either, elicit our respect and admiration, soften our estimate of character, and, while clinging stedfastly to our own opinions, dispose us to judge leniently of the creeds and intentions of others.

It was in the year 1790 that the Abbé Jamet, the present venerable head of this institution, became chaplain to the community; but the intellect which has, for fifty-three years, contributed to alleviate the mental sufferings of the insane, and cultivate the limited faculties of the deaf and dumb, is now itself decayed. Happy was it for his countrymen that his mind was spared in all its energy so long. He is now in his eighty-seventh year.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Brummell is placed in the Bon Sauveur—His disinclination to leave the hotel—Distressing scene on the staircase—A last ray of reason—The ruling passion—Brummell arrives at the Bon Sauveur—Delighted at his reception—His compliment to the nuns—Occupies Bourrienne's rooms—Letter of the English clergyman—Melancholy picture of Brummell's last moments—His death.

Into this haven of comfort poor Brummell drifted at last, and it was a sad pity for him that the current of his misfortunes did not set that way long before; or, that more strenuous exertions were not made to procure him such a desirable retreat, as soon as it became evident that he was, mentally and physically, unable to take care of himself. When the day arrived for his departure, some fears were entertained that he would object to leave his rooms at the hotel, and every precaution was taken to induce him to go quietly. His landlord, a day or two before, invited him to take a drive on the Cours, to which he consented, and a day and hour were named. At the appointed time, therefore, Monsieur Fichet, accompanied by Mr. Armstrong and his servant, went to his apartment, having previously had the carriage drawn up close to the door

of the staircase, which was immediately under the *porte cochère.*

On entering his room, they found poor Brummell in his dressing-gown, seated in his easy chair, the Duchess's chair, near the fire-place, but without his wig; this he had placed on one knee, which he had raised, by setting his foot on the rail of a chair that stood in front of him. An old pewter shaving-box stood on the table close to him, and into this he kept dipping his brush, and working up a lather, which he transferred to his peruke. So intent was he on what he was doing, that he never observed the entrance of the party, but continued painting away; his great object apparently being to make every hair of the wig lie flat. "Bon jour, Monsieur Brummell," said the landlord, desirous of withdrawing his attention from his occupation; contrary, however, to his usual habit, which even now was courteous in the extreme, he replied, without turning his head, or ceasing to ply his brush, "Laissez-moi tranquille." "But I have ordered a carriage for you to take a drive with me," continued the landlord; "you promised me that you would go, and the carriage is now at the door." Brummell, however, would not go, and excused himself by saying that he was not well, and would go another day. They then praised the weather,

and a garden that he was to see: it was the merry month of May, but he knew it not. Expostulation, however, and every proposition that was likely to tempt him to move, failed,—he went on lathering and painting, evidently determined not to budge.

At length, finding all attempts at persuasion unsuccessful, Monsieur Fichet approached him, and snatching the wig from his knee, threw it on the table. This so irritated the poor fellow, that he ordered them to leave the room instantly, and threatened, if they did not, to turn them out: they had, therefore, no alternative left but to use force, and, taking him in their arms, for he would not walk, they carried him down the stairs. This rough usage turned his thoughts into another channel; he imagined they were taking him to jail, and the scene on the staircase was most distressing. It was in vain that they tried to pacify him, by assuring him that he was going to a much better and handsomer residence: he kicked and fought as violently as his swollen legs and reduced strength would permit; screaming and shouting at the very top of his voice,—"You are taking me to prison—loose me, scoundrels! I owe nothing:" and then a shriek followed, that was heard at the end of the court; but his resistance was, of course,

futile, and this, happily, he appeared to be aware of, directly he was put into the carriage, for he suddenly became perfectly tranquil.

On their way across the Place Royale, they met Monsieur de St. M——, with whom he had been intimate, though he had not seen him for two years; Brummell, however, to the utter astonishment of those who were with him, recognised him instantly, and, with the feeble ray of reason that flickered over the wreck of intellect, he showed, and for the last time, that the ruling passion even then predominated; for he immediately drew away from the window, and said, "That is Monsieur de St. M——;" and, looking at his tattered dressing-gown, added, "I did not bow to him, for I am not fit to be seen in such a *déshabiller* as this." When they arrived at the gates of the Bon Sauveur, and the unfortunate Brummell heard the bolts withdrawn, he again thought that he was going to be incarcerated, and wept bitterly, muttering between his teeth, "A prison—a prison." His tears, indeed, fell fast, and did not cease until the carriage drew up in the court yard, and descending, he found himself surrounded by the nuns, whose kind and gentle manners soon dispelled his grief and fears. When the Superior came up, and took him by the hand, Brummell was quite delighted,

and immediately after allowed one of the sisters, a young woman, to lead him into the house.

Though in a religious habit, he at first imagined she was the wife of Auguste, Mr. Armstrong's servant; and, turning to him, for he was supporting him on the other side, he said "n'est-ce pas madame?" Auguste was rather abashed at this remark, but the nun smiled, while Brummell, totally unconscious of its absurdity, slily added, "Ah vous êtes marié! eh bien, je vous félicite; car..." and he turned towards the nun as he spoke, "vous êtes bien une jolie femme." Thus accompanied he was taken to his apartments, where every comfort was awaiting him, and a blazing fire with an arm-chair in front of it; of this, he immediately took possession, expressing himself greatly delighted with his new quarters.

They had formerly been occupied by the celebrated Bourrienne, who had, like Brummell, seen the *bon* and *mauvais côté* of life, and, like him, terminated his vicissitudes in the refuge of the Bon Sauveur. When Bourrienne arrived here, he occasionally had "accès de fureur," but he eventually fell into a state of childishness, and was always writing, nobody could make out what, frequently without forming any distinct letters, and scribbling all kinds of marks. He died on the

7th February, 1834, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and without having recovered his intelligence.

The house in which Brummell lived, was quite detached from the principal building of the establishment, and did not look in the least as if it was intended for the reception of lunatics; the windows were without bars, and the garden in which it stood was filled with a profusion of roses and other flowers; the walks were nicely gravelled and edged with box, and so long as his strength and the weather permitted, he was wheeled up and down them in an easy chair by the servant, who was in constant attendance upon him *only*. In this oasis, poor Brummell, surrounded by comforts that he had long been a stranger to, passed the remainder of his days, not however destined to be numerous, but which, thanks to the humane conduct of the inmates of the institution, were spent in perfect tranquillity. The few friends who charitably paid him an occasional visit, always found him sitting before a blazing fire, and his man-servant, or one of the sœurs, for he was never left alone, sitting in the room to anticipate his every want. When asked by an old acquaintance, whom he did not however recognise, whether he was comfortable? Brummell replied, "Oh yes," and, turning to the nun who

was standing by his chair, and taking her hand, he said, "this excellent nurse of mine is so kind to me that she refuses me nothing; I have all I wish to eat, and such a large fire; I never was so comfortable in all my life." The nuns observed, that he was the most docile patient that had ever entered the Bon Sauveur, and that nothing could exceed his politeness and gratitude for the attentions he received: expressions of this kind were always poured forth when they complied with any particular request: "Ah, madame, vous êtes trop bonne pour moi, je suis très reconnaissant." He scarcely ever thoroughly recognised his visitors; but, when his old landlord called, he knew him immediately, and said, "Bon jour, Fichet: table d'hôte toujours à cinq heures?" "Oui, monsieur," he replied. "Très bien," said Brummell, "très bien; je descendrai." To the last he retained a confused recollection of those persons whose countenances had been the most familiar to him, and they would occasionally bring to mind the remembrance of those friends from whom he had, during his residence at Caen, received obligations and kindness. In this state of second childhood he remained till the spring of the following year, apparently perfectly happy, and capable of answering questions relating to his wants, but wholly unconscious of

his real position. Though one or two of his most intimate friends called to see him after he was placed in this asylum, the only visits that he received towards the immediate close of his life, were those of the English clergyman, and this gentleman, to whom I wrote on the subject, draws a melancholy picture of the state of his impaired intellect, when he attempted to excite in it any reflections or recollections of a serious nature... This point is one which certainly ought not to be evaded in the biography of any man; yet, remembering our own errors and infirmities, it should be touched upon with benevolence and charity—not in the pharisaical spirit of, "Stand off, I am holier than thou."

The following is an extract from his letter:—"Mr. Brummell was in an imbecile state when I arrived at Caen, and remained so until his death, incapable of remembering any occurrence five minutes together; but occasionally recalling some anecdote of days long since passed. Mr. Brummell appeared quite incapable of conversing on religious subjects. I failed in every attempt to lead his mind (if he can be said to have retained any power of mind) to their consideration. I never, in the course of my attendance upon the sick, aged, and dying, came in contact with so painful an exhibition of human vanity and apparent ignorance,

and thoughtlessness, of and respecting a future state; for I have before visited persons whose mental powers were equally shattered, but still it was possible to touch some chord connected with religion, to which they responded, though perhaps weakly and imperfectly: with him there was some response, when sounded on worldly subjects; none on religious,—until a few hours before he died, when in reply to my repeated entreaties that he would try and pray, he said, 'I do try,' but he added something which made me doubt whether he understood me." About a week before Mr. —— paid him this, his last visit, his debility had continually increased; his hour was evidently approaching fast; nature was completely worn out; and her lamp, which had burnt too frequently before the altars of folly and pleasure, was now on the eve of expiring. This letter of the Rev. gentleman's is but a sad and painful prelude to the description of his last moments, the particulars of which I learned from the nun who had attended him from the time he entered the Bon Sauveur. "On the evening of his death," said that amiable woman, "about an hour before he expired, the debility having become extreme, I observed him assume an appearance of intense anxiety and fear, and he fixed his eyes upon me, with an expression of entreaty, raising his

hands towards me, as he lay in the bed, and as though asking for assistance, (*ayant l'air d'implorer que je vienne à son secours,*) but saying nothing. Upon this, I requested him to repeat after me the *acte de contrition* of the Roman ritual, as in our prayer-books. He immediately consented, and repeated after me in an earnest manner (*un air pénétré*) that form of prayer. He then became more composed, and laid his head down on one side; but this tranquillity was interrupted, about an hour after, by his turning himself over, and uttering a cry, at the same time appearing to be in pain; he soon, however, turned himself back, with his face laid on the pillow towards the wall, so as to be hidden from us who were on the other side;—after this he never moved, dying imperceptibly." It was a quarter past nine in the evening of the 30th of March, 1840.

There cannot be a doubt that Brummell must, at some period of his life, have considered the subject of religion: indeed his letter in the ninth chapter of this volume shows that he was neither ignorant of the history of the Romish and Protestant churches, nor insensible to the difference between them; but it is equally certain that, whatever he may have done in early life, he did not, when at Caen, attend the public worship of that in which he had been

brought up, even when consul. But though he never supported religion by his example, he was no sneering Sadducee: he never treated it with disrespect, nor ridiculed the observance of its duties in others; on the contrary, he always admonished his young associates if they showed any disposition to joke upon the subject. Unhappily, however, this furnishes no evidence that he ever felt the force or value of it in his life so deeply as he did the want of it in his dying moments, when he yielded to the nun's persuasion, and repeated after her the prayer of her church. Mr. —— says, that to his repeated exhortations that he would pray, he replied, "I do try," but that he "thought, from something he said afterwards, it was uncertain whether he had understood him or not." Let us hope, however, that he did understand him, and that the words he subsequently murmured, which seemed to cast a doubt upon the subject, were the expressions of a ruined intellect, which had already wandered from the subject. Let us hope too, that the overwhelming feeling, the "*air pénétré,*" was the result of a return of consciousness such as sometimes visits on their death-beds those who are afflicted as he was,—that under its influence he eagerly clung to the support the nun offered him, and that his prayer was accepted by that all-merciful God to whom it

was addressed. It was the only tribute that, in that awful moment, his startled mind and "broken and contrite heart" could offer, being then utterly unable to remember a prayer according to the liturgy of his own church. Such was the melancholy end of the gay and admired George Brummell!

Poor Brummell's death caused very little sensation in the town of Caen, for he had disappeared from its *salons* three years before. The English who had shown him kindness had long since left; and, amongst all the young men who had formerly delighted in his society, and interested themselves in his affairs, not one attended to see his remains laid in their last resting-place. They repose in the dreary Protestant cemetery of the town, a wilderness of weeds and fennel, which grow there in rank luxuriance. The grave is surrounded by an iron railing, and on a plain slab of black marble, inserted in the headstone erected by his family, is this inscription:—

In
Memory
of
George Brummell, Esq.,
Who departed this life,
On the 29th of March, 1840,
Aged 62 years.

For this discrepancy between the date that I have

given as the one of his death, and that inscribed on the tombstone, I cannot account: it is a singular mistake. The former was taken from the books of registration at the Hôtel de Ville, from which the following is an extract :—

Aujourd'hui trente-unième jour du mois de Mars, l'an mille huit cent quarante, à l'heure de midi, en l'hôtel de ville, devant nous Armand de Bernetz, adjoint au maire de Caen; sont comparus Charles Armstrong, consul de Sa Majesté Britannique, et Charles Basile l'Abbé, gardien en la maison du Bon Sauveur, lesquels nous ont déclaré que le jour d'hier, à neuf heures un quart du soir, Georges Bryan Brummell, ancien consul Anglais, âgé de soixante-un ans, célibataire, est décédé en la maison du Bon Sauveur, ce dont nous nous sommes assuré. C'est pourquoi nous avons rédigé le présent acte, &c. &c. Signé, ——.

CONCLUSION.

WHILE feelings of compassion must necessarily predominate at this melancholy termination of a life, the morning of which was so bright and sunny, and the noon seemingly so cloudless, a calm review of the alluring career that led to so long an evening of humiliation and misery, cannot fail to awaken, in the minds of many, reflections of a serious character; not only as connected with the individual himself, but on the society of which he was the courted, brilliant, and pampered ornament. The possession of commanding talents, enormous wealth, or high rank, will generally ensure any man a place in the fashionable world, and he will sometimes be allowed to indulge with impunity follies and caprices, nay even something more than follies and caprices, that, in others, with less cleverness or riches, or of less aristocratic birth, would never be tolerated;—of this examples might easily be cited, were illustration necessary.

Brummell possessed neither of the foregoing adventitious, but powerful advantages to assist him

in establishing himself on his pinnacle of fame, and yet he attained it. Eager for distinction, but conscious that he had not the industry and perseverance requisite to accomplish his purpose in any of the useful and honourable paths selected by other men, he chose an easy and amusing mode of arriving at his object; and, foolishly throwing aside the legitimate connexions and means of advancement that his father had left him, he frittered away the abilities that attracted the attention of Lord Erskine, and the commendation of Crabbe, in the miserable ambition of being a man of pleasure, and the leader of a set. Eton and the Tenth introduced him to the highest circles; his patrimony was sufficiently large to allow him to play the idler, and live on terms of intimacy with those he met there; he possessed acquirement enough to encounter any man at a dinner-table; and, with great powers of conversation, had a most extraordinary tact in exposing and satirizing the foibles and *gaucheries* of others. To these qualifications must be added his great elegance of person and manner, the same excellent taste in dress that he had in every thing else, and a fund of droll and ready wit: such accomplishments, with some knowledge of poetry and drawing, and a very creditable acquaintance with general literature, redeem his character from the

popular imputation, that he was a mere creature of externals, a successful fop; though he laid the foundation of that opinion by his own humorous absurdities; in short, Brummell was endowed with every quality that could in any way contribute to render him agreeable, amusing, and ornamental, but not one that tended, in the most remote degree, to make him useful. Had the Beau been born an Owenite, it is difficult to say what the community of Utilitarians would have done with him.

As he turned over the pages of life, he found that impudence, well seasoned with wit, was one of the stepping-stones to notoriety; and also that a vain man, of whatever rank, was as easily cowed by ridicule, as a boy of the first form by an incipient Hercules. Of this discovery he took ample advantage, using it both as an offensive and defensive weapon; and, when he had once gained the rostrum of fashionable life, he kept it, and lashed most unmercifully many of those who, in their simplicity, had assisted in placing him there. He cared as little to *ménager* the Prince of Wales, as he did his own valet; and when discarded by his Sovereign, he took care to apply the blister exactly on the most sensitive point. But, whatever were his powers of pleasing or of ridicule, he was totally deficient in the judgment requisite to make the position he obtained by these means, of

any solid advantage to him; and, in spite of his intimacies with great people, he did not accomplish either of the principal objects of a sensible man's life, especially in these very hard times,—he neither managed to marry well, nor to get a place—he did not even keep his own.

Yet, up to a certain point, Brummell's success in the line he marked out for himself was complete, and for years he reigned absolute as the dictator of the fashionable section of the London world. He had a run: so had Mesmer, so had mustard seed, Dr. Graham's connubial bed, the metallic tractors of Perkins, tar water, and the well known fox in Whittlebury forest. Like most men, however, whose absurd ambition is to make a great figure in a society which they have but slight, or perhaps no rational ground for entering, he fell a victim to his own vain and aspiring notions; for he at length became unable to meet the heavy calls upon his purse which the habits of such society entailed upon him, and which had never been more prodigal and dissipated since the voluptuous days of Charles the Second. This remark is particularly applicable to that portion of it into which Brummell was so early introduced—the royal circle of the Regency.

Excessive drinking was the prevailing vice of that day; and the presiding genius of the band of wits

and epicures that graced the gorgeous halls of Carlton House, undermined his intellect and constitution with draughts of aromatic and luscious alcohol, until the judgment that had once been good, the generous impulses that had once been strong, were weakened and finally destroyed. It was then, when national distress was at its height, and tears accompanied the blessing of the poor man's meal, that debts, to the amount of nearly a million, were heedlessly contracted, and the grand conceptions of the great Duke of Bridgwater were emulated at the palace,—a canal was seen flowing through the centre of the royal dining-tables full of gold and silver fish!

It was indeed "the gilded not the golden age;" and of those who were unfortunate enough to be tempted into this vortex of pleasure, there were few that did not eventually suffer from the extravagant ideas and dissolute habits acquired and fostered within its luxurious limits. One of them, whose talents had graced the government that their Royal Patron had formed in accordance with his early political principles, whose sparkling wit and convivial powers had so often administered to his pleasures,—the orator and the dramatist,—was doomed to breathe his last with the wretched prospect of having his eyes closed by a bailiff: another, as we

have seen, became a fashionable mendicant, lived for four-and-twenty years on the charity of his friends, and died in a madhouse in a foreign country. Many others, more or less distinguished, likewise finished their career in bankruptcy of health, fortune, and peace of mind. But a life of pleasure will always bring with it its own punishment; and it is scarcely possible to conceive any homily, however powerfully written, any advice, however earnestly and kindly given, so calculated to deter those who are entering the world from adopting a course of senseless dissipation, as the contemplation of the last days and death-beds of "the first gentleman of his age," and his intimate companions, the Marquis of H——d and George Brummell.

Towards the close of their lives, these three were, indeed, wretched remnants of reasoning and responsible beings: two of them, struck with paralysis, and deprived of all control over the ordinary functions of nature, must have been truly harrowing objects of contemplation, and distressing to other senses than that of sight; their Royal Friend, when stretched upon his couch of sickness, surrounded by a perfumed atmosphere, must also have felt, that corruption had seized upon his once elegant form before the grave was open to receive him; and it is said, that when nature re-

claimed her earth, and God his soul, he met the unerring reaper of the great and humble with the hopeless exclamation, "Is this death?" The King has had his panegyrists, who have drawn his character in the brightest colours, none more so than his clerical biographer; and many of those who surrounded him in his latter days have very naturally raised their voices in his praise. "All the harm I wish the King," said Brummell, when George the Fourth was fast approaching his end, "is, that he would leave me but a small portion of the sums that the Marchioness of C—— and Sir W. K—— have already received." That Sovereign has also had his calumniators, who have suffered their pens to trace all the scurrilous invectives that mortified vanity and disappointed expectations could dictate—men too, who, at one period of their lives, were glad to accept his favours on his own terms. But to none of these slanderers or obsequious parasites must we turn for a fair estimate of his character; there is a popular voice which speaks more truthfully than a poet laureate, and more generously than the literary assassin—he had his faults, but he had his virtues; and yet, it is to be feared, that voice has declared an unfavourable verdict.

In the last act and deed of the Noble Marquis

to whom I have alluded, is to be found the index of *his* life, and, if the reader should require illustrations of that life, he will find them amongst the licentious frescoes of Pompeii. We gaze on the splendid efforts of Poussin's classic pencil, representing the fabulous scenes taken from Pagan lore, and fancy that the old recumbent satyr, surrounded by a group of lewd and intoxicated Bacchantes, pouring over and around him from chalices brimfull the juice of the purple grape, are but the coarse brutalities of that mythology, and of that alone. Not so; these scenes of heathen profligacy are but the type of those that have been enacted in the nineteenth century, in the *Tempio di Venere* of one of the patrician order of this country; of one, who, educated in the principles of Christianity, and having the means of blessing and being blessed, died without a claim on the genuine gratitude of his fellow creatures; for who were they that surrounded the death-bed of this miserable mortal? Menials, and those who had profited by his ill regulated passions; there was not one individual near him that could be said to have felt disinterested sorrow. Of this man it has been observed, "that he left the world without doing one really kind or generous action" —a dreadful epitaph.

Had Hogarth lived in these days, his burin would probably have handed down to posterity the deeds of this Charteris, this Pan of our times. The Shakespeare of Engravers would have delineated a "Reading of the Will," inferior, perhaps, in execution, but more pointed in its moral than that of the British Teniers. If that impure document had really been read in the presence of all those whom it concerned, the scene would have been one to which his bold and graphic crayon would have done ample justice: he would probably have placed us in the chamber of death, with the coffin dressed out in all the rich trappings of ceremonial mourning; we should have seen the noble relatives hearing with indifference the recital of those clauses which deprived them of wealth, won, not only in the hells of London and Paris, but from their needy, though gallant countrymen at Verdun; he would have immortalized the features of "that excellent man" who administered to his appetites; and round the man of law, he would have grouped the disappointed time-servers, and the base recipients of his favours.

The prostration of the physical powers of this emasculated being, was the effect of excessive indulgence; but the bodily afflictions of Brummell, though similar, were brought on by different

causes; they were the result of worry, poverty, disappointment, and mortification, embittering the close of a life, the early part of which, though not one of uncontrolled licentiousness, had certainly been devoted to pleasure. But, though, for the last two years previously to his being sheltered in a public hospital, he was without one of the thousand comforts which wealth placed at the command of this nobleman, and which palliated, in some degree, the details of such physical abasement, Brummell was at least spared the misery of knowing what his position really was; while his former friend was left to feel, not only that, to its fullest extent, but vexation and regret at the annihilation of his voluptuous pleasures. Despite the possession of vast riches, high rank, and the glittering George, how degraded the life and last moments of such a man, who, surrounded by the panders and minions of his excesses, "dies, and makes no sign!" How immeasurably inferior to the life and death of the honest, but erring artizan, who, after struggling for years through "a sea of troubles," is at last borne down by accumulated misery and privation, and drowns his cares in gin. No hireling stands by his bedside, watching with impatience for the moment that shall put him in possession of a

degrading legacy: ere his spirit leaves the world, and his senses are obscured for ever, his humble mind reverts to his Redeemer; he may at least fix his glassy eye upon some object of affection; his last smile is thrown upon the wife he has cherished, or the child for whom he has laboured, but in vain, and lingers in death on his rigid features—the remembrance of this is *their* reward.

The chief causes that led to the decline and fall of ancient Rome, were the enervated licentiousness, low follies, and unbounded extravagance, of her emperors and patricians; not the political and social vices of her citizens, though they also contributed their share of corruption. Open and unblushing depravity, like that of the late Duke of Queensberry and the Marquis of H——d, (who, inheriting his money, seems to have surpassed him in profligacy,) is, happily for our country, rarely seen; but, towards the close of the last century, extravagance became one of her characteristic vices, and it has gone on gradually increasing up to the present time: the engrossing object of each class being, apparently, to discover how it may best ape and rival the one above it, independently of every one endeavouring to outdo his neighbour in his own. Men who once possessed a rent-roll equal to the annual revenues

of half-a-dozen German principalities, are outlawed, or emigrate to the Continent, and live from hand to mouth on the wreck of their splendid fortunes, or the contributions of their relatives and friends. What was the result of a serious consultation with the family lawyer, previously to the recent breaking up of the establishment of a Noble Earl, at which his Countess was present—tears of repentance at their extravagance? or a fit of hysterics, at the loss of her jewels and seasons in town? Neither—the lovely little simpleton is said to have run giggling from the library to the drawing-room, the family pictures and furniture in which were probably already pledged, and where some of her hangers-on were waiting to know the worst, and exclaimed, "Well, good people, now do guess what there is left." No one answered, though, perhaps, her manner had suddenly raised their hopes—"Six hundred a-year."

The two following anecdotes further illustrate the ridiculous notions of this set of fashionable noodles. According to the fiat of a noble outlaw, who long ago disappeared from the world, it is impossible to live in England, like a gentleman, under forty thousand pounds a-year. Having once had the means of acting up to such magnificent

ideas, what extreme weakness to bring himself to a condition, so much below a just estimate of that character in his own eyes.

This grandiloquent assertion is of the same stamp as a reply that Brummell had the credit of giving, and seriously, to a widow lady of fashion, who asked him what sum her son would require to enable him to dress like the rest of the world? "My dear Madam, with strict economy, it might be done for eight hundred a-year." The Quarterly Review observes, that these are humorously selected instances of the absurdity of extravagant expenditure; "one man who spent all his wife's money, and lives in compulsory exile, another who wasted his talents in the frivolous ambition of being leader of the dandies, and is now deserted and forgotten by everybody, must, to be sure, have been very fine judges of what were the proper expenses of an English gentleman." The observation of the reviewer, in reference to the first of these two celebrated characters, is perfectly just; but is it not possible, nay, even probable, that Brummell, with his disposition for playing people off, was amusing himself at the lady's expense? as, previously to his leaving London, he must, for many years, have adorned his elegant self for much less.

The extremes of affluence and destitution that exist at the present period are striking features in our social state, and they have become so great, that, if the latter remain unmitigated, the contrast will be too powerful not to have the effect of increasing the discontent which already prevails, and producing the most ruinous consequences; not that the misery of the destitute is so much aggravated by the fact, that others are in the possession of immense riches, as it is by a thoughtless and vicious misuse of them, which plays upon and excites their feelings. Those who suffer from the gnawing experience of penury do not reason; yet their ill-will is not originally pointed against those of benevolent disposition, however exalted by rank or wealth; but against those who disgrace the former, and use the latter without sense or charity: once exasperated by *them*, they grow regardless of distinctions, and the just and kind of the same class are confounded with them, and included in their detestation.

Nothing contributed so powerfully to encourage a wanton and silly extravagance as the influence and example of George the Fourth: of his reckless expenditure and deplorable want of taste, the Pavilion remains a melancholy and ludicrous monument, resembling as it does a group of teapots, candle-

sticks, and extinguishers; and though the Court, in the succeeding and present reigns, has acted upon and exhibited principles and habits, in every way a perfect contrast to those which that Sovereign adopted, it can scarcely be hoped that the amiable and well-regulated example it now offers to the country, will eradicate, however it may discountenance, the spirit of inconsiderate prodigality which he infused into the upper classes of society.

Lamentable indeed are the specimens of disgraceful folly displayed by that section of it which may be denominated the aristocracy of pleasure, now so frequently exposed in the public prints. By such evidence, unfortunately no idle slander, who do we find made the turf a by-word for infamy of the lowest description? Whose jockey threw himself off, to avoid winning a race that his master had backed him to lose? Who clean lads out, and then excuse themselves upon the plea that when young they were treated in a similar manner? Who marks the cards? Who becomes the stake-holder of the price of a woman's seduction? Who is the prosecutor of his own strumpet, and by that means becomes the herald of his own gross tastes? And who are the fashionable bill-brokers, the jackals of eldest sons, and the willing instruments of their vices? Who? Unworthy members of the second

estate, fashionable commoners, their dependants and toadies, and men who, having been enabled by money or interest to enter the profession of arms, have subsequently thought fit to engraft upon it the dirty occupation of usurers!

This is perhaps the most favourable opportunity for contrasting Brummell and his school with the coarse and riotous set of his own day, and the vulgar and worthless portion of fashionable society in the present. "On my first introduction to Carlton House," says one of the Beau's apologists, the epigrammatic Cecil, "during the favour of Brummell, Alvanley, and that set, there shone on the mill-pond a gleam of sunshine, such as Ruysdael or Hobbima would throw over their landscapes:" and he elsewhere observes, that "the Brummell school, if effeminate, conceited, and frivolous in their pursuit of pleasure, pursued it at least with less peril to his Majesty's lieges than the rufflers of more recent times. Melton, which owed its origin to their sportsmanship,* still attests that they were good riders and good fellows, though they smashed neither turnpike-gates nor policemen: they drank their claret without forcing buckets of gin down the throats of the swell mob; and, like certain insect tribes which prey upon each other, their victims were sought and found in their own order

* Query.

of society. It is not always that the scum floating on the surface of every great capital is of so innoxious a nature: theirs was the foam of champagne, not the frothing of *cocculus indicus*."

As the welfare of this nation depends as much on causes connected with its social state, as on those connected with its government or commercial prosperity, it is not astonishing that the country should execrate the existence of such a class as Cecil describes by the figurative phrase, "the frothing of *cocculus indicus*," and which has been identified by the notorious instances I have alluded to. The conduct of this set has done more to shake the fabric of society, and to lower and discredit the order to which some of them unluckily belong, than all the agitation and clamour of captious and conceited demagogues; for, the fact that the possession of a coronet makes a man's follies or vices doubly mischievous, is as indisputably true as it is pre-eminently unjust to condemn the whole peerage because some individuals of it are profligate men. Hundreds of commoners are to be found as bad, but they pass unobserved in the crowd in which the coronet makes the peer a marked man. It should also be borne in mind, especially in these days when the love of change and innovation is so rife, and Magna Charta scarcely remembered, that while the

nobility of other great nations have neglected to show and maintain a high moral feeling, and have impeded the progress of rational liberty, it is to the predecessors of ours, to the barons of old, that England owes the earliest recognition of her political and social freedom. It is to their sturdy opposition to the encroachments of the Crown that the people are indebted for the liberal character of the constitution; and throughout the troubles or glories of English history, the effects of their noble conduct on that of their countrymen and descendants may be traced. We may indeed look over Europe in vain in search of a body of men who, taken generally and collectively, are endowed with more generous sentiments, solid information, or patriotic feeling. Shall we find them amongst our neighbours, whose *nobiesse*, from having followed an opposite course, has been reduced to a very mockery of rank and aristocracy? or shall we seek for them amongst the slave-owners of Russia? In Hungary, or perhaps in Sweden, may be found a nobility that more nearly resembles that of Great Britain.

On the character and conduct of the peerage, the preservation of a high tone of feeling in our social condition materially depends, and the maintenance of the integrity of their order in the state is as necessary to that object as it is to the existence

of the constitution: to endeavour, therefore, to lower their just prerogatives, or to libel them as a body, is not only discreditable, but insane. But they must uphold their own dignity, and purge their order of the scum, the "frothing of *cocculus indicus*," that has of late manifested itself amongst them: for as the notoriety consequent upon vicious excesses is far greater than ever attends a quiet and benevolent routine of life, they will, if they neglect to do this, induce a growing contempt for their rank and privileges, and provide arguments by which those, who neither understand their usefulness, nor estimate their many virtues, will strenuously seek to injure them in the eyes of their countrymen. There are many members of this class who mix but little with the fashionable world, but the quiet utility and happy influence of whose lives and character, though unfelt and unappreciated at Almack's or Crockford's, extend far and wide round their own hall doors. Some there are also, who, while they enjoy the pleasures of that world, do not forget the responsibilities attached to their position, and who devote both time, talents, and energy to the public service and to the exercise of private benevolence; and some there are who, like Brummell, miserably waste their capabilities in one everlasting routine of dissipation and trivialities.

But even these should not be confounded with that worthless set of which I have spoken, whose conduct would not be tolerated by the respectable of any class, and is only equalled by the dregs of the very lowest. In Brummell, however, though there was much to amuse, there was little to admire or to commend, and it is probable that many of those who chose him as an agreeable acquaintance, would have hesitated to accord him their esteem. He realized in his person all Lord Chesterfield's ideas of a gentleman, and his worldly principles and rules of life also coincided with his lordship's notions of that character: let us recollect, however, that Brummell wore the bells of folly rather than the brand of vice; that he was neither a drunkard, nor a sensualist; and when comparing him with many of those who surrounded him, we may even find grounds for a modified panegyric, if such an expression be admissible. He had no striking virtues, and lived for the enjoyment of the passing hour; yet in this respect he was no exception to those who constituted the world of fashion in his day, or do so in the present: there were, and are, thousands like him, neither better nor worse as to principles or feelings, but far his inferiors both in manners and tastes.

An elderly epicure, one of his contemporaries,

in writing to a French friend, speaks of him thus: "Son caractère n'avait pas d'attrait pour moi. Il fut toujours considéré comme le prince des parasites et des flaneurs de son temps; il ne pouvait ni faire, ni conserver, de véritables amis parmi les gens de bien; et quant à moi, j'ai peu de sympathie avec les gens dont le siège du cœur est dans *l'estomac*, et qui ne cultivent avec succès que l'art de dîner en ville." This is caustic enough, and sufficiently droll, considering that the heart of the venerable critic had gravitated to the same region; but it is incorrect. Though fond of associating with great people, Brummell was never a tuft-hunter in the mean sense of the word; from a very early period of his life he lived with whom he pleased; he could command this by his superior manners and agreeable qualities, and never feared losing his place in society by being seen to notice persons of a lower grade; he knew his own powers too well for that. Never, until he was screwed up by the hydraulic press of poverty, did he lose his independence; it was complete everywhere, not only amongst his titled friends, but also with the Prince of Wales. When a favourite, he was never a parasite; and it is quite a mistake to suppose, that he owed his intimacy with the Heir-apparent to any thing approaching to servility, though certainly His Royal Highness

was never destitute of flatterers; nor, unfortunately for himself, was he very unwilling to listen to their adulation. "Every one, from the highest to the lowest," says a contemporary writer, "conspired to spoil George Brummell; and who that knew him well could deny that, with all his faults, he was the most gentlemanly and agreeable of companions? Never was there a man who, during his career, had so much influence in society." No one can refuse to admit this; and few will be disposed to doubt, that Brummell must have had some redeeming qualities, to secure the friendship of several members of the Royal family; to have been admitted to the intimacy of many men of the highest character in the country; and to have retained for so many years a hold upon their sympathies.

"Amongst the present generation," says the author from whose work the preceding extract was taken, "none have aspired to take his place; not only from a want of talent, but because, in his day, it was considered necessary that a well-bred man should still have some little tincture of the old school of politeness, and that feeling is now totally exploded." It is, indeed, highly improbable that a repetition of George Brummell will ever be seen, but not for the foregoing reasons only; the frame-

work of fashionable society is so altered since his day, and the difficulties of entering it are so much diminished, that no great meed of praise would be accorded to any man who should be successful in the same line. But, even in the article of dress, it is doubtful whether he has left an equal, and the good taste displayed by him and his contemporaries is no longer seen; trowsers ruined our legs, and Macintosh has done pretty nearly the same thing for our bodies. On this point, however, one individual has, by a foreign author, been considered worthy of being mentioned as his successor, and the reader will no doubt be as much surprised and amused as I was on reading the name of the person thus indicated: "Le dirai-je," observes Monsieur Amédée Pichot dans son Voyage Historique et Littéraire en Angleterre et Ecosse, when speaking of the world of fashion and its frivolities, "Le Duc de Wellington lui-même est dans le monde le plus insignifiant des petits-mâitres;" and, in alluding to Brummell, he afterwards remarks, "Je ne sais aux mains de qui son sceptre à passé aujourd'hui (1825); j'ai déja nommé le Général de Waterloo comme un des prétendans." But no one appears to have been so anxious that justice should be done the Beau's memory as Cecil Danby. "Our grand-nephews," he says, "will behold in George Brummell a great re-

former; a man who dared to be cleanly in the dirtiest of times; a man who compelled gentlemen to quit the coach-box, and assume a place in their own carriage; a man who induced the ingenuous youth of Britain to prove their valour otherwise than by thrashing superannuated watchmen; a man, in short, who will survive for posterity as Charlemagne of the great empire of Clubs." Without waiting to discuss whether these were, or were not, "the dirtiest of times," it should be observed that combs, and hair and nail brushes, were not then in general and indiscriminate use amongst the members of the clubs in St. James's street; now, they are not only to be found in the dressing-rooms of White's and Brookes's, but in those of every other club in London. I have not yet heard of tooth-brushes, but that is a matter of taste: *l'appetit vient en mangeant.* I will further remark, in addition to these abominations, that the consumption of ornamental wafers is enormous, and that thousands of her Majesty's loyal subjects daily spit upon their Queen's head.

In conclusion, I leave Brummell's claim to a reputation for *usefulness* to his friend Cecil Danby; but I cannot on my conscience sanction an assertion that would deprive Lord John R——l of the credit of being the "great reformer" of this century.

As to the Beau's immortality, I fear it will be far more evanescent than that of the tailor Stultz; for the memory of the Baron is perpetuated in cast-iron, on the road from Kehl to Fribourg. The poodle, even, of Count d'O——y has the advantage of him, for *he* has been immortalized by the pencil of Landseer, and succeeding generations will admire the dog, when his master is clean forgotten. But where, indeed, is this Antinous now? the Park and Longchamps echo, "Where?" where will he be some twenty years hence? I sincerely hope, not like poor Brummell, in a Bon Sauveur; and the vigorous and comprehensive mind, that had the *courage morale* to wear a sky-blue coat, and the tightest of pantaloons, going, going, gone!—without leaving one essay on the philosophy of dress, or one *brochure* on whiskers. Alas! for the renown of such men. Lucius Verus was an emperor, or he would never have been remembered as a Beau; and it is greatly to be dreaded, that in spite of his ardent admirer, Cecil, his friend and panegyrist, Mr. Thomas Raikes, and his satirical censor, Pelham—in spite of Beppo, and the stanza in Don Juan—nay, in spite even of his *tie*—that posterity will hardly accord to George Bryan Brummell one line in the annals of history.

APPENDIX.

PATIENCE is certainly one of the most valuable qualities of the human mind, and, when that of a reader has been tried by two volumes octavo, few persons, at any rate few authors, will feel disposed to question the validity of his claim to that virtue. But there is a point at which the most patient become impatient, and those who read these memoirs to the close without murmuring at their length, (if indeed there should be any such,) will in all probability, and with great justice, exclaim, Why am I to be tormented with an Appendix? How is it that my eyes are not suffered to repose on the two monosyllables that have supplanted the time honoured Finis—THE END?

My answer to these questions is—that necessity, which the reader will admit has no law, compelled me to adopt this course, for the materials of which the following chapter is composed were only sent to me while the last sheets of this volume were going through the press. Had they come into my possession at an earlier period, they would, it

is true, have been more acceptable; but even now, though it is impossible to introduce them in those parts of the narrative to which they more properly apply, I think they will not be deemed superfluous. Of the authenticity of these mysterious materials, (I say mysterious, because they were addressed to me and forwarded to the publisher by some person or persons unknown,) there seems little reason to entertain any doubt, for some of the anecdotes are from the pen of one of Brummell's contemporaries, who appears not a little anxious that justice should be done to the independent spirit of his friend. To avoid confusion, I have, with some little attention to routine in the arrangement, formed the whole of this anonymous gossip into one letter; and preserving, as nearly as possible, the words in which it was communicated to me, I now present it to the reader. My principal Junius commences thus:—

Sir, I see by an advertisement in the newspapers, that you are about to publish some account of the once celebrated George Brummell. I happened to know him well enough to be aware that a very false impression respecting him exists amongst young men of the present generation; and there are certain anecdotes told respecting him, of which very inaccurate versions are given,

I more particularly allude to those of the "Snuff Box," and the "Fat Friend."

I knew Brummell at Eton; he was in the fifth form, and I in the Lower school, but I well remember his appearance—he had a fair, florid complexion, and a quantity of light curly hair, which it was the fashion in those days to wear long enough to hang upon the shoulders. He was a strong, muscular boy, with short limbs; and I can, even now, distinctly recollect seeing him, with thick shoes and striped worsted stockings drawn over his knees, (quite clean and tight,) going to play at foot-ball—in summer he used to be on the river, not at cricket in the playing fields. The first time I saw him is thoroughly impressed upon my recollection. I was returning at night from my tutor's, who lived at a house which has since then been Dame Angelo's; while coming along the lane I heard music, and, on clearing the end of the house, which was then Harrington's, since then Holt's, I saw three boys dressed in fantastic dresses, making a mock serenade under the window of Miss Susan Heath, the eldest daughter of the Head Master. The instruments which thus interpreted their feelings for this lady were a hurdy-gurdy, a triangle, and a French horn, the last being played by Brummell *mi;* who held

the other two, I do not remember, but the scene was so infinitely amusing, that I could never forget it. I did not at that time know his name, but I soon learnt it; afterwards I was often fagged by him, and his gaiety and good-nature to lower boys were felt and acknowledged.

He must have left Eton early in 1794; he had then a high nose, which was broken down by a kick from a horse soon after he went into the Tenth Dragoons, and the good looks he carried from Eton were greatly impaired by that unlucky accident. In the regiment he soon became the pet of the officers, and, after a time, was invited, as a matter of course, into whatever society the Prince of Wales frequented. He began life with about forty thousand pounds; his father had been a kind of secretary to the first Earl of Liverpool, and the position that young Brummell won for himself in early life, ill accorded with that which he was born to, and in which many grave persons thought he should have continued.

Lady Hester Stanhope took him to task for what she called his presumption, and for the airs he gave himself, ending with an exhortation to bear himself more humbly. Brummell's answer was this: "My dear Lady Hester, if I were to do as you advise me, do you think I could stand in the middle of the pit

at the opera, and beckon to Lorne* on one side, and Villiers† on the other, *and see them come to me?*" I also recollect being told by one of the leading fashionables of my day, that when Lady Charlotte Jenkinson‡ came out, in all the pride of youth and her *début*, her father, Lord Liverpool, was told that she had danced with Mr. George Brummell; on hearing which the old Lord, remembering only the situation which his father had held under him, and knowing nothing of his son's real position in society, objected to him as an unfit partner for his daughter, and desired that such an occurrence might not happen again.

After Brummell left Eton, I saw nothing of him for many years: he lived with his regiment, and in the society of the Prince of Wales, until the rupture took place between them. I know not what version you have got of that important incident in Brummell's life,—mine is as follows. Brummell had never taken pains to please Mrs. Fitzherbert, who persuaded the Prince that his young associate laughed at and spoke disrespectfully of him behind his back. There was at this time a celebrated

* George William, sixth and late Duke of Argyle, already mentioned as one of Brummell's companions at Belvoir, and a kind friend to him when living at Calais.

† The present Earl of Jersey. ‡ The present Lady Verulam.

boxer called Big Ben; there was also a vulgar corpulent man, who rode daily in the Park, (as the Prince did then, on a remarkable roan horse,) whose name was Benjamin something or other, and Brummell got into the habit of speaking of the Prince of Wales amongst his intimates as "Our Ben:" this, and other expressions of a similar nature, were repeated to the Prince, who was gradually set against him.

It was, I believe, (at least such was generally reported to be the case at the clubs) shortly after this that Charles Ellis* invited the Prince to a party at Claremont: Brummell went as a matter of course, but the Prince met him almost at the door, and told him, with much tenderness of manner, that his presence was offensive to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and that the party would be destroyed if he did not return to London. The chaise was immediately turned round at the door, back to town went Brummell, and, from that moment, all intercourse with the Prince of Wales ceased; for when the misunderstanding once took place, Mrs. Fitzherbert and her friends rapidly effected their object, and the estrangement became complete on both sides.

With this event, which, if I recollect right, took place about the year 1804, was connected the

* The present Lord Seaford.

much talked-of incident of the snuff-box. It was the fashion in those days to indulge in a luxury of snuff-boxes. I have seen at Sir George C——d's a tray handed round the table covered with such boxes, to be examined and criticised. Brummell had also a collection chosen with his singular sagacity and good taste, and one of them had been seen and admired by the Prince, who said, "Brummell, this box must be mine; go to Gray's, and order any box you like in lieu of it." Brummell begged that it might be one with his Royal Highness's miniature; and the Prince, pleased and flattered at the suggestion, gave his assent to the request. Accordingly, the box was ordered, and Brummell took great pains with the pattern and form, as well as with the miniature and the diamonds round it. When some progress had been made, the portrait was shown to the Prince, who was charmed with it, suggested slight improvements and alterations, and took the liveliest interest in the work as it proceeded. All in fact was on the point of being concluded when the scene at Claremont took place. A day or two after this, Brummell thought he might as well go to Gray's and inquire about the box: he did so, and was told that special directions had been sent by the Prince of Wales that the box was not to be delivered: it never was, nor was the one returned

for which it was to have been an equivalent. It was this, I believe, more than any thing besides, which induced Brummell to bear himself with such unbending hostility towards the Prince of Wales. He felt that he had treated him unworthily, and, from this moment, he indulged himself by saying the bitterest things. When pressed by poverty, however, and, as I suppose, somewhat broken in spirit, he at a later period recalled the Prince's attention to the subject of the snuff-box. Colonel Cooke (who was at Eton called "Cricketer Cooke," afterwards known as "Kangaroo Cooke,") when passing through Calais saw Brummell, who told him the story, and requested that he would inform the Prince Regent that the promised box had never been given, and that he was now constrained to recall the circumstance to his recollection. The Regent's reply was—"Well, Master Kang, as for the box it is all nonsense, but I suppose the poor devil wants a hundred guineas, and he shall have them;" and it was in this ungracious manner that the money was sent, received, and acknowledged.*

I have lived long enough in the world to know

* I have heard Brummell speak of this affair of the snuff-box, but never heard him say that he received the hundred guineas.

that it is useless to "kick against the pricks," to defend poor Brummell, and, in so doing, to assail the once glorious Prince of Wales; the experiment, even in these days, is not worth hazarding; but be assured, that there is nothing so true of George the Fourth, as what an officer of his daughter's household once said to me; "He hates without a cause, and never forgives." But Brummell, before he sunk under the pressure of poverty, always withstood the Prince of Wales, like a man whose feelings had been injured. Well do I remember an instance of this, one night after the opera. I was standing near the stove of the lower waiting-room, talking to several persons, of whom *one* is now alive. The Prince of Wales, who always came out rather before the performance concluded, was also standing there, and waiting for his carriage, which used to drive up what was then Market-lane, now the Opera Arcade. Presently, Brummell came out, talking eagerly to some friends, and not seeing the Prince or his party, he took up a position near the check-taker's bar. As the crowd flowed out, Brummell was gradually pressed backwards, until he was all but driven against the Regent, who distinctly saw him, but who of course would not move. In order to stop him, therefore, and prevent actual collision, one of the Prince's suite tapped

him on the back, when Brummell immediately turned sharply round, and saw that there was not much more than a foot between his nose and the Prince of Wales's. I watched him with intense curiosity, and observed that his countenance did not change in the slightest degree, nor did his head move; they looked straight into each other's eyes; the Prince evidently amazed and annoyed. Brummell, however, did not quail, or show the least embarrassment. He receded quite quietly, and backed slowly step by step, till the crowd closed between them, never once taking his eyes off those of the Prince. It is impossible to describe the impression made by this scene on the by-standers; there was in his manner nothing insolent, nothing offensive; by retiring with his face to the Regent he recognized his rank, but he offered no apology for his inadvertence, (as a mere stranger would have done,) no recognition as an acquaintance; as man to man, his bearing was adverse and uncompromising. This was the footing on which they then stood, and on which they still continued to stand to each other, when that incident took place, which has been so often misrepresented, and of which I know not what version you may have received—I mean when Brummell said, in the Prince's hearing, "Who's your fat friend?"

Lord Alvanley, Brummell, Henry Pierrepoint, and Sir Harry Mildmay, gave at the Hanover-square rooms a fête, which was called the Dandies' ball. Alvanley was a friend of the Duke of York's; Harry Mildmay young, and had never been introduced to the Prince; Pierrepoint knew him slightly, and Brummell was at daggers-drawing with his Royal Highness. No invitation, therefore, was sent to the Prince, but the ball excited much interest and expectation; and to the surprise of the Amphitryons, a communication was received from his Royal Highness, intimating his wish to be present. Nothing, therefore, was left, but to send him an invitation, which was done in due form, and in the names of the four spirited givers of the ball. The next question was, how they were to receive their guest, which, after some discussion, was arranged thus:— When the approach of the Prince was announced, each of the four gentlemen took, in due form, a candle in his hand. Pierrepoint, as knowing the Prince, stood nearest the door, with his wax light, and Mildmay, as being young and void of offence, opposite. Alvanley, with Brummell opposite, stood immediately within the other two. The Prince at length arrived, and, as was expected, spoke civilly and with recognition to Pierrepoint, and then turned, and spoke a few words to Mildmay;—

advancing, he addressed several sentences to Alvanley, and then turned towards Brummell, looked at him, but as if he did not know who he was, or why he was there, and without bestowing upon him the slightest symptom of recognition. It was then, at the very instant he passed on, that Brummell, seizing with infinite fun and readiness the notion that they were unknown to each other, said across to his friend, and aloud, for the purpose of being heard, "Alvanley, who's your fat friend?" Those who were in front, and saw the Prince's face, say that he was cut to the quick, by the aptness of the satire.

That Brummell seized every opportunity that came in his way of teazing the Regent, may be judged from the following circumstance, which passed before my own eyes:—His Royal Highness was going to the Picture-Gallery in Pall-mall, and Brummell, who was walking with some other man about ten yards in front of me, was exactly opposite the door of the exhibition, as the low dark-red carriage stopped. Brummell evidently saw it, and saw who was in it, though he pretended not to do so, and when the two sentries presented arms, he, with an air of affected surprise and mock dignity, which was most amusing, gravely raised his hat, as if the salute had been to him: as

he did this he paused, turning his head very graciously towards the sentries, and his back to the carriage window, which he was quite close to. I saw, as I passed, the Regent's angry look, but he said nothing. There was a time in my life when I used to meet Brummell very frequently at suppers, which then took place at White's after the opera: there are, however, many still living, who knew him more intimately than I did. He was not a *fop*, as many now think he was: he was better dressed than any man of his day, and we should all have dressed like him if we could have accomplished it. The tie of the neckcloth, and the polished surface of the boot-top, were then great objects of attention, and no one rivalled him in those attributes.

His great power, however, was in his conversation: no one got the better of him in the bantering, humorous sort of talk which suits London clubs and drawing-rooms; in this qualification he was certainly the strongest man of his day. I greatly enjoyed and delighted in his lively and odd turns of expression, and unexpected amusing views and thoughts: he was never profound, never learned, but always gay, and to the point: every-day incidents, people, and things, were the subjects best suited to his purpose. Thirty years ago,

I could have repeated numberless specimens of his droll turns in conversation; one only occurs to me at the moment: "Come to Brighton, my dear fellow," he said to the present Lord Liverpool, then Cecil Jenkinson, "let us be off to-morrow; we'll eat currant-tart, and live in chintz and salt-water." This is a specimen of the ludicrous manner in which he expressed the commonest thoughts. The power of Brummell's conversational talents, however, was amongst men; I think that women distrusted and feared him; he made more than one attempt to connect himself by marriage with some one of the great families at whose houses he visited; but he had no success in that endeavour; and I cannot call to mind any particular *liaison*, of any kind, which marked his influence over women.

Brummell's reputation, as it stands amongst those who did not know him, is far below that which his accomplishments justly entitle him to. In thus addressing you, I have no other motive but to aid in showing that he was no ordinary man, that he had great powers in society, and won his way by them. His education was defective, and he had no steady principles; he lived for himself and society, without higher or nobler

motives; but he was not a mere insolent puppy, as some imagine, &c., &c.

To the anonymous individuals who communicated these memoranda I beg leave to offer my best thanks. To my principal correspondent I feel particularly indebted; for, as it is very possible that Brummell's character, under my delineation, may not be drawn with that accuracy which he, in his praiseworthy zeal for his friend, could wish it to be, the insertion of his own opinions has given him an opportunity of correcting any unfavourable impressions that mine may have made.

I will also add, (this time positively in conclusion,) that should any other of Brummell's contemporaries or friends feel disposed to favour me with a little more gossip, they will, if of the fair sex, secure my everlasting admiration, and if of my own, a deep conviction of their good-nature.—Reader, *Vale!*

THE END.

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